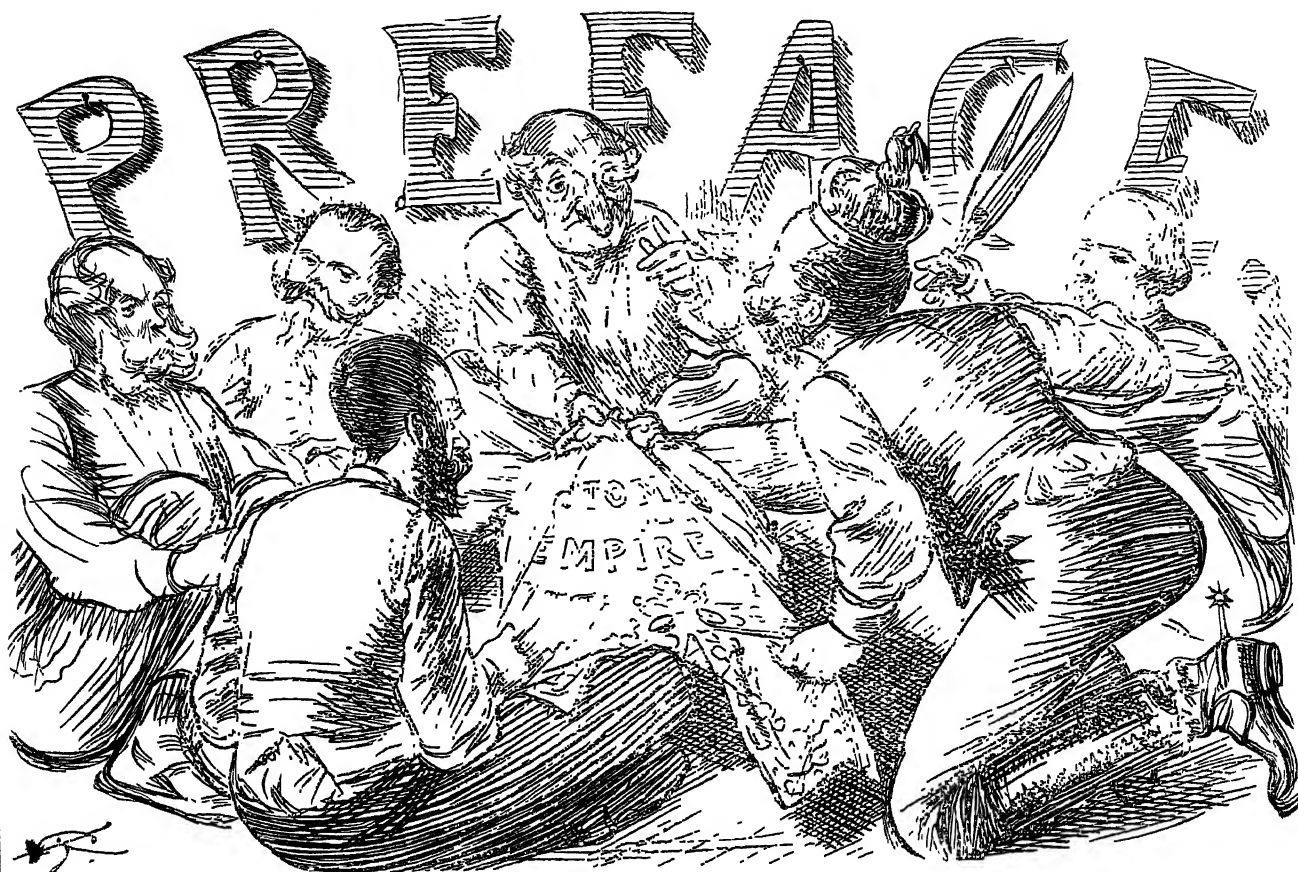

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VOL LXXI.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1876.



I HAD been looking over KELLY's last and greatest of Annuals, and had become absorbed in thought over that Business Man's Bible. Tooley Street had been the last street under my eye, and its famous Three Tailors the last thought in my mind. Then—did I sleep and dream, or was I spirit-rapt à la SLADE, or levitated à la GUPPY? I know not, but there I found myself by Golden Horn, instead of Thames, with the Three Tailors of Tooley Street transfigured into the Nine Tailors of Stamboul, in full Conference!

The Nine Tailors looked pale and puzzled; every brow was dark with doubt and distrust. But at sight of PUNCH they brightened.

"Land at last!" shouted IGNATIEFF, the heartiest and halest of the Nine.

"A Beacon, when our own BEACON'S FIELD is in utter darkness," exclaimed, with a sigh of relief, the young man from Salisbury—the last taken on for the job.

"*Une Ponche flamboyante! Ah que nous en avons besoin—d'un flambeau!*" whispered the cautious CHAUDORDY to the serene DE BOURGOING.

"*Witz und Blitzen!*" ejaculated BARON WERTHER, as if he saw a way out of his Sorrows.

"*Himmel und Schön-wetter!*" sighed COUNT ZIOHY, the embarrassed but amiable mouthpiece of Austria, to BARON DE CALICE, his chum.

"*Benvenuto!*" burst out BARBOLANI, with Italian *brio*, but musically as an Italian organ should, and does at Stamboul, whatever it may in London.

Never did a gang of Tailors on an East-End Sweater's shop-board more joyfully hail the advent of a foaming pewter, than this untuneful Nine of the Stamboul Conference-room the apparition of PUNCH.

"You have come," exclaimed IGNATIEFF, "to help us in cutting out——"

"Anything but each other," I replied, significantly.

"Please, if you'd tell him you know he thinks of nothing but cabbage——" querulously whined the Mis-Representative of Great Britain.

The new hand from Salisbury shut him up with a grave but authoritative look of remonstrance.

"A truce to recriminations!" I cried. "We've had a great deal too much of that sort of thing already. You've a job in hand, my good fellows, that might puzzle the sharpest set of diplomatic dolgers that ever paraphrased a protocol."

"You may well say that, *mon cher*," growled IGNATIEFF, holding up a nondescript garment, to whose "looped and windowed raggedness" it would be vain to seek for a parallel in the rags of Ireland as they used to be, or the tatters of Scarecrowdom as they are.

"The Ottoman Empire!" chorussed the Nine, as I held to the light this unsavoury ruin, this rotten, moth-eaten, and vermin-haunted garment, that had once been stout in stuff, bright of colour, rich with embroidery, and heavy

with gold lace. "And they expect *us* to make a job of it!" chorussed the Nine, each taking a tug in a different direction at the rotten abomination, which I thought would have been rent to pieces in my hand.

"Cut it into lists, to nail up the shoots of the Panslavonian family-tree with"—shouted IGNATIEFF, who seemed to take the lead among his Nine *confreres*.

"Ditto to *you*!" shouted the reticent old Prussian, who seemed to have no mind, or at least showed no hand, of his own.

"There! You see his little game:—Divide and appropriate. Trust *him* with the mending of this poor dear old coat!" groaned the unhappy ELLIOT.

"Which you 've been helping to botch, till it will botch no longer," interrupted the new hand from Salisbury, turning on him sharply.

"If only you'd respect its integrity!" groaned the sorely snubbed ELLIOTT, while the Austrian tailors whispered; when suddenly a great noise was heard outside—cannons and trumpets, cheers, and acclamations.

"What is it?" I asked IGNATIEFF

"Only MIDHAT blowing another bubble," remarked the Russian, with perfect composure. "Bless you, we 're used to it. They 've been at that game for the last forty years. The Gulhani bubble was quite as big as this, and they shouted quite as loud over it. But what came of it and the dozen they 've blown since, but dissolution into empty air, after serving to set Europe—with England at its head—agape, while the sharp Osmanli swell-mob picked their pockets."

Just then, SAFVET, a Turkish tailor, popping his head in at the door, begged them to come out and look at MIDHAT's beautiful constitution. He was shortly and sharply dismissed with a flea in his ear.

"Don't you agree with me," resumed IGNATIEFF, "that the old coat is past patching, and that the best thing would be to cut it up into little garments for the Young Turks I hope to hatch one day," and he winked.

"The best thing you can do," I said, "would be to chuck this filthy old rag into the dust-hole, with all the moths and other vermin that have harboured in its foulness, and cut out another garment for Turkey of sound strong Government stuff—the only one to wear well. But you must see that your measures are carefully taken, and above all, if you mean the coat to fit, you must send your own foremen to see it tried on, and keep the old vermin out of the new garment."

Here a renewal of the row outside interrupted the applause that greeted my allocution. This time it was MIDHAT who burst in on our deliberation.

"Who talks of a new coat, and of sending giaours of Frankish foremen to try it on? The old coat is quite good enough for us, when *we* 've mended it, as we mean to do—arrango it afresh, in fact, from skirt to collar, on the latest French pattern. Besides, after all, the more patches the better shelter——"

"For the vermin," interrupted the young man from Salisbury, sternly; "*not* for the wearer. MIDHAT, mizzle!"

Thus roughly apostrophised, the Pasha first scowled, then squared, on which the young man from Salisbury, seizing the scruff of his neck with one hand, twisted the other in the waistband of his voluminous nether garments, and, before I could interpose, MIDHAT was flying through the window towards the blue waters of the Golden Horn.

"The poor devil shan't drown, if I can help it!" I shouted, rushing to the window.

"He'll only pull you under," remonstrated IGNATIEFF; and there'll be two drowned instead of one."

"Let me go!" I exclaimed. "Have I not my life-raft?" and, shaking him off, I flung up the window. A struggle, a shout, a sheer-down dive, an irrepressible up-shoot to the surface, and I was floating on my own insubmergible bottom, and holding up MIDHAT by the slack of his very loose inexpressibles. The Turk was saved, for rescuer and rescued together rode the blue billows of the Bosphorus on the buoyant pages of





"ALL (WAX)WORK AND NO PLAY," &c.

THE annual pic-nic given by MESSRS. TUSSAULT to their company came off as usual at Weybridge on the 19th ult. The Press may inform us that the company was made up of the *employés* of the Firm; but *Punch* knows better. He sat for an hour the other day next to Old COBBETT, who told him, between his pinches of snuff, all about it. The fact is, that sitting or standing in the same position for a year, night and day, and listening to the rapid ejaculations of country cousins and critical foreigners, has a deadening effect upon the spirits even of waxworks: and a day in the country, once a year, is not a day too much to freshen them up a little.

Three large vans conveyed the revellers, not to Weybridge, but to Leatherhead, and thence to Box Hill.

MR. COBBETT assured us that the party in his van got over their usual stiffness very soon, and MRS. MANNING turned out a most amiable companion, informing the party that she had begun life as Miss EDGEWORTH, and had only taken the name and dress of MANNING because ANNE BOLEYN, who was going off, had parted with her head rather than stay a year in the Chamber of Horrors.

A good deal of chaff (some said, bran) was dropped on the road, and FRESCHI, who had chosen a creaking van, was a good deal twitted about his infernal machine. MARAT declared it would have been far better had they gone to Brighton for a dip; but the CHIEF JUSTICE hinting that he should have thought *he* had had enough of his bath in the Chamber of Horrors, MARAT resented the remark as personal, and was with difficulty smoothed down by his old comrade, COUNT DE LORGE.

The Claimant, who, during the ride, trod on everybody's corns, remembered well the day when he was DANIEL LAMBERT. Now he had more wax than ha'pence, and was looking forward to melting down when his original, "the unhappy nobleman," returns from Dartmoor.

The CHIEF JUSTICE said he did not know that ARTHUR and the Doctor were coming in the same van with him, or he should have gone by a different conveyance, though it were in company with the Ladies of HENRY THE EIGHTH'S Court. He had tried to persuade MADAME DE SAINT ANTOINETTE to join them; but she persistently refused to wake, and he left her labouring under her usual difficulty of breathing and general creakiness of the internal organs.

The *employés* of the Firm of TUSSAULT were much to be praised for the skill with which they got their Pic-nickers out of the vans on their return, and re-distributed them in their regular positions;

though one or two of the Kings of England were inclined to be unsteady, and nothing would persuade MR. LUSTON, in the costume of *Paul Pry*, to stand erect on his feet. Except, however, for an unwanted glassiness in their stare, and a slight disarrangement of the drapery here and there, the casual visitor to the exhibition on the following day would not have suspected that any change had for a brief moment disturbed the fixity of the stars who daily and nightly shine in the Baker Street Bazaar.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE SOCIAL WORLD.

1. A Box of Figs, or a Pottle of Strawberries, with the biggest at the bottom.
2. A Railway Guard or Porter who will decline to take a tip, on the ground that all gratuities are rigidly forbidden by the bye-laws of the Company.
3. An advertised Plain Cook, whose plainness prevents her having any followers.
4. Your own Umbrella in its stand, after some good friend has borrowed it.
5. A Keeper of a Lodging-house who, if you complain of fleas, can refrain from a loud protest that you must have brought them with you.
6. A Costermonger or Cabman who, defiant of street-chaff, has the pluck to wear an eye-glass or a pair of spectacles.
7. A Young Man of the Period who never calls things "awful baws," or talks about "the Governor."

Sentiment v. Science.

THE Collective Wisdom, before passing the Vivisection Bill as it came down from the Collective Sentiment, will perhaps assert itself by attending to the Memorials of the Senate of the University of London, and of the General Medical Council, urging "that the limitation of all experiments to registered places would tend seriously to obstruct genuine scientific inquiry." A great deal has been said lately on behalf of the "Endowment of Scientific Research." Surely the majority of the representatives of a rational people are not going to confirm without amending an enactment which, unamended, will effect a hindrance of research in Physiology, Medicine, and Surgery.



SUBURBAN JOYS.—HAYMAKING.

Chorus. "COME ALONG, UNCLE JACK, AND WE'LL BURY YOU!"

[*Uncle Jack is stout, and no longer young. He has walked a mile and a half from the Station, in a black frock coat and under a broiling sun, along a dusty road, and the thermometer in the shade is more than we will trust ourselves to say.*]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONE Eastern Question was asked (Lords, Monday, June 26) than answered.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL wanted to know what the Government knew about alleged wholesale massacres of Christian village populations in Bulgaria, reported circumstantially in the *Daily News*.

LORD DERBY believed it was merely that the Bashi-Bazouks in Bulgaria had been exceeding the usual limits of Bashi-Bazouk brutality till SIR HENRY ELLIOT had had to remonstrate, that was all.

Then EARL DELAWARR wanted to know if the Government knew anything about the intentions of Serbia.

LORD DERBY, with some acerbity, declined to answer for Serb intentions. The Serb Government has called

out all its forces, regular, militia, and reserves. But arming did not necessarily mean fighting. Then, after an Educational *divertissement*, in which a *pas de quatre* was executed, on the theme of English Endowed Schools and Irish National School Teachers, to a languid House evidently thinking of other and more exciting matters, by EARL FORTESCUE, BISHOP TEMPLE, VISCOUNT GOUGH, and the DUKE OF RICHMOND, their Lordships hurried back to the Eastern Question. The questioning by both amateur and professional diplomats (LORD STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL, LORD HAMMOND, and LORD NAPIER and ETTICK), was a good deal fuller than the answering by the EARL OF DERBY, but with more of the Turk about it than was pleasant. The Foreign Office motto is "The least said soonest mended," and LORD GRANVILLE, for Her Majesty's Opposition, cannot, it would seem, suggest any better thus far.

But LORD DERBY *did* condescend to indicate our general line of action—we would gladly reconcile, if we could, the Porte and its insurgent provinces. But we have no right to take part in an internal quarrel. Even that rule, however, is not one to be laid down as absolutely binding under all circumstances. We have been and are in communication with other Powers and the Porte with a view to offer such counsel as seems to us useful; and we don't mean to back Moslem against Christian.

Altogether, LORD DERBY is playing the cautious and non-committal game. JOHN BULL does not, as yet, see what other game is to be played. Meanwhile, he is happy in knowing that BRITANNIA's ducklings have taken the water—their native element on which they may be trusted, he thinks, to give a good account of themselves, and anything afloat they may come in contact with. (See *Mr. Punch's Cartoon*.) So he puts his trust in Providence, and looks to ADMIRAL DRUMMOND to keep his powder dry—should the worst come to the worst, and the Servian dogs of war slip their couples, or drag their Ruski *piqueur* after them, collars and all. But he is unwilling to face that contingency till it is forced on him; and he *would* like to know something, if the Government can tell him. (Commons.)—After a good deal of questioning and answering (including the Eastern Question of the day, put by MR. FORSTER, to

which MR. DISRAELI answered much to the same effect as LORD DERBY "in another place"), CAPTAIN PIM chose the very inopportune moment of the strongest muster of English iron-clads the world has ever seen in Besika Bay, to haul our Navy and Naval Administration over the coals. If the fire of our Fleet be not destined to damage the enemy more than CAPTAIN PIM's fire damaged our Fleet, Heaven help us, and our iron-clads, turrets, and monster guns. It hardly needed the ramming power of REED, WARD HUNT, and GOSCHEN combined—to say nothing of plucky young LORD C. BERESFORD, R.N., intelligent amateur-sailor BRASSEY, and smart official A. EGERTON—to sink poor CAPTAIN PIM's very clumsy craft, even when backed by the Big Ben galliot, always ready to exchange broadsides, double-shotted, with the Admiralty and its ships.

On Naval Estimates RYLANDS the Rasper distinguished himself, in his peculiar style, by a proposal to reduce the Dockyard vote by £250,000. "The practical man of business" came out strong on the occasion against all deferred payment in the shape of pension—the one thing that secures steady and well-conducted labour to our Dockyards. It is satisfactory to find that The Rasper did not obtain a single backer. Even Big BEN was ashamed of him, and declined the game of "follow my leader."

In the Poor Law Amendment discussion, which followed Naval Estimates, MR. WALTER (speaking on SERGEANT SIMON'S Amendment allowing man and wife above fifty-five to live together in the Workhouse) informed the House that, from inquiries at two large Metropolitan Unions, he had found that not only had the house authorities never had an application from two old people to live together, but they had often had expressions of satisfaction from such couples that they were allowed to live separate: ("The wretch" was *Judy's* exclamation over this very ungallant anecdote.)

Tuesday.—In the Lords, Vivisection Bill passed Third Reading, with the thanks of LORD SUFFRIBURY, who had accepted, with much reluctance, the words permitting Vivisection "for the promotion of physiological knowledge." May his kindly Lordship never have to call in the aid of Vivisection of the gullet from the effects of swallowing a camel.

LORD DELAWARE asked a great many more questions than it is likely Government would find it, or think it, expedient to answer, about the armament of Malta. Probably, LORD DELAWARE will see the advisability of his satisfying his patriotic curiosity on such a matter at such a moment by private inquiry at the proper sources.

The Government having suggested Amalgamation of the Royal Irish Academy and the Royal Dublin Society, LORD O'HAGAN protested against any such coupling of cart-horse and thoroughbred, and still more against obliging the Irish Academy, which has hitherto spent its own poor little grant much to its own satisfaction, to disburse it, henceforth, *via* South Kensington.

(*Commons.*)—A vehement protest against the Scotch Poor Law Amendment Bill, which proposes to enlarge the powers of the Board of Supervision, at the expense of those of the Local Authorities—and may be none the worse for that, if Scotch Local Authorities are like English. But there is, and ought to be (according to MR. GRANT DUFF), a very strong feeling against the Bill among Scotch borough Members. The Lord Advocate, SIR G. MONTGOMERY and MR. ORR EWING, are as strong in its favour. It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands. All Scotch quarrels in the House are, and should no more be interfered with by outsiders than rows between man and wife. The debate was adjourned.

MR. RICHARD, more power to him, made a high-toned, and of course Quixotic, appeal to the House, on the subject of our relations with China, and the opium trade in particular.

What an odd element a Quaker Member contributes to Parliament will be apparent from one quotation out of MR. RICHARD'S speech, in which he avowed his belief that "a righteous God ruled on the earth, and that if we persisted in the course we had hitherto pursued towards China, outraging the great principles of truth, justice, and humanity, in spite of our enormous resources and our might by sea and land, we should be crushed like an egg-shell against a granite rock." Happy the nation, a fraction of whose Collective Wisdom can find a hearing for such a denunciation of the national conduct!

MR. BOURKE for the Government admitted that our treaties with China would be the better for revision. We were in communication with the other Treaty Powers on the subject. As to Opium, it was a very objectionable source of revenue. "*Olet*" might be admitted. But how else was £8,000,000 to be raised in India? The Chinese, he believed, objected to the importation of Missionaries even more than of Opium.

Wednesday.—A gallant fight over the Second Reading of MR. POTTER'S Bill for dispensing of intestates' real estate in the same way as their personal. Fancy a Potter trying to get even the thin end of the wedge into our venerable system of Feudal Land-owning! No wonder BERESFORD HOPE should shriek, GOLDNEY growl, and HENLEY hum and ha! They assail the Bill as one for the extinction of the small landholder. But has the venerable system saved him? We thought he was being improved off the earth pretty fast,

by force of circumstances, Feudal Land-holding law to the contrary notwithstanding. SIR W. HARCOURT reminded the House that there was no magical distinction between land and personalty. If it was just that the law should distribute the one between all members of the family, it would be hard to show why it should not parcel out the other on the same principle. Perhaps. But the truth is that JOHN BULL does not feel the injustice of primogeniture, and *does* feel that it tends to hold properties together, and to strengthen younger sons by throwing them on their own resources. These advantages in JOHN BULL'S eyes are too solid to be shaken by any injustice there may be in making elder sons. Probably he doubts if there be any. At all events, there is none that will reconcile him to MR. POTTER'S thin end of the wedge: 210 to 175 was a less majority than *Punch* should have expected on the question.

Thursday (Lords).—The first Innocent massacred—poor Bankruptcy Bill is no more. LORD DERBY, in answer to LORD GRANVILLE, admitted he had little hopes that War can be averted. This is strong from so cautious a mouth; and if MR. DISRAELI was more reticent, his utterances weigh less. All he could say (*Commons*), to comfort the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON was, that the Servian troops had not moved.

Debate on MR. BUTT'S Bill for converting Irish landlords into rent-chargers, begun by LAW—see the irony of Parliamentary chances—ending in A. MOORE—a very barren Moor too—with a Division of 200 to 56. That BUTT won't hold water.

Friday (Lords).—Intemperance temperately treated by the Bench of Bishops, the PRIMATE for, and PETERBOROUGH against, the Permissive Bill. The latter had the courage to reassert his old confession of faith: "If I must choose between freedom and sobriety, give me freedom." SALISBURY said ditto to PETERBOROUGH. Here is the dilemma, whose horns are respectfully offered by their Lordships to SIR WILFRID and his backers: "If intemperance be a national vice, drastic legislation against it, being in the teeth of public opinion, will provoke reaction. If public opinion be prepared to accept drastic legislation, then such legislation is needless." Their Lordships granted a Select Committee to inquire into habits of intemperance, and the manner in which "these have been affected by recent legislation and other causes." Much good may it do them and us.

(*Commons.*)—A spirited Debate on MR. BUTT'S Motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the grounds of the demand for an Irish Parliament. P. J. SMYTH tears the mask off Home Rule, and shows Repeal of the Union under it. Irish eloquence is familiar to the House; but the "blend" of Irish eloquence with truth electrified the House, and no wonder! SMYTH'S is the speech of the Session.

NOT! COOKS ENOUGH.



REPORT of a Meeting held in the "Demonstration Room" of the School of Cookery, South Kensington, has found its way to 85, Fleet Street. *Mr. Punch* is unable to say by whom it was sent or by whom it was written. All he knows about the matter is this—the proceedings were jotted down on the backs of menu cards, and that this novel sort of "copy" carried into *Mr. Punch's sanctum* a very pleasant odour of the kitchen. Having said this, *Mr. Punch* allows the Report to speak for itself:—

MEETING OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO VEGETABLES AND VIANDS.

A Meeting of this Society was held at South Kensington shortly after the annual gathering of the National Training School for Cookery had taken place. The room was crowded, and many influential Vegetables and Popular Dishes were present on the platform. SIR LOIN DE ROAST BEEF was unanimously voted to the Stove as President of the Association.

The PRESIDENT said that he was delighted to see so goodly a company around him. It showed that there was a genuine interest taken in the cause they all had so much at heart—the cause of good Cookery. Good Cookery would benefit alike consumer and consumed. The consumed in the hands of an efficient cook would reveal qualities that would be utterly lost under less favourable circumstances. ("Hear, hear!") And as for the consumers, their

very existence depended upon wholesome food properly prepared. Nay, more—he might say that Art owed everything to Cookery. How many a noble poem had been suggested by a good dinner! how many a great picture had been thought out in the pauses of a wisely-selected breakfast! Digestion might be said to be the twin-sister of Civilisation. (*Cheers.*) They doubtless all of them knew what had occurred that day in that place. Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS LOUISE—(*loud cheers*)—had been present at the third Annual Meeting of the National Training School for Cookery, and he (the President) wished to say that that training school was well worthy of Her Royal Highness's patronage. (*"Hear, hear!"*) The first year of its teaching had been connected with the name of MR. BUCKMASTER. (*Enthusiastic cheering.*) He was glad to hear that applause, for MR. BUCKMASTER deserved well of his country. He had carried Cookery into the homes of the poor far and near. (*Cheers.*) He had come as a messenger of peace. At his will dirt and poverty had disappeared. Like a good magician, he had waved his cookery-book, and a miscellaneous mess of meat and vegetables had suddenly been turned into an excellent and substantial dinner. (*"Hear, hear!"*) They would be sorry to learn that the National Training School for Cookery wanted funds, and was seeking for Government support. He, for one, thought that both Rulers and People should be generous. He spoke feelingly, because he knew that in bad hands even "the Roast Beef of Old England" might degenerate into mere rags and bones. (*Cheers.*)

The POTATO wished to add his testimony. He came from Ireland, and Ireland was a down-trodden country. (*Interruption.*) He would be glad if any one present would tread upon the rind of his coat.

The PRESIDENT ruled that the Honourable Vegetable was out of order.

The POTATO said that same was true. He was very much out of order until MR. BUCKMASTER taught people how to treat him. Now he got into hot water as often as he pleased, without any fear for the consequences. (*Laughter.*) He would take off his coat that very moment were it not that MR. BUCKMASTER had told him he ought to be boiled with his jacket on. (*Laughter.*) Would they come on? He was worth any dozen of them, and they knew it. (*Loud murmurs.*)

MR. ONION (who seemed to be suffering from great emotion) was pained to be present at such a scene. He knew MR. POTATO well—they had often met in an Irish stew, and he must say that his friend was a very pleasant neighbour. They got on famously together. (*"Hear, hear!"*)

The PRESIDENT remarked that there was no Resolution before the meeting.

MISS CHARLOTTE RUSSE (who was loudly cheered) said that she did not know much about the homes of the poor. As a matter of fact, she had never been in a poor man's house during the course of her existence. However, *noblesse oblige*. She believed that the school was a blessing both to rich and poor (especially to the latter), and she consequently begged to move that the school is worthy of State aid. (*"Hear, hear!"*)

MR. POT-AU-FEU asked permission to speak as a foreigner. He was a Frenchman, but had relations in Scotland and Spain. Thanks to MR. BUCKMASTER, he had been naturalised in England. He felt that he was becoming a favourite with the poor, and thus thought he might represent them. He begged to second, on their behalf, the Resolution proposed by his sweet and aristocratic neighbour.

The Resolution was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

MR. MINT suggested that a deputation of the meeting should wait upon the First Lord of the Treasury, to ask for his support. That was a really good idea, and a great contrast to the feeble suggestions to which he had listened, not without impatience, that evening.

MR. SAGE (who sat beside MR. ONION) angrily asked if they were lambs, that they should be treated to MR. MINT's sauce? (*"Hear, hear!"*) The Cabinet were too busy to attend to any culinary affairs other than their own. The Estimates required a great deal of cookery, and nearly every Member had a hash of his own to look after. A deputation would be of no earthly use. They would have only to appear before the PREMIER to be gobbled up at once. He would propose that the only way to attract the attention of the Government and the Public would be to petition their dear and valued friend, Mr. Punch (*long, loud, and wildly enthusiastic cheering*), to take the matter up. If his (MR. SAGE'S) honoured connection, the Sage of Fleet Street, would only help them, their success would be certain. (*Loud cheering.*)

The PRESIDENT undertook the task of sending a report of the meeting to the proper quarter, and after the customary complimentary vote of thanks, the proceedings were brought to a conclusion.

ESSENTIAL EDUCATION.—Teaching the young idea how to Cook.

MR. OLDFANGLE'S OPINIONS.



IR," said MR. OLDFANGLE, who lives in a quaint old Elizabethan house in Wessex, adds daily to his library, loves choice books, and likes to dogmatise, "I have some strong opinions. One is in favour of quill pens. I hate your steel abominations."

"Gold, Sir," modestly suggested his hearer.

"Gold! Mammon—

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell

From heaven: for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts Were always downward bent, admiring more The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, Than aught divine or holy."

MR. OLDFANGLE rolls out his Miltonic quotations with magnisonant rotundity of speech.

"No, Sir," he proceeds. "Nothing can equal the grey goose-quill. You must cut it yourself, with blade of keenest steel, and

suit it to what you are about to write. A canzonet to a lady requires quite a different pen from a cartel to an enemy. How can the unvarying steel or gold be adapted to the ever varying themes on which letters have to be written? Cut a pen to write a letter to your stockbroker, ordering him to sell Turks: would the same pen do to write to a lady a pleasant nonsensical reminder of a Richmond dinner? The thing is absurd. I am an old boy, Sir, but I would not desecrate a letter to a friend or a lady by using the same pen which I used for business, until its foul fringe were cut off from it."

"And you always seal your letters, MR. OLDFANGLE."

"Always, the seal is older than the signature. My crest and motto are older than my name. There was *Sans Dieu Rien* upon my coat of arms before ancestor of mine could do more than make his mark. And consider this—when you seal a letter, the great recollection of your forefathers is brought before you in leisurely fashion. Is what you have written worthy of the crest and motto just fixed on the red wax? If not, for the honour of your ancestry, tear up the epistle, and think again. Sealing-wax, Sir, is a great check to epistolary rashness. I hate this hasty age of adhesive envelopes and steel pens."

"As to Turkey, Sir," said MR. OLDFANGLE, flying off at a tangent, as such ancient gentlemen will, "I am tired of Mahomet. We have tolerated the impostor too long. We have heard of Ireland for the Irish, and the Scilly Islands for the Silly Islanders—but I say, Christendom for the Christians, and the sooner the better. These heathens should have been driven from Europe long ago."

MR. OLDFANGLE, having thus spoken, drank a glass of old port, after looking long and lovingly at the beeswing.

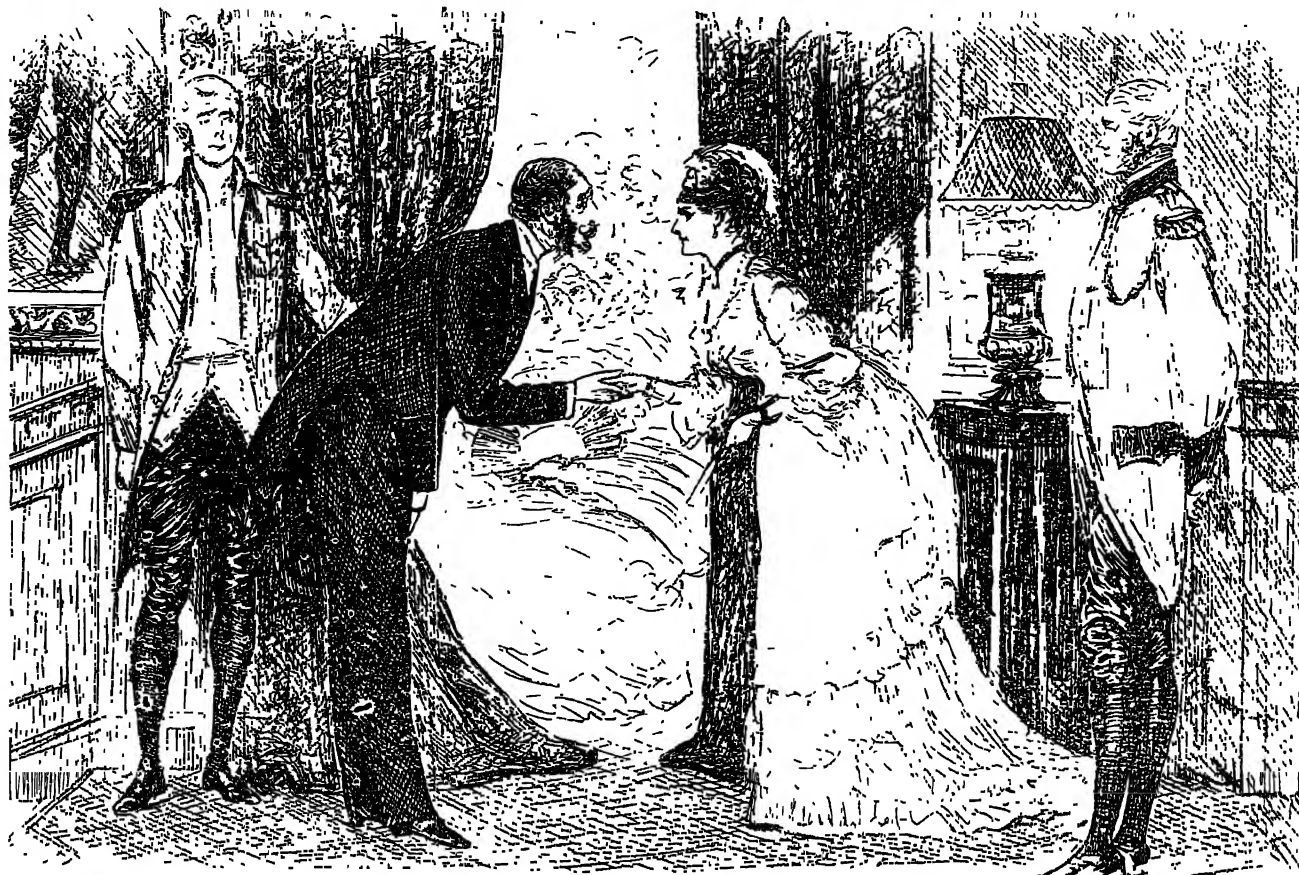
ATTRACTION FOR ARMY SURGEONS.

(Wanted.)

TALKING of Vivisection, people are apt to forget what an amount of it, operated by projectiles and other weapons of war, happens in a battle to men as well as horses, and how much more has to be performed on the former afterwards with surgical instruments. Such vivisection as amputations and the like proceedings, necessitated by lacerated wounds and shattered bones, is remedial, and prevents greater pain by inflicting less. Therefore it requires skilful operators; of whom, if a war broke out just now, there would be a sad deficiency, according to the *British Medical Journal*, in which—

"It is stated that such is the present state of the Army Medical Department, owing to the growing deficiency of Medical Officers, that leave of absence in several of the home districts has been peremptorily stopped, and that at Woolwich every Medical Officer has extra duties imposed upon him."

How much the reverse of pleasant is the present state of things may be estimated from the fact that whilst there is a growing deficiency of Army Surgeons, we hear of no falling off at all in the supply of Medical Officers to Poor Law Unions, although their work is laborious and their pay beggarly. If the service of the Nation is so much less attractive to Medical Men than that of the Union, what must the former be?



A DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Stern Hostess (who is giving Private Theatricals). "YOU ARE VERY LATE, MR. FITZ SMYTHE. THEY'VE BEGUN LONG AGO!"
Languid Person of Importance (who abominates that particular form of Entertainment). "WHAT! YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THEY'RE AT IT STILL!"

A DAY IN THE KINTRA.

No appeal is needed to procure the enjoyment of a "Day in the Country," at least for the fortunate children at present receiving an eleemosynary education in the various Sunday Schools at merry Jedburgh. A pic-nic held annually affords them, more completely perhaps than even Rosherville can the excursionist, "a happy day." The next of these joyous gatherings, to include all the Sunday Schools, was fixed, at a meeting of Sunday School Teachers, held the other Monday evening in the Vestry at Blackfriars Church, for the 12th of July. Arrangements made for the proposed festivities will render the treat provided for the poor children a quite uncommon one. The pic-nic is to be held in the Dovecote Park at Hartrigge, whither, before starting, they are first to be regaled with an address delivered in one of the Churches. Then they, the scholars of (1) the Free Church, (2) Blackfriars Church, (3) E. U. Church, (4) Established Church, (5) High Street U. P. Church, will march in that order of procession to the scene of revelry—the order to be reversed on their return home, which will probably not be deferred till morning. These points having been settled, then, says the *Jedburgh Advertiser* :—

"The next point taken up was the proceedings at the field, and it was first resolved, after a lively discussion, that dancing be entirely prohibited, and that the band play no dance-music."

The discussion which resulted in a determination of such remarkable liveliness, must have been "lively" indeed. Dancing and dance-music having been prohibited, with a view still more effectually to promote innocent mirth—

"The next suggestion was that no prizes be given for racing, &c., the gentleman who made the proposition alleging that the games had a demoralising effect, and were just preparing the callants for the sports on the Dunoon."

Unfortunately, the *Jedburgh Advertiser* does not enable *Punch* to reward this particularly canny Scottish gentleman with the cele-

briety he deserves. But even that perfervid Scot was out-Scotted in the fervour of purely virtuous and beneficent solicitude. The wisdom and goodness—even the common sense of his proposal may have had questioners; but—

"A good deal of discussion having taken place, this motion was also carried. It was, moreover, insinuated that the presence of the lemonade and soda-water stalls afforded cover for fugitive tippling in stronger liquor, and consequently it was determined to banish them likewise."

No dancing. No dance-music even. No encouragement of racing. No refreshing drinks, lest they should afford cover for the "fugitive"—the Teachers of course meant surreptitious—tippling of "whisky." Quite a climax in cutting off occasions of peccadillo—rather than sin, as a chiel o' wrath might say. But the Jedburgh Sunday School Teachers in council over a contemplated pic-nic have shown to what a pinnacle of piety Scottish Calvinists can climb in prescribing the restriction of pleasure. Perhaps they are capable of climbing higher still. An improvement on banishing lemonade and soda-water from the drinkables, would be the banishment from the eatables allowed at the children's pic-nic of all luxuries more sumptuous than "bannocks" and "parritch." Moreover, to inspire the children with thoughts and feelings befitting an occasion evidently designed to be a solemn festival, the band interdicted from dance-music might be further instructed to accompany the procession of the joyous youngsters to and from their banquet with a funeral march. It may be hoped that the existing regulations for their delight, however, will abundantly suffice to impress their young hearts with a sense of what a day they are having; and at its conclusion their considerate entertainers will naturally lay their heads on their pillows with the solace of an approving conscience—and aiblins a nightcap of extra "toddy."

POETRY AND FINANCE.

AMONG all the quotations in all the Money Market and City Articles who ever met with a line of verse?



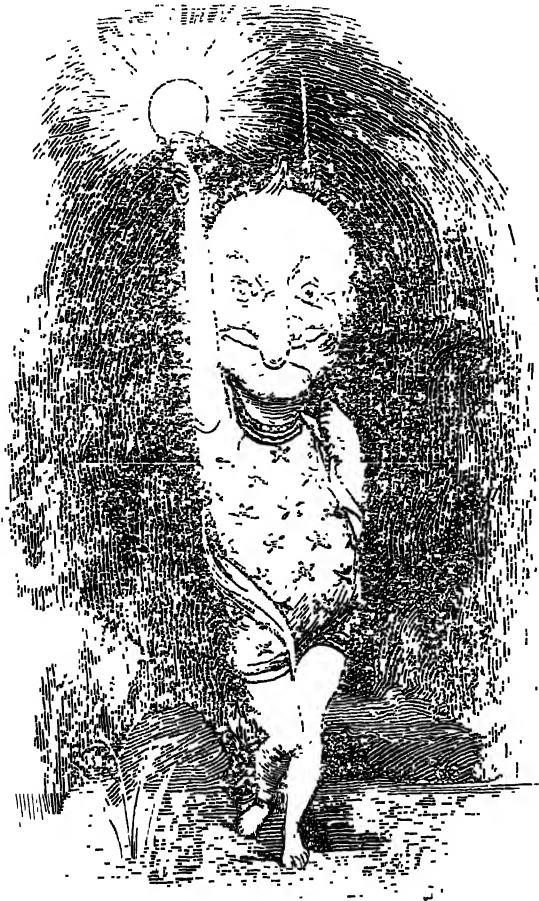
‘COUNTING HER CHICKS!’

SCENE—Besika Bay.

BRITANNIA (to the Old H. DON'T FLUTTER YOURSELF!—THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!’

OUR REPRESENTATIVE IN THE CITY.

(He takes an Office, goes on 'Change, and offers his advice gratuitously.)†



SIR,

In these dull yet most shaky times, when investors are shy, and investments are still shyer, when most of the foreigners ought to be put in their own foreign Stocks, it is indeed necessary for you, Sir, who are the embodiment of Honesty (which is the best policy, after all), to send, in the interest—the ten per cent. interest—of the Outside Public, a genuine, thorough-going, uncompromising, trustworthy business man (who shall be nameless at present) into the City, for the benefit of all those whom Providence has blessed, not, indeed, with affluence, but with a small certainty, which has to be turned over and over again by its possessor, until it gathers that golden moss which is denied to the rolling stone. Let Railway Shareholders adopt the adage, and pause—“A Rolling Stock gathers no moss.”

You know by this time—no one better—that I am above bribes. You know, Sir, that even at school I had, at an early age, earned the sobriquet of “Incorruptible TOMMY.”† May I long live to deserve the title!

I do not mention my whereabouts now, or the place would be crowded by people coming to me for advice. Let the public find me out—if they can. I am not the one to stoop to advertisement needlessly. Just over the door is a transparency representing Honesty giving change for a sovereign, while Commerce deducts one per cent. commission on the transaction. On one of the side-glasses of a triangular gas-lamp is written, “Stock Exchange Business done

* We feel ourselves compelled to say that we never were more astonished in the whole course of our editorial life than we were on receiving this letter from the gentleman, who, we admit, up till now has executed certain commissions for us as representing our interests—or, rather, the interests of the public—on various occasions. But we do not remember ever having authorised him to go into business in the capacity of Our Representative. He has no sort of authority from us—at least we think not; though should he be able to show us our own handwriting to this effect, we would cheerfully accept the responsibility up to a certain point. Till he so proves his case, we are bound, while consenting to publish his letter, to place the public on its guard.—ED.

† This may have been so, but Our Correspondent was not—we think—a schoolfellow of ours, and therefore we cannot allow ourselves to be appealed to in the matter of what his nickname might have been. If he is the same boy we recollect, he was known as “Truthless TOMMY.” But we can’t be sure.—ED.

here from 10 to 4. ADVICE GRATIS.” On another, “Commissions executed at the shortest notice and lowest prices. SAVINGS AND DEPOSITS CAREFULLY LOOKED AFTER. WATCHMAN ON THE PREMISES ALL NIGHT. Secrecy and Despatch. No business, no fee.” On the third, “Foreign Gentlemen attended at their own private residences. Best price given for old Stocks, and Money advanced on any sort of Security, from Toothpicks upwards. Night Porter in attendance. Best References required.”

The extent of the business is, as you see, unlimited; and, besides this, there are money-boxes all along the walls, to receive subscriptions for every charity in or out of London. These cannot be opened except with my master-key.

The Outside Public is saying, “How can we invest our money?” “How can we get seven per cent. without risk?” The private and moderate investor can come here, if he likes, and in our ante-room (I’ve got a partner in the business, but he doesn’t appear till I tell him) he can have a chop or a lobster, a bit of smoked salmon and salad, with as good bread-and-butter as he could get for miles round, only our boy will have to take the money for the beer or spirits, the licence not yet having been granted. Your Representative can give him a first-rate cigar and an easy-chair, and the client can give what he likes to the waiter, or call for a bottle of champagne for the good of the house. Thus business becomes a pleasure; and when I have concluded an advantageous contract with a well-known West-End hairdressing firm, and secured the freehold of the leads outside for the formation of a small aquarium and a Turkish bath, I do think that I shall be able to offer my clients such facilities for doing business, as will be unequalled, for some time to come, either in this, or in any other metropolis of the habitable globe.

I propose issuing, weekly, a Bullitin and a Bearitin for the guidance of friends at a distance.

Latest Advices (in my Weekly Bull-and-Bear-it-in).—The present disturbed state of Turkey has had a marked effect on Wick’s Patent Candles, the shares in which are now quoted at 10 dis. instead of 25 prem. as a few days ago. The fall in Wick’s Patent Candles throws a considerable amount of light on the *Oriental and Millwall Underground Tunnel Shares*, which can now be bought at 12½. I merely hint at this price, and shall be glad to do business. Of course it is difficult to advise as to a certainty; but investors who want to realise quickly, could do worse than put a few hundreds into *The Venetian Street Asphaltic Tramway Co.* The shares will be brought out at 42; each share to be paid for at the time; and should the Company not come out before April 1st, the money will be returned to the subscribers after that date, bearing 5 per cent. interest for its use. The coming over of the Lacrosse players from the Dominion of Canada has sent *Scotch Guanano* (lim.) up to 5½.

PRINCE BISMARCK’S sudden fit of sneezing (by private wire yesterday afternoon) caused a severe fall in *Little Pedlington Sidings* (down to 22½), but the news that the Spanish Minister had ordered a new hat and a pair of gloves, gave the markets generally a firmer tone. Later in the day (from an authentic and private source) I learnt that on the hatter and glove-maker, respectively, presenting their accounts at the Spanish Minister’s house, they had been told by His Excellency’s servant that His Excellency was not at home at that moment, but would call and settle with them in the course of the afternoon. Acting upon this, I operated; but when the news was generally known, Consolidated Yorkshires had gone up to 135, and as for *Shoreham Oyster-Bed* 12 per cent. *Mortgage Loan* (third series), you couldn’t get anything done under 140½. My clients were thus able to realise enormously.

A client—whose name I will not give, but suffice it to say, that he is perhaps the most reverend, and very nearly the most exalted personage in the United Kingdom—came in to-day. “I made a few thousands,” says he, “last night at cribbage, with C—J. M—G, D—N Str-nl-x, and a few others. What shall I invest in?” “Your Grace,” I replied, “go in for Staffas and Ionas.” “What’s that?” he asked. “*Suspension Bridge Co.*,” I returned. “Suspension!” exclaimed my distinguished customer. “The Co.” I explained, “suspends a bridge—it never suspends payment.” He smiled in his reverential manner. “What are they at?” he asked. “The news from Moravia,” I returned, “has sent Staffas down to 14; but there’ll be intelligence from Zanzibar within three hours’ time, which’ll send ’em up to 190.” “No!” says he. “Yes, your Grace!” says I. “But,” says the Archb-sh-p, utterly staggered, “how on earth can the Danubian Provinces or Zanzibar affect the Suspension Bridge Tramway Co. between Staffa and Iona?” (This, my dear Sir, you see, is what we in the City have to contend with—i.e., ignorance in the Outside Public: ignorance of cause and effect.) “Supposing,” I said to my Reverend client—explaining the whole affair as succinctly and as clearly as possible—“supposing the EMPEROR OF ZANZIBAR had a difficulty about taxation with his subjects; well, the EMPEROR appeals to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who at once sends an armed intervention: the Zanzibarites appeal to Germany. BISMARCK sends an armed intervention: the two interventions meet; they can’t settle matters: they appeal to Holland.



"SATISFACTORY!"

Mistress. "WELL, JESSIE, I'M GOING INTO NAIRNE, AND WILL SEE YOUR MOTHER. CAN I GIVE HER ANY MESSAGE FROM YOU?"

Jessie (her first "place"). "OU, MEM, YE CAN JUST SAY I'M UNCO WHEEL PLEASED WI' YE!"

Holland, not being strong enough, appeals to Spain, who sends another armed intervention to Zanzibar, *via* Belgium. Belgium protests; Spain protests; Holland protests; BISMARCK protests; Russia protests; Zanzibar protests; and all send armed interventions to Turkey. "Why Turkey?" asks my very clerical but unbusiness-like friend. "Because, in every European difficulty everyone sends an armed force to Turkey, which is the key of India." "But," says my esteemed client, "Turkey isn't the key of Scotland, and how does all this affect the shares in the Staffa and Iona Suspension Bridge?" "Patience, my respected client," says I. "Events march rapidly: what I take minutes to tell, would not take seconds to be worked in the World of Commerce, of which you, my very dear Sir—excuse me—appear to me to be lamentably ignorant. Well, to resume: the forces are at Constantinople: all the different nations apply to ROTHSCHILD for loans to carry on a war. ROTHSCHILD comes across to me, and says, 'Shall it be done? Will it pay?' In two minutes we decide. 'Yes.' Immediately we issue a loan on condition of the United European Powers taking shares in the Staffa and Iona. Up go Staffas and Ionas. Staffas and Ionas (stamped coupons) go all over the world. Russians, Germans, French, Turks—all want to know what the security is, and then comes the rush." "The rush!" says my friend: "where to?" "To Scotland," I answer. "Up go Northern Railways—Northern Railways are always going up—it is their nature to. Thousands of people cross the new Suspension Bridge of Staffa and Iona—articles in the papers—shares up to something fabulous—we all sell—all make fortunes; ROTHSCHILD retires, for the two-hundredth time, with a fortune of 1,700,000, and from that time forth Staffas and Ionas can look after themselves." "Good!" says my mitred friend; "but what becomes of Zanzibar?" I can't help smiling at him, for, like all clerical speculators, he is a perfect baby in these matters—"What's Zanzibar to us, or we to Zanzibar, that we should weep for it? Zanzi—Bah!" "But," he exclaims, "Zanzibar began it: it was through Zanzibar—" "Reverendissime," says I, "we could have begun it just as well at Temple Bar as at Zanzibar. Don't you see, *we*, the real financiers, got the whole thing up. *We* (myself and the Baron) didn't appear in it personally; but, your Grace, *who*, do you suppose, pulls the strings? Lor' bless you! *allez donc!* get out!"

He was so impressed that, after a first-rate lunch, he sent out my clerk to buy 30,000 Staffas and Ionas, and wrote off to L—D C—N to do the same.

I pointed out to him that the stamp duty, the assignation, the re-duplicating, and the fees at the Crown Office for my clerk's swearing in person before the LORD MAYOR, would amount to something considerable, not to speak of brokerage, which (as I explained at length to him) was just 25 per cent. more on that particular day, and at that particular time, than ordinarily. But he was *entêté*. So my revered client plunged for Staffas and Ionas. I regret to say that I have been obliged to write since, and point out that, in consequence of news from the North Pole, Staffas and Ionas have gone down to next to nothing. He is not a bold man, and returned, by letter, that he would rather lose £17,000 than the whole £30,000. So, expressing myself to the effect that *had he held on, and waited for the rise*, he would have made hundreds of thousands, I sent him back £17,000, minus £750 for the re-brokerage, for unswearing before the LORD MAYOR after office-hours, for unstamping at Somerset House, &c., &c. So that he got out of it well; and it wasn't such a very bad day's business for yours truly, eh? Not much, of course, but still not bad. Of course I had to keep the transaction secret. At parting he whispered, "Don't mention any little flutter like this when you're calling on Mrs. T. at L—mb—th. Hope we shall see you for a week or so at our little place in Kent." "Mum!" said I, with my finger to my lips; and I let my archiepiscopal client out by the back way in the absence of my boy, who had just run down to the House to depreciate some Stock.

I just mention these little operations to show you what I am doing, to inspire your readers with confidence, and to place you *au courant* with all the best moves now on the *tapis*. *A propos of "tapis,"* there's SIR H—X—J—s just tappy-ing at my door. He has come to ask me about some foreign loans; but I can't give him more than five minutes, as I must go with a cart full of specie to the Governor of the Bank. But look out for further important news from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE
(in the City).

EPICURUS ÆSTIVUS.

(His Midsummer Musings.)

UNDER a dense lime-alley's pleasant shelter

We see the Hoidsieck cooling in its ice,

And moralise, "By Jove! to-day's a melter:

Sweet weather this to give the world advice."

Comes through the foliage delicious hay-scent:

Roses fade slowly in the sun's strong flame.

We read our *Times*. The QUEEN has Knighted

DASENT,—

Wit well deserves a handle to its name.

Servia is arming.—Oh this sunset opal!

Herzegovina's madly boiling up.

Russia be hanged! Confound Constantinople!

Mark the blue borage in the claret-cup.

Three R.'s to Boards of Guardians we abandon,

And hope they will illumine what they touch.

Well, he's a very fine young fellow, SANDON,

And folk who have to work may learn too much.

SIR ROBERT PEEL is making "lively speeches:"

We need not listen to his jokes, thank Heaven!

Alas, it is not yet the time for peaches;

But try fresh strawberries with cream of Devon.

Ha! there's the nightingale! AMANDA fairest,—

Through what weird notes the wondrous bird can run!

Yet of all music woman's voice is rarest—

Sing some sweet madrigal while sinks the sun.

Spurgeon from a Novel Point of View.

WHAT will MUDIE say to MR. SPURGEON's indignant assertion that there are novels "he would not like to carry with a pair of tongs to the fire"? MR. DICK would have asked, "Are there any novels you *would* like to carry with a pair of tongs to the fire?" Perhaps, however, MR. SPURGEON has a literary *auto-da-fé* from time to time at which this mode of feeding the fire is resorted to. We recommend MESSRS. MUDIE to make him an honorary subscriber to their Library if they would stop the progress of the *Index Ex-Spurgeon-atorius*, which seems to be already in course of compilation.



H.M.S. "PRIVILEGE."—A MODEL OF A LINER.

(Respectfully dedicated to SIR FRANCIS GRANT and the Members of the Royal Academy.)

CANTERS OVER THE COURSE.

(Being Questions and Answers for J. P.'s of a Sporting Turn.)



Q. What do you think of Cribbage at the "Magpie and Mustard-Spoon"?

A. A sadly vicious practice, requiring the most stringent police supervision of a paternal Government.

Q. State your view of Baccarat, as carried on nightly at the Piccadilly Club?

A. An agreeable *délassement*, which promotes good-fellowship and enriches the tobacconists.

Q. How would you treat GEORGE GREEN, sawyer, and JOHN STUBBS, green-grocer, if you caught them backing a plater for half a sovereign?

A. A month on the Mill would be a lenient punishment for so atrocious a pastime.

Q. Would you object to accompany LORD DEUCE-ACE to TATTERSALL'S?

A. Certainly not, as he might put me on to a good thing.

Q. Do you ever bet?

A. Not with my inferiors—unless regular bookmakers or persons otherwise professionally connected with the Turf.

Q. What are the cardinal virtues of your Club companions?

A. Knowing the right horse to back, the right card to play, and the right man to pay up.

Q. What are the characteristic vices of the low gambler?

A. Risking hard-earned means on the chances of horse-racing, playing with greasy cards for sixpences, and aiding and abetting welchers.

Q. Give a summary of the deserts of this most mischievous class.

A. Imprisonment with hard labour in this world, and the prospect of a warm corner in the next.

Q. Where do you think you will go to?

A. Having lost two thou. at Bac. last night, or, rather, this morning,—to bed.

MARY ANNER TO THE RESCUE!

"He (MR. SPURGEON) thought a little encouragement was a very fine thing. . . Some of the girls staggered him when he thought of how by imprudent marriages they threw themselves into poverty, and became subjects of unkind treatment. . . Many were too fond of reading stupid novels. . . For his part, he could not benefit by reading fiction. . . He would recommend them to learn a text, and let it lie on the tip of the tongue all day, like a lozenge, so that when things went wrong with them they could think of this text, thus enabling them to pass their lives away pleasantly."—MR. SPURGEON on Servants.

DEAR SUSAN JANE,

I've 'alf an hour to spare—no thanks to Missis!

If ever a situation was a reglar grinder, *this* is.

It ain't my young Man's evening out, worse luck,—who'd be a "Slavey"?

And I've read that last instalment of the *Mysteries of Belgravia*, And so I takes my pen once more, as doesn't need much urging, But burns, like me, to have a shy at that there MR. SPURGEON. Not that he's half a bad sort, SUE, as *means* well in admonishin', But, bless yer 'art, the rubbidge that he talks is jest astonishin'! Which mere outsiders, I maintains, can't never do no other, For all their sly connivering round and kicking up a bother. I giv that MR. READE a rap as shut him up delishus. And now here comes a Parson, jest as foolish and offishus, Who'd have us gals shun marriage, 'cos it leads to 'omes like 'ovels,

And pass our leisure learning texts instead of reading novels!

A very pretty program, Sun! I'd like to see *him* trying it:

To work like Niggers, live like Nuns, looks nice, there's no denyin' it.

Which texts is very proper things,—there's one or two I knows on Might find out where the corns is bad, if dropped some people's toes on—

But Servant Gals ain't "book-marks" quite, nor yet "illuminations":

They'd better bring a batch of Saints to fill sech situations. And if Saints slaved like sarvant-gals, and hadn't no more larkses, I guess they'd find that SPURGEON's plan 'ud squench *their* vital sparkses.

Which what he rekkerends seems this,—what wonder gals finds fault with it?

Let Servants live on cold biled weal, and never take no salt with it. It's very true—give him his due!—he docs come down a cropper

On Mississes as seems to hold continual nagging proper— (Ah! if he know'd, percise, what on the "rampage" or the "furrage" meant!)

And says a friendly word or two on giving gals "encouragement." But silver medals, texts, and sech, ain't *all* as Nature craves for; Even among them Mississes as thinks we're made their slaves for;

And Ministers theirselves ain't proof 'gainst matrimonial urgings— I've heard, SUE, of a Mrs. S. and several youthful SPURGEONS—

While, if all Servants frowned on chaps as weren't right down "reljus,"

Good gracious, SUE, the number of Old Maids 'ud be perdjus!

For novels—well, there's good and bad, as so there is of tracks too, Which some I've read does anythink but stick the sober facks to.

SPURGING himself can spin a yarn, and pile it up like winking, And Sermons, for "sensation," may beat Stories, to my thinking.

I likes a tale. If SPURGING finds more fun and case in joking, Or telling traveller's tales at home, or mild Havannahs smoking,

(Which last I've heard he's partial to,) he's free to spend his leisure In patronising, pious-like, his own pertikler pleasure.

He doesn't feel no sort of call—no, SUE, I'll bet my head on it!— To chuck away a choice cigar, and suck a text instead on it.

Let him remember gals is gals, and no more Cherrybimbes Than other folks; as most of us *does* have our fads and whimses.

If lives is dull, and work is hard, and Mississes is riluing, We sometimes longs for more than "texts" to cheer us in our tiling.

My gracious! There's SAM's whistle, SUE. No blackbird couldn't beat him;

He's round by the back garding gate: I'll jest 'slip down and meet him—

I may have time for half a word. Oh, SUE, he's got *sech* whiskers! Wonder how Swells would like to do their courting so promiskus!

There! there! I hears! Young Artful, to pop on me in this manner!

And so no more jest now, dear, from your loving MARY-ANNER.

AT LORD'S.

What a Young Lady says.—I do so like cricket matches, they are so pretty, and I am quite *learned* about them. But do tell me, why are they running after that ball; and is it *really* necessary to put three bits of stick near the bowlers with their hats? You didn't know I knew so much about it, now, *did* you? Thank you so much, I will take a little more champagne cup. No raised pie, thanks—I have got some lobster salad. Oh, do smoke. I am awfully fond of the smoke of a cigar in the open air! And now, you must tell me *all* the news.

What a Dowager says.—I shall certainly keep my umbralla up, in spite of shutting out the view from a carriage-load behind me. I really *must* think of myself in this hot weather a little!

What a Young Man says.—Really too bad of that old woman to put up an umbrella, eh? Can't be any good to her, don't you know. Nonsense to think she wants to keep her complexion. Got no complexion at all, don't you know? Hasn't had one, I should think, for the last twenty years, eh, don't you know?

What an Old School-fellow says.—Hallo, my boy, why it's you! Haven't seen you for twenty years! How fat you've got! Why, what used we to call you? Oh, "Nosey," to be sure!

What Angelina says.—My dear EDWIN, you don't mean to say you were ever called "Nosey!" How you have deceived me!

What Edwin says.—Hang that fellow!

What a Good Boy says.—My dear father, this is a very painful sight! It grieves me to see two-and-twenty young men spending in recreation time that might be so usefully employed in study!

What a Bad Boy says.—Look here, old man, let's give the guv'nor the slip, and have some more grub!

What Everybody says.—Capital way to spend a summer's day pleasantly.

And what the Umpire says (especially at 7 p.m.).—Over!

Is there such a Thing?

WE extract this from a country paper, in case such a *rara avis* is to be caught, and will give the address when it is caught:—

WANTED, a Country GIRL (Church), tall and strong, about 16, without a Chignon, to help in a family of two; man kept.—Address, &c.

S. AND B.

Or the Shindy at the Sign of "The Laurel." As narrated by a very vulgar Bystander to a Fellow-Philistine.



YOU know, my dear WILLIAM, that house at the foot of the two-headed Hill?

Well, a-passing it late t'other night I dropped in for a sweet little mill. Leastways, when I call it a mill, I should say that it ended in jaw.

And no doubt the P. R. would pooh-pooh it as nothing but lingo and law.

It isn't a Pub I much patronise. Rather too up-pish for me.

The landlord's a chap called A. POLLER—the poet's peculiar L. V.

It's a sort of a Swell House-of-Call for your Bards, Critics, Artists, and such—

The noisest parties I know when they've once had a little too much.

They give themselves uppercrust airs, and look down upon pewter and beer:

A stuff they call Nectar's their "tap;" never tried it myself, BILL—no fear!

But judging by what I have seen of the fruits of the liquor, I think A chap doesn't lose very much, who eschews that particular drink. It appears that a couple of parties, we'll call 'em for short S. and B. (It stands for a blend that they love) had been making a little too free

With—I'd rather not give it a name, BILL—they call it poetic *afflatus*,

Folks would use plainer English, no doubt, if it came over chaps of *our status*.

In what's called a 'pseudonymous' way, I made out, it had been an old quarrel.

For B. had thought fit to suggest that the singing of S. was immoral; While S., who is well up in insects, had hit on the neat tit-for-tat, Of holding up B. to the public as only a sort of *B flat*!

Lor! how they pitched into each other—in *language*, you'll please understand,

For Poets, like Females, in shines make more use of the tongue than the hand.

In fact, B. and S. in their battle reminded *this party*, for one, Of a couple of Billingsgate fish-fags a-slanging each other like fun.

The names they exchanged I'd not mention in hearing of persons polite,

For poetical cursing and swearing beats 'Gate slanging clean out of sight.

Then they quoted each other's worst lines, and if poetry's all such as theirs,

"From being a Bard Lord deliver us!" ought to be one of our prayers.

For it seems that the sum and the substance of what they call "glorious song"

Is meanings amazingly weak put in language uncommonly strong. But at last, when I thought that the shindy *must* end in the punching of heads,

They took and they called in the lawyers to settle the case in fists' steads;

Which of course it was nuts to the bar-chaps, and didn't they poke fun and chaff!

Out of love-letters read in full Court 'ARRY 'AWKINS ne'er got such a laugh.

Well, so far as I twigged it, the verdict was, "Bad as are B. and his verse,

Mr. S. and his Songs and his slanging are *one and a half per cent.* worse."

Though I must say if I had been called on to sum up the rights of the pother,

My tip would have been "Pot and Kettle—six one and half-dozen the other."

BILL, my boy, you will never find *me* liquor up at the sign of "The Laurel."

Nor try that A. POLLER's best bitters which beats gin at breeding a quarrel.

The tap of Parnassus be blowed! if it oversets stomach and brain As bad as the best Hamburgh Sherry, and worse than petroleum Champagne.

I always ranked poets as duffers, but blest if I thought 'em such muffs

As to cry "Stinking fish!" in that fashion, in chaff taking refuge from cuffs.

But if B. and S. and their brethren would trust to Philistine's advising,

They'd cover their sewerage up out of sight, after deodorising. They may tell us that *that's* the manure for poetry's lilies and roses,

What I know is, that all who go *that way* keep handkerchiefs held to their noses.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

THE following paper, picked up in the passage between the Underground Railway and the Clock Tower, and evidently relating to the Irish Land Question, appears to be founded on the give and take principle (give everything to the Tenant, take everything from the Landlord), and is likely to satisfy even the demands of that mysterious assembly the Metropolitan O'Donnell 82 Club. It is accompanied by a short note, as under:—

DEAR FATHER PAT,

BUTT is a bosthoun: his Bill is all milk and water. I enclose a rough sketch of what might be worked into a good Tenants' Bill. I will be glad to get any hint you may have to offer. Don't spare the Landlords. In haste,

Yours ever,

O'C. P.

FATHER PAT MULLIGAN, *Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo.*

1. Landlords to be offered 99-year Leases of their estates; renewable for ever on remission of one year's rent to the Tenants.

2. Fair Rents to be fixed by a competent tribunal: such as a Committee of Three, consisting of the Parish Priest, the Curate, and a Tenant-Farmer, holding not less than ten acres, and the *bond-fide* owner of at least one pig.

3. All improvements to be allowed for: on the principle that in consideration of every pound laid out by the Tenant ten per cent. shall be deducted from the rent.

4. Absentee Landlords to pay a tax of twenty-five per cent. on the gross rental.

5. Any absentee for five consecutive years to forfeit his estate, which shall be divided amongst the rightful owners of the soil, that is to say, the small Farmers. N.B.—Small Farmers to be defined as holders of not more than thirty acres.

6. Evictions to be totally abolished; except in cases where no rent has been paid for ten years, at the end of which period an ejectment can be served. The ejectment must however be cancelled on payment of arrears for a term not to exceed six months.

7. The descendants of the original proprietors of estates confiscated within the last two hundred and fifty years to be entitled to claim the said estates; and, on proof of their descent, possession shall be given up by the present holder. Compensation to an amount not exceeding one year's rent to be given by the incomer. In cases where litigation arises, the costs shall, whatever the result, be charged on the estate.

Floating Slums.

FROM some resolutions lately passed by the Rugeley Ruri-Decanal Conference, it seems that the condition of the Canal Population is very deplorable, and, especially, that children are living in canal-boats under most unwholesome conditions. The charity bestowed on Gutter Children might be extended to Canal Children; for, as for the unfortunate little ones there is, we much fear, little to choose between the Canal and the Gutter.

"What's in a Name?"

NOT long ago there was a discussion as to the suitability of the names given to Her Majesty's ships. If the discussion had extended to the fitness of the names of officers, *Mr. Punch* would not, perhaps, have had the pleasure of congratulating a MR. JAMES TREMBLE on his appointment as Staff Surgeon to the *Terror*!

THE END OF THE LONDON SEASON.—Disappointment.

THE WESTERN DIFFICULTY.—The Block at Hyde Park Corner.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



NEITHER Russia have found a head, as well as sinews of war, for the Servian army, is more than LORD DERRY knows, or, at least, is disposed to tell LORD CAMPERDOWN (*Lords, Monday, July 3*). LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, who seems to keep his own little bird in most of the public Offices, moved a vote of censure on LORD CARNARVON for not bestowing more attention on the

affairs of the Malay Peninsula between January, 1874, and October, 1875. (Nothing like being exact in the dates of an indictment.) LORD CARNARVON defended his policy in the Straits. The country was ten thousand miles in extent. Annexation was out of the question, and the best course was to appoint Residents—(*Punch* does not envy them their "residential occupation" under the circumstances)—to act in concert with the native chiefs. Discords will occur in the best-conducted concerts. He had rapped SIR W. JERVOIS over the knuckles as hard as was fair to an energetic Governor. It was a choice of difficulties in a case of Straits, and he had tried to choose the least. LORD KIMBERLEY backed up his successor. LORD LAWRENCE pointed out that this was a case where the Government had ventured upon a dangerous step, after getting rid of the native Indian force which would have enabled them to take it without danger. A hint to the economists *à outrance*.

More Eastern questions from EARL DELAWARE and LORD GRANVILLE, who asked when the papers would be published that would inform Parliament as to the Eastern policy of the Government. LORD DERRY promised the papers as soon as possible. War having broken out there was no objection now to show the steps that had led to it.

(*Commons*.)—After a variety of important Home questions, *e.g.*,—how to get people who fall off the Embankment out of the water; the trial and sentence of JAMES TIMONY, an injured youth of seventeen, at Belfast; the limits of Lords-Lieutenant's right of interference at Elections; Bathing in the Serpentine; the Prosecution of the owner of a rotten ship at Liverpool; the closing of the National Gallery in the height of the season; the Statistics of Traffic at Hyde Park corner; British Museum Salaries; education of children in canal-boats; wound up by a personal explanation between SIR E. WATKIN and SIR ROBERT PEEL—in which the latter made one statement, with which Honourable Members heartily agreed—that he had been too long a member of that House—the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON took the liberty of asking the Sphinx at the head of Her Majesty's Government, when the papers that would throw light on the Government policy in the Eastern Question would be published. "As soon as possible," said the Sphinx.



"THALASSA! THALASSA!!"

Brown (to the old Family Servant). "THERE, NURSE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Old Nurse (she came from West Suffolk, and had never seen the Sea). "LOR', MR. CHARLES, DO IT ALLUS KEEP A MUDDLIN' ABEAOUT LIKE THAT!"

Which answer of the darkling Sphinx,
Unsatisfactory to GINX,
Brought up that bold, bald Baby's face
To beard B. D. in pride of place.
Let the House howl, GINX blanches not,
In spite of HERVEY's saucy all hot:
The House may hold his question rude,
But with a Motion he'll conclude.
"What 'Our Own' at Vienna knew
Was no more than the House's due—
'Gainst asking this there stands no law—
That asked, his Motion he'd withdraw."
Whereon the SPEAKER, crustily,
"I told the Member for Dundee
His speech must closed by Motion be,
And now his Motion he withdraws!"
Then GINX, "I own the House's laws,
And move the Adjournment of the House."
Whereon blithe BIGGAR hat did drowse,
And begged, kind friend, to second GINX.
Upon his legs this brought the Sphinx,

Who, after due contempt conveyed
Of GINX, that questioner undismayed,
"Hoped no anonymous 'Our Own'
Would in the House's face be thrown:
Let the House wait a few short hours,
Till, with consent of the great Powers,
The published papers could make known,
Not the *Times'* wisdom, but OUR OWN."
Then BRIGHT, large-loomed on the field,
Threw over GINX his ample shield:
No Baby he, a veteran wight,
With more than thrice ten years of fight.
"The Session wanes, the papers wait;
Short grows the season for Debate;
The country frets, as well as GINX.
Needs thrice five minutes for the Sphinx
To utter, calm, condensed, and clear,
What House and Country yearn to hear.
The Oracle no longer dumb,
E'en if the bad to worst should come,
The House would know its steersman's star,

And shape a course, not drift, to war.
But of this let the Sphinx beware,
One thing Old England will not bear—
Our might ranged with the Turks along,
'Gainst those who rise against their wrong."
Then FAWCETT struck into the fight—
His war-cry, "Ditto to JOHN BRIGHT!"
And e'en the Doctor braved disdain,
And dashed the dew-drops from his mane,
And, midst a laugh that shook the hall,
Foretold that "Turkey needs must fall."
Till HARTINGTON, the Doctor's foil,
Poured on the waves his smoothing oil:
"The House, no doubt, would gladly learn—
For information needs must yearn—
But papers policy declare;
And papers ask time to prepare.
Then let us wait; put question by,
Till papers lend us wings to fly,
If need be, in the Sphinx's face,
And his who holds 'another place.'"

(Punch asks pardon for rhyming; but the ancient Oracles were always asked, and answered, in verse.)

The Second Reading of the Prisons Bill followed; every man fighting for his own hand; a knot of the bucolicals refusing to dismount from their hobby, Visiting Justiceship. But CROSS wins in a canter. The Quarter Sessions Benches have pronounced for the Bill by a large majority, and Second Reading was carried by the overwhelming majority of 295 to 96.

*Tuesday (Lords).—*Union of Benefices Bill reported, and Bill for Improving the Dwellings of the Poor in Whitechapel and Limehouse district got into Committee. LORD SHAFTESBURY, as by right, rejoiced in the advent of this the first (he hoped) of a long series of Bills for the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes in our London slums. But he warned the promoters not to go too fast in pulling down, till they had seen to the intermediate housing of

those whom improvement ousted. A wise and much wanted caution. Pull down the rookeries, but don't forget the rooks.

(Commons.) Morning Sitting.—There are some questions more awful than even the Eastern. Such was WHALLEY's this morning. Had MR. DISRAELI made due inquiry into CHIEF JUSTICE WHITEHEAD's statement that the POPE, and not the QUEEN, exercised paramount authority in Ireland in certain cases? MR. DISRAELI may oppose a stony and Sphinxian silence to the interrogatories of the House about the Turkish war, but he knows better than to trifle with the interrogatories of WHALLEY. He said he had come down five or six times to the House prepared to answer the question—if he *could*. But he could not attach a definite idea to it. But as far as he *could* understand the question—(the rogue! he understands it well enough)—he should say that if a person had such confidence in the POPE that he is determined to obey him, he didn't see how the



QUERY.

IS IT AN ADVANTAGE THAT TALL PEOPLE LOOK TALLER, AND SHORT PEOPLE SHORTER ON THE RINK?

Government was to prevent him. (Doesn't he, indeed? As if he couldn't begin by putting down the Jesuits, who now swarm in the Legislature, the Universities, the Public Schools, the liberal professions, the School Boards, the public departments, the establishments of the nobility, and elsewhere.) He declined to be responsible for the observations of Judges in Ireland. (We should think he *did*.)

It was awfully hot and choky in the House, and, as iced drinks are not allowed to be handed round, as in the American Hall of Congress, Members were awfully bored by SOLATER-BOOTH's long statement of local indebtedness and income. After all, the total of local debt is only between \$90,000,000 and £100,000,000; the income about £60,000,000. Is this bagatelle the sort of thing to be bothered about in such weather? But if they tried to burk SOLATER-BOOTH by not listening, they absolutely kicked against FAWCETT's amendment, touching the unfair incidence of local taxation on occupiers as against owners; and, with all the help of GOSCHEN, CHILDERS, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, just contrived to shunt the Bill into Committee and left it there.

SIR HENRY JAMES tried to get Members into working gear again over the Appellate Judicature Bill. He said the business in the Courts was at a regular dead-lock.

Much the sweltering House cared for that! The sitting was suspended at seven, and then, when the House should have met for business again at nine, it didn't, and MR. BIGGAR, useful for once, had the House Counted Out before doing a stroke of work. Too hot.

Wednesday.—COWPER-TEMPLE moved Second Reading of his Bill for admitting Ladies with Foreign Medical Degrees to Practise in England.

LORD SANDON said Government was prepared to take up MR. RUSSELL GURNEY's Bill for enabling the Medical Corporations, if they liked, to admit Women to Practise. On which MR. COWPER-TEMPLE withdrew his Bill, preferring a side entrance to practise, even with a Medical Beadle stationed at it, to the back door he had proposed to open.

Thursday (Lords).—The Commons Bill for Second Reading, recommended by the DUKE OF RICHMOND as carefully framed in the interests of Owners. From what MR. CROSS said for it in the Commons *Punch* had thought it was framed in the interests of the Public. Let us hope that, for once, they are identical.

(*Commons.*)—The Second Reading of the Cambridge University Bill, mildly moved, in a hot and sleepy House, by MR. WALFOLE. The House dull over it. Even DILKE did not wake them up in his new character of a maintainer of the *status quo*. Like LOWE, he has faith in "idle fellows," and does not much believe in Professors and the Endowment of Research. Nor does MR. FORSYTH. But he is strongly opposed to Fellowships for life. Of course, as the Ladies'

man for *Mari-le-bon par excellence* he ought to be opposed to such an abominably celibate institution.

DR. PLAYFAIR imported a momentary animation to the debate by puffing the Scotch Universities at the expense of the English, and contriving to tread, with singular ingenuity, on all English University men's toes, however wide apart, defending the increase of the Professorate as a corrective of the evils of competitive examinations, and clerical fellowships as a means of liberalising the clergy.

This brought MR. BERESFORD HOPE into the ring; and that "friend of the brave in peril's darkest hour" dealt the Scotch Chicken several heavy counters. He was followed by that lively lightweight, LORD E. FITZMAURICE, who, on the whole, supported the Bill. After him arose the encyclopædic Member for the Elgin Burghs, and served out one of those elaborate concoctions of Duff, in which the plums bear so small a proportion to the suet that only the strongest Parliamentary digestion is equal to them. His picture of Oxford-wants—in the shape of Professorships yet to be—was appalling. That rising young man, MR. MARTEN, recalled the discussion to earth and practicalities.

MR. GOSCHEN took very much the LOWE line on the Endowment of Fellows, as against that of Professors; while SIR W. HARCOURT chaffed the Bill all round, and declared that the endowment of research would probably lapse into the research of endowments. (If it wasn't SIR WILLIAM who made that joke it ought to have been, for it is sharp, as well as chaffy, and so quite in SIR WILLIAM's way.)

MR. HARDY wound up the evening with a pleasant conciliatory comment on what was really one of the best debates of the Session, allowing for the weather. The Chelsea Baronet withdrew his Amendment, and the Bill passed Second Reading.

Friday.—LORD GRANVILLE will take up Extradition next Thursday, not a day too soon. Shoals of rogues are already rushing both ways through the torn net across the Atlantic.

(*Commons.*)—Morning Sitting—and snoozing. LORD SANDON gave a sketch of the amendments he proposes in Committee on his Education Bill. The Member for Bradford will not be ashamed to own himself their foster-father. Long lawyers' talk on Appellate Jurisdiction. Wants strengthening. What are so few judges among so many? Consensus of lawyers in favour of more judges. *Vous êtes orfèvre, Maître Josse.* "Nothing like Horse-hair," quoth the wig-wearers. But suppose we were content with fewer judges on *banc*? Are three big wigs absolutely wanted to split one straw? Spread thinner they'll go further, like the schoolboy's butter.

Evening Sitting.—While MR. DILLWYN was talking about Lunatics some wise and weary Member had the happy thought, "What lunatics we are to be sitting here, a dozen of us, when we might be in bed!" and got the House Counted Out, for the second time this hot week, at ten minutes after ten.

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

THE Sanctum had been newly decorated. The curtains were now of silk, and represented stars and stripes. A batch of books had been added to the library, with backs lettered "LONGFELLOW," "BRETT HARTE," and "HOLMES." Everything had been done that could be done to give the room a transatlantic appearance. The chairs ran on tramways, the bells worked by electricity, and communication was maintained with the floor above and the floor below by means of cleverly concealed lifts.

"Now, let me see," said *Mr. Punch*, looking round his apartment with great satisfaction, "is everything ready?"

Toby replied in the affirmative.

"Then," murmured the Sage, "I don't think that our American Cousin can find anything in the room at which to take offence. Stay, *Toby*, you may take *Martin Chuzzlewit* out of the bookshelves. It is a very excellent novel, but it is just possible that our visitor may not care to see it. Mind you put it back when he has gone. And, of course, turn that caricature of 'Uncle Sam' with its face to the wall."

The Best of Dogs obeyed his master with his customary willingness.

"And now to admit them," said *Mr. Punch*, touching a knob near the mantelpiece. "We must get JOHN into the room first."

He had scarcely finished speaking when a secret door flew open and a rosy-cheeked, curly-headed gentleman in the very prime of life walked out.

"Good morning, *Mr. Punch*," said the new comer with a cheerful smile. "That's rather an expeditious way of travelling. I came down from the room above in something less than no time."

"My new hydraulic lift," replied the host. "I use it chiefly for sending rejected contributions away to be burnt. It has been necessarily made very strong—rejected contributions are, as a rule, heavy."

"Well, it is quicker than the railways."

"And infinitely safer," remarked *Mr. Punch*. "You are looking well of course, my dear JOHN, and yet I have seen you looking better."

"I should think so," returned the portly gentleman, with a slight sigh. "It has been an anxious time lately. What with foreign loans and the complications of the Eastern Question, I absolutely have known no rest for months. Then Dizzy, my head man, has got hold of my books and keeps them closed against me. Whenever I ask for them he makes an excuse."

"I should insist upon seeing them," said *Mr. Punch*, firmly.

"I shall, the next time I want them," was the reply, and then JOHN continued, "Dizzy may be a very clever fellow, but I like to manage my own affairs. And now, *Mr. Punch*, why have you asked me to come here?"

"To meet a friend" (the guest smiled) "and a relative."

The smile disappeared.

"If I am obliged to meet a relative with so much formality, I do not think that I shall care for his acquaintance. But who is he?"

"Why, our American Cousin, JONATHAN," replied *Mr. Punch*, watching his guest's face steadily. JOHN looked far from pleased.

"I am sorry you have brought us together," he said. "JONATHAN is a swaggering, vulgar, uneducated, swindling—"

"Stop! stop!" cried *Mr. Punch*. "You really don't know him. Come, you shall see him at once," and a slight pressure applied to another knob near the fireplace opened another secret door. A slim, gentlemanly-looking man entered the room. He greeted *Mr. Punch* cordially.

"My dear Sir," said he, speaking with the slightest accent possible—an accent which lifted the small words into undue prominence—"I congratulate you upon your lift. I came from your waiting-room below in less than no time."

Mr. Punch noticed that his first visitor was moving towards the door. "Come," said the Sage, "you two cousins should know one another well—thoroughly well. Now, my dear JOHN, here is your Cousin JONATHAN. JONATHAN, let me introduce you to JOHN BULL."

"Welcome, Cousin!" said the American, distrustfully.

"Pleased to see any Cousin, however distant," said the Englishman, pompously.

"Nonsense!" cried *Mr. Punch*. "Only the Atlantic Ocean divides you, and that little affair has been bridged over by half-a-dozen cables."

"I was thinking of our family-tree," said JOHN. "My Cousin must be several times removed."

"Nonsense, again!" interrupted the Sage. "The only thing that can remove you two kinsmen is misunderstanding; and as for the family-tree, why, plant a bough of it anywhere—in Asia, Africa, America, or Australasia—and it will flourish as only such an ever-green can flourish. Nonsense!—shake hands! Remember you are not only men, but brothers."

"'Look before you leap,' is a capital motto," muttered the American.

"'Don't buy a pig in a poke' is excellent, albeit homely, advice," murmured the Englishman.

"That's all very well," said *Mr. Punch*; "but I don't want you to do either the one or the other. Let's be honest and open. Come, JOHN, speak frankly. What have you to say in disparagement of JONATHAN?"

"He is unrefined, he talks slang, he uses a revolver, he loves rowdies, he never did a generous action in his life, and—most unpardonable sin of all—he hates me!"

"Don't speak!" said *Mr. Punch*, as the American Cousin sprang to his feet.

"JOHN," he continued, "you are harsh and wrong. Because Shoddy spends its too easily gained money in Europe, you must not take Shoddy as the national representative. Your Cousin, when you find him at home, is hospitable as a gentleman should be, is cultivated as a gentleman should be, is honourable as a gentleman should be. And as to his hating you—why, man, he whistles 'Rule, Britannia!' quite as often as 'Hail, Columbia!'" Now, Sir, it is your turn. What have you to say against JOHN BULL?"

"He is cold-hearted, scornful, mean, and revengeful. He can't forgive us the glorious work of the Fourth of July."

"Don't speak a word, JOHN!" said *Mr. Punch*, excitedly. "Now, JONATHAN, you are in the wrong. Cold-hearted, scornful, and mean! Why, he is as proud of you as ever a father was of a child. Revengeful and unforgiving! Why, he helps to keep 'the Fourth' himself! And as to your Independence—why, he declares that you were in the right, and tries his hardest to make his other children free. Ask your neighbour, pretty MISS CANADA, ask that promising young fellow, MASTER AUSTRALIA, what they think of the old boy, and they will tell you that JOHN BULL is the kindest, the best-tempered, and warmest-hearted old buffer in the world."

"Briton Major," said JONATHAN, "we have both been wrong."

"Briton Minor," replied JOHN, "blood is thicker than water."

Two hands were gripped as only men of the stout old Anglo-Saxon race can grip.

"That's right!" cried *Mr. Punch*, enthusiastically. "There's a sight that will cheer the weak and terry tyrants. Combined, my lads, you may defy the world. Let's liquor!"

And then with hands firmly clasped—the Past remembered without pain, the Present welcomed without shame—the two kinsmen drank heartily and hopefully to a glorious Future.

REGULATIONS FOR WIMBLEDON.

8th July, 1876.

War Office (Intelligence Department),
85, Fleet Street, E.C.



STAND AT EASE—

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH has much pleasure in expressing his perfect satisfaction with the conduct and soldierly bearing of the troops recently reviewed by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES in Hyde Park. The regular infantry and cavalry were, of course, all that could be desired. The London Militia, too, deserved the Field-Marshal's unqualified commendation. It is to be regretted, however, that that excellent battalion, the King's Own Royal Tower Hamlets Militia (now doing duty at the Mobilisation, Head

Quarters of the Regiment at Cheltenham) was not included in the field-state. The march past on the 1st. instant, was supposed to include the garrison of London, and that garrison cannot be considered complete without the hereditary custodians of the Tower.

Turning to the Volunteers, FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH can heartily congratulate them upon the progress they have made during the last fifteen years. On the 1st. instant their steadiness and smartness suggested that they were closely imitating the excellent example set for them by the Regulars and the Militia-forces, whose discipline is maintained by a strict administration of the Mutiny Act. Under these circumstances (the Field-Marshal has no hesitation in issuing the following regulations for Wimbledon, in the confident hope that they will be received with respect and obedience:—

1. Volunteers should appear in uniform. The habit of wearing a military tunic and a straw hat should be discontinued.
2. Volunteers should salute their officers. The habit of singing "Tommy make room for your Uncle," or any equally popular ditty when passing a General, should be discontinued.
3. Volunteers should be careful to keep some uniformity in the pitching of their tents. The habit of decorating the canvas with facetious pictures or caricatures of unpopular commanders should be discontinued.

4. Volunteers at all times should maintain the strictest discipline. The habit of regarding Wimbledon as a free and easy pic-nic instead of a military camp of instruction should be discontinued.

With these few regulations (which he trusts will be accepted in good part, and observed with good heart) FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH bids the Volunteers farewell for the present. He trusts that they will have fine weather, for what he hopes will be a useful holiday.

By Order,

(Signed) TOBY,
Assistant-Adjutant General.

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

WE are authorised to state that the recent Alexandra Collie Trials have nothing whatever to do with a late eminent ex-capitalist, who is still wanted by the Authorities of Scotland Yard.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' MOTTO.—"Est Modus in Rebus"—"There is a Medium in everything."



PHOTOGRAPHING THE FIRST-BORN.

GUARDIANS IN GAOL.

SUPREME COURT OF APPEAL.

*Sittings in Fleet Street, before LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH.**The Queen v. the Guardians of the Keighley Union.*

MR. WIGGINS, Q.C., applied for an order to reverse the judgment of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in the Queen's Bench, under which the Defendants stood committed for contempt of Court, incurred by first pretending to comply with and then disobeying a *mandamus* enjoining them to perform the duty incumbent on them, which they had long neglected, of giving the proper directions to the Vaccination Officer to proceed against parents who refused to have their children vaccinated. The *mandamus* had been issued in the other Court consequently upon conduct on the part of the Defendants brought under the notice of CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH some time ago.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE asked on what ground the appeal against the mandate of his learned Brother was made.

MR. WIGGINS said on that of the extreme stupidity of the Defendants, who could not possibly be brought to understand that they ought to obey the law. A dialogue, the report of which occupied nearly a column of a newspaper, on this point passed in Court between LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN and their Chairman, MR. MILNER, who, as the head, must be supposed to have the most brains of them all—except a MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON; this Gentleman having repudiated his colleagues' acts, and purged himself of contempt.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH said that MR. SAMUEL JOHNSON had vindicated his name.

MR. WIGGINS proceeded to say that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE in the Court below in vain endeavoured to make the Chairman of the Keighley Guardians comprehend that it was their place to execute and not to construe or correct the law. Their inability to have this simple idea beaten into their heads, he (MR. WIGGINS) would submit indicated a density of intellect which rendered them deserving of pity, rather than punishment.

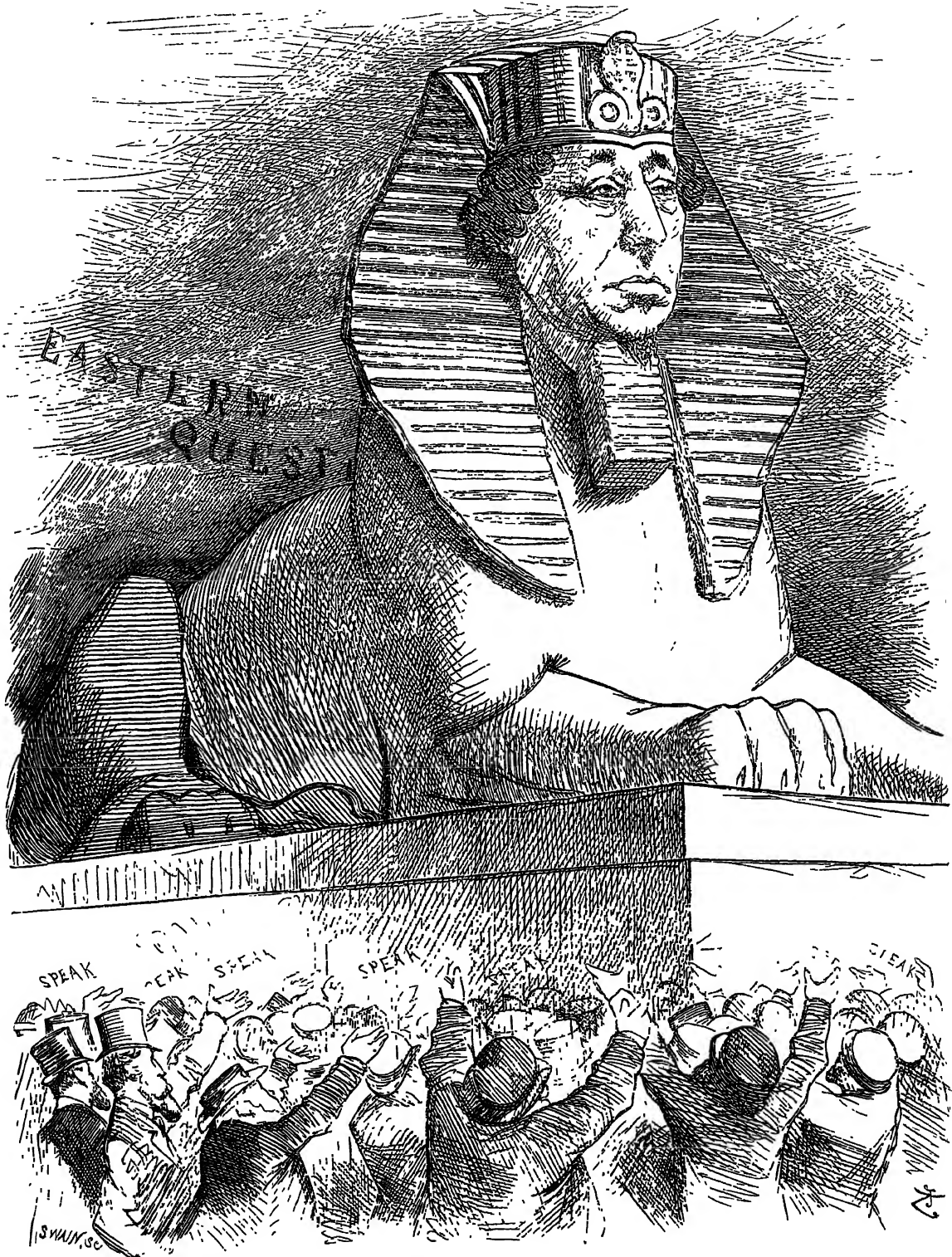
His Lordship, in reply to the learned Counsel, said that the Defendants' intellects, if they had any, were evidently dense indeed. No doubt they had both acted, and refused to act, in ignorance; but

mere ignorance of the law was no excuse. Their ignorance was extreme; they were as ignorant of Law as of Medicine; and, probably, of everything else: they showed crass ignorance. But merely crass ignorance could not absolve those who ought to have known better. He (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH) could not interfere between that ignorance and its consequences. However, he was not sure that the Keighley Guardians' contumacy was not owing to a sadder defect than that of mere knowledge. He recollected that they concluded one of their first Anti-Vaccination meetings by adjourning to the Madhouse, and he (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH) remembered saying at the time, they ought to have remained there. Their obstinacy in resisting the Vaccination Act suggested actual derangement; and this all the rather that they had displayed an evasion and cunning which were special notes of insanity. This, if it were so, would render them irresponsible for their acts, but not entitle them to be discharged from custody. People who behaved as they had done, labouring under fixed ideas and delusions, were dangerous lunatics, who required to be looked after—they ought to be shut up, and not let go about. He would take time to consider his decision; and Defendants might be inspected by a medical man, to see if they were crazy. In the meanwhile, if not incurable, they would perhaps come to their senses, apologise for their misconduct, undertake to repair it, and so purge themselves of contempt, when, doubtless, they would be released on payment of necessary costs. Otherwise, all he (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH) would be able to do for them would be to make an order for their removal from the County Prison to a Lunatic Asylum, and then the only doubt on his (LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH's) mind would be, whether the Institution to which it would be proper to send them was a Refuge for the Insane or an Asylum for Idiots.

NO OFFENCE.

PLUMSTEAD has long been the scene of constant Artillery practice, but last week the neighbourhood was also treated to a "fencing" bout on a large scale.

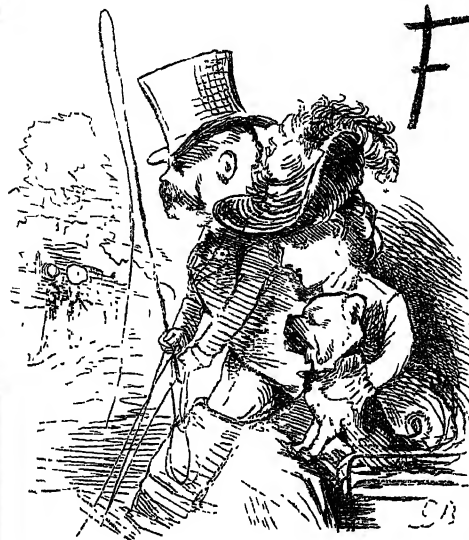
QUERY FOR GEOGRAPHICAL BEES.—Should the Women of Montenegro be spoken of as Montenegrresses?



THE SPHINX IS SILENT.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

To Fresh Fields and Pastures new—Seeking for Information—An Irish Acquaintance wanted—On the Track.



FRIENDS recommend me to try "a thorough change." By all means. My Aunt, who is continually practising a melancholy song with a refrain about being "flung away to die" in some out-of-the-way place,—"a wilderness," I think,—and who has two deaf Ladies and a Nephew (suspected of having fits when by himself) coming to stay with her for a fortnight, thinks it "a pity I should go away just now." I don't. But where to?

I am still turning the subject over, and am inclining towards Ireland.

I remember this heading to a chapter in *Nicholas Nickleby*, "Doubts and fears begin to disturb the plotter,"—or words to that effect. This is my case. There is something so remarkably novel in the idea of my going to Ireland, that something, I feel sure, will happen to prevent it.

If now breaks upon me for the first time that I know nothing at all about Ireland. I have talked politically about Ireland, I have read LEVER, CROKER, S. C. HALL, LOVER,—I remember vividly most of CRUIKSHANK'S hideous pictures in the history of the Irish Rebellion, and I have seen the Irish dramas by MESSRS. BOUCHICAULT and FALCONER, which have impressed upon me such characters as *Danny Mann*, a jovial Priest (who could brew whiskey punch, and make a speech which "brought down the house"), another Priest who could hit out on occasion, a gentlemanly courteous Priest, picturesque peasant girls, *Colleen Bawns* and *Colleen Rhus*, and good-for-nothing, self-sacrificing ne'er-do-wells, with a powerful affection for the "ould stock" and "the Masther," and an intimate and practical acquaintance with shillelaghs, potheen, poaching, and the county gaols.

I do not believe that these pictures represent "Ireland as it is."

Equally clearly, it must be the simplest thing possible to find some person, or persons, who do know all about it. Among my acquaintance—let me see—as I think it over, I remember several Irishmen. But, as I've never known them to be out of England, except when I've met them in Boulogne, or in Germany, the question arises, Do they know much about their native country?

The man of all others is, now I think of it, TIM MAHONY.

Note (in Memorandum-Book).—Call on TIM MAHONY, and ask him about Ireland.

TIM MAHONY'S address is a difficulty. Odd! often as I've met TIM MAHONY, and, long as I've known him, yet it now strikes me, for the first time, that I've never been to TIM'S own house, or rooms, or whatever he has to live in; that I've never dined with TIM at his Club, or at his expense anywhere; and that whenever I have met TIM, if it was not at somebody else's house, or somebody else's dinner party, or somebody else's Club, it has invariably been in the street. Of course I cannot waste my time in walking about the streets in the hope of meeting TIM MAHONY. Stay! I have written to him. Let me see, at what address? Why, invariably at somebody else's address, and never the same twice running. TIM, *in toto*, flashes across me like a revelation. He is like a social Will-o'-the-Wisp. I do not think this a very good simile, as people do not ask Will-o'-the-Wisps to stay with them for a fortnight; and TIM is never without an invitation. At least such must be the case, as he apparently resides nowhere, and lives everywhere. If he can't get an invitation he must make them himself.

Because at this moment I particularly want to see him, he is most certain *not* to turn up. If he *did* turn up he would be welcome, for days, at our little out-of-town cottage—welcome as the flowers in Spring. If at this moment TIM were *not* wanted, he would appear. He is the sort of man, of whom it may be safely said, that "he is here to-day and *not* gone to-morrow,"—or the day after, or the day after that; or, with a little encouragement, for weeks.

In fact, as to his stay, "it," as the song says, "may be for years and it may be for ever." Thus,—TIM will find himself with nothing to do in Town. Time hangs heavily on his hands. It suddenly strikes him that "he hasn't seen old BUNGAY for years."

"Gad!" says TIM to himself, "I'll go and see old DICK BUNGAY."

If I (or anybody else, for the matter of that) am with him at the moment, he will add, "You come, too. Come down to old BUNGAY'S. He'll be delighted."

I object that I do not know BUNGAY, that in point of fact I've never spoken to BUNGAY in my life, nor even seen him.

TIM is immensely astonished. His manner expresses such immeasurable pity for me, as having lived so long without knowing BUNGAY, that I am really quite disconcerted.

"What!" he exclaims. "Not know old BUNGAY. My dear fellow," he goes on with great *empressment*, "you *must* know him. Come down with me. BUNGAY will be *only too pleased*. Come along! we'll take the next train, and be with him to dinner."

It still occurring to me that BUNGAY may not view this descent upon him in the same light as does TIM, I get off for the present, promising that if, while TIM is staying *chez* BUNGAY, TIM will induce him to ask me, I will accept with pleasure. Off goes TIM: stops there for three months, and when he finds things a little monotonous, I receive my long-promised invitation from TIM on behalf of BUNGAY.

[But this is by the way, only that it is necessary in order to understand TIM MAHONY, and the difficulty in finding him; because from BUNGAY'S he may have gone to Northumberland to see his friend, Old SHORTMORE; from SHORTMORE'S to Devonshire; and from Devonshire to Brighton, to stay with some one who has been asking him so often that he's "quite ashamed of himself," he says, on arriving, "for not having been to see him before."]

Well, I am supposing TIM saying to himself, "I'll go and see old DICK BUNGAY." He is off at once, to the waiting-room of a station ("most convenient place a waiting-room," says TIM, *naively*), where he has left his portmanteau, bag, hat-box, and greatcoat; then he obtains the correct time of the train's starting, and in another two hours he is marching up the well-kept drive leading to the front door of Bungay Hall; and the Ladies of the house (who are unacquainted with TIM, and who therefore have a rich and unexpected treat in store for them), sitting in the drawing-room, wonder who on earth their visitor can be at this hour, when DICK BUNGAY, fresh from the river—the fish and himself being but just arrived from the same place—slaps one hand down on the other as he exclaims, "Why, hang me, if it isn't TIM MAHONY!"

"Dick, old boy," cries TIM, heartily, "how are you?"

Thereupon TIM shakes hands most warmly with DICK BUNGAY,—with a warmth indeed which communicates itself at once to DICK BUNGAY, who expresses himself immensely pleased at seeing him; in a few minutes more he is glowing with hearty hospitality, and in a quarter of an hour he is ablaze with open-house generosity. MRS. BUNGAY receives TIM under the impression that her husband has asked him, and forgotten to mention it. And her guests, the three MISSSES GLENTILTERS, are also delighted, for there's a chance of a little excitement, and flirtation for *one at a time* at least.

Then TIM sets to work to praise everything, and to please everybody; putting them at once at their ease, as if they had come suddenly to his house, not *he* to theirs, saying, as plain as actions can speak, "Make yourselves at home now I'm here; don't mind me"—and then he will playfully remind "Old Dick" of that wonderful claret he has in the cellar, and which he *must* have up. And Old DICK remembers that when they last met, he *had* mentioned such a claret to him, and wonders which it was. A regret passes across his mind that he hasn't called at his Grocer's in the nearest county town, so as to provide for TIM'S unforeseen visit,—for, at the first flush, TIM will be enthusiastic about everything, even to praising the Grocer's "sound dinner claret at 13s. a dozen." But the second evening TIM will frown, shake his head, and hint that "This is not the same we had last night." At the third dinner he will insist on having the best out, and will be satisfied with nothing but the best, even if he goes down with his host, under pretence of admiring the "first-rate cellar," and fetching it up himself.

Then BUNGAY hopes, and MRS. BUNGAY hopes, and the GLENTILTERS hope, that TIM will be able to stay a few days now he is there, which being exactly the object TIM has had in view all along, he at once protests that "alas! being so very busy just now in town"—this TIM always says when he is miles away from London, "is exactly what, he regrets to say, he can *not* do." "Don't ask me," he says, putting out his open palm as if to shut out a strong temptation. "Don't ask me, DICK old boy, for I must be back to-night. I've promised LADY ASTRACHAN—you know the ASTRACHANS"—DICK BUNGAY nods, and his wife wonders where her husband could have met them, but is unwilling to show ignorance before the GLENTILTERS—"I've promised Old ASTRACHAN to be back for his Dumb Crambo party to-night—at least," he adds, to leave a loophole for his hosts to press their invitation, "I said, if I'm not with you by nine-thirty, don't expect me."



THE ROLL-CALL.

Sergeant. "ALISTER McALISTER!"

Answer. "HAMISHO!"

Sergeant. "PETER McKAY!"

Answer. "HAMISHO!"

Sergeant. "DONAL' McBEAN!"

Answer. "HAMISHO!"

Sergeant. "JOHN SMITH!"

Answer. "ILERR, SIR!"

Sergeant (with a Sniff). "UGH! 'ENGLISH POCK-PUDDING'!!"

"Then," says BUNGAY, cleverly, "if you're not there they won't expect you. Better stay here with us." He puts it cordially, with, however, a still lurking regret that he hasn't a supply of the Grocer's at 13s. a doz.

"No," replies TIM, who has no more idea of moving from his present comfortable quarters than he has of attempting to fly over St. Paul's,—"No," he says, shaking his head, and pretending to ruminate over all the *pros* and *cons*. of the question, "I'm—afraid—I—can't."

"You *must* manage it somehow," insists DICK BUNGAY, becoming proportionately more eager for TIM to stay, as he hears that he is in such demand elsewhere.

"If I telegraphed," says TIM, doubtfully, "I might. But," he considers, then he goes on in a feeling tone, "you see, I'm staying with my Grandmother at Stringham, in Hampshire, and, if I'm not in by midnight, she gets so uneasy."

Everybody is silent, out of respect to TIM's feelings, and out of sympathy with his Grandmother at Stringham. Everybody is more or less depressed: DICK BUNGAY most of all. So down is he in fact, that it is on his lips to say, with genuine heartiness, "Well, send for the old girl and bring her down here. Why not?" But he does *not* say this, lest it should savour of disrespect to TIM MAHONY's aged relative.

TIM brightens up. He sees a way. He has the will—plenty of it, and sees the way. He'll telegraph to the ASTRACHANS and to his Grandmother; to the first to say that he "*Can't be up for Crambo*:" to the second to say, "*Shan't be back to-night. Am staying at BUNGAY'S. Don't be alarmed if not back for a day or two.*"

"I'd better word it like that," says TIM, knowingly, to BUNGAY, "and then she won't be at all nervous."

BUNGAY agrees with him, and trusts he'll stay a week or a fortnight, mentally resolving that his stable-help shall take a cart over to Slocomb and do business with the Grocer.

TIM thanks him heartily, but doesn't think he'll be able to stay quite so long as that. "However," he says, so as not to throw too great a damper on his host, "*I'll see what I can do.*"

"It's lucky," says TIM presently to his old friend, DICK BUNGAY,

"it's precious lucky that I brought down my portmanteau and bag. I had two minds about it," says he, "but I thought you'd over-persuade me to stop,—*I had a presentiment of it*,—and so, says I, I'll bring me things, in case I'm weak enough to give way. Ah! Old DICK, you're a sly dog. We'll make a night of it, eh? The real old clar't, me boy, and—d'ye mind those first-rate cigars you had some time back?" And he gives Old DICK a dig in the ribs, and a hearty slap on the back, conveying to BUNGAY, in a delicate way, the sort of treatment he (BUNGAY) might expect from him (TIM MAHONY), if their positions were reversed as host and guest.

"That's what I like about you," says TIM to Old DICK BUNGAY, confidentially. "You're a real hospitable old boy! No formalities, no long invitations, no fixing dates. No, here I am, rough and ready, and you take me as you find me."

"Exactly," replies Old DICK, feeling that TIM has found *him*, but, all the same, immensely pleased with himself in the character of a fine old English Gentleman, keeping open house and welcoming a hundred TIM MAHONYS.

All this flashes across my mind about TIM, and so, when I want to know something about Ireland (as I do at this present moment), I think where I can get hold of TIM, and it occurs to me as a

Happy Thought.—Wire to DICK BUNGAY, Bungay Hall, and ask where is TIM MAHONY. Address wanted immediately. I do so, and await answer.

On Seeing the Poor Children at Play in the Temple Gardens.

Knights of the Winged Horse! with joy we greet
The little children rescued from the street:
Beneath the Horse with feet what peril springs!
They play in peace beneath the Horse with wings.

Knights of the Lamb and Flag! with winning tones
Tempt the small sporters from the hard, hot stones:
Change not your crest—but, mid your proudest brags,
Be this—to have drawn the lambs from off the flags!



'ON HOSPITABLE THOUGHTS INTENT.'

Mr. —. "DON'T YOU THINK, LOVE, THAT YOU'D BETTER GIVE THEM A LONGER INVITATION THAN A WEEK?"

Mrs. —. "MY LOVE! THEY'D ALL COME!"

SIR SALAR'S ODD OFFERING.

THE *Standard* has the following curious piece of news in its Court Circular of a few days ago:—

"SIR SALAR JUNG was presented to the QUEEN by the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, and offered his *Muggur* as a token of allegiance, which HER MAJESTY touched and returned."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hindustani Dictionary* gives "*Muggur*" as the Hindû for an alligator. Why the Indian Statesman should have chosen this offensive and voracious animal as a token of his allegiance we cannot conceive—unless he meant it as a delicate way of conveying that his loyalty was ready to swallow anything. How ever did he manage to bring it alive from the banks of the Godavari to Windsor Castle—to say nothing of the shorter railway transit from Paddington? We presume it was not a stuffed specimen that SIR SALAR presented to HER MAJESTY. All this will, let us hope, be explained in the "*Journal*" which is pretty sure to see the light on SIR SALAR JUNG'S return to Hyderabad.

HER MAJESTY "touched and returned" this choice "token." Would it not have been better taste on the part of Her Majesty's advisers if they had suggested that she should retain it, as the nucleus of a Windsor collection of Indian reptiles, in rivalry to the zoological establishment recently set up by H.R.H. at the Regent's Park for the present, with a view to Sandringham in the future. Room might surely have been found about the Castle for a tank, where SIR SALAR JUNG'S "*Muggur*" might have been bestowed; or, if HER MAJESTY did not desire to retain so ugly a creature in her own neighbourhood, a habitation could have been found for it in one of the many opposition Aquaria that have lately come into existence. In the Westminster Aquarium it might have given a fillip to the

YOUTH AND AGE.

(On the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence.)

"We have to confess that England is old and the United States young."—*Times*.

PUNCH sees no harm in that confession.

Age is a thing comparative:

In History's immense procession

Some realms than others longer live.

What diagnosis marks the time

When any State is in its prime?

America is young, no doubt,

And keeps her hundredth birthday merrily:

Her cannon roar; her speakers spout;

Her toasts and sentiments ring cheerily;

And how tall talk in fyttles has flowed

In BAYARD TAYLOR'S long-drawn Ode!

Hail we the democratic Maid

Self-crowned with Freedom's deathless laurel:

Nor her large Liberty upbraid,

Because its winning cost a quarrel.

Prosperity and social health

To the colossal Commonwealth!

Yet is Old England quite so old

As the Chronologer maintains,

Whose oldest, noblest blood is rolled

Through the wide Union's youthful veins?

In all things good, beneath the sun,

JOHN BULL and JONATHAN are one.

Long centuries of stately life

Are England's birthday gift to her:

Columbia's youth, with vigour rife,

Is felt in England's heart astir.

In Young America's Centennial

Old England feels herself perennial.

A Leg to Stand On.

SUBSCRIPTIONS are being raised for the benefit of the newly-elected Professor of Chinese at Oxford—DR. LEEGE. It is satisfactory to think that the Celestial language and literature have at last got one LEGGE at all events, if not as yet a firm footing, in Oxford.

prosperity of the undertaking, and a better claim than it now has to the title "*Royal*."

Perhaps HER MAJESTY hesitated to set a precedent by accepting this offering. Some future Indian visitor might have thought himself justified in bringing a *cobra* or *korait* into the Royal Presence! Happy Thought!—can it have been that the *Standard* has made a misprint, and that the "*muggur*" was after all a "*nuzzur*," which we find in our Shakespeare means "an offering made by an inferior when interviewing a superior."

OUR INTEREST IN TURKEY.

BRITAIN, Great Powers, whilst you the field leave clear,

'Twixt Turk and Slay will never interfere.

Stamboul made safe beneath a neutral hand,

We care not if the Moslem fall or stand.

Then, Christian Slavs, for freedom stoutly fight!

'Gainst Turks and tyrants Heaven defend the right!

Time was when Moslem's faith high credit bore;

But Britons now believe in Turks no more.

Their due per-centage since Turks ceased to pay,

We've lost our interest in the SULTAN'S sway.

Hindoos and Heroics.

A REMARKABLE appeal from the High Court of Judicature at Bengal came the other day before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—the case of—

"*Ram Coomar Coondoo v. Chunder Canto Mookerjee.*"

The point of interest for the Public to be noted in connection with this suit is, that its heading reads like a hexameter verse.



WAITING FOR THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

STRANGE MARINE GROWTH, THE RESULT OF ADMIRALTY DRY-ROT.

"An old subaltern is a military vegetable, without zeal as without hope."

NAPIER'S *Peninsular War*.

MR. NEWFANGLE'S NOTIONS.

MR. NEWFANGLE, who has choice rooms in MR. HANKEY'S new mansion, whose chief book is his betting-book, who drives a neat cabriolet to the Stock Exchange daily, and talks familiarly of ROTHSCHILDS and BARINGS, is decidedly amused by MR. OLDFANGLE'S opinions.

"Quotes MILTON, eh? Never met with any fellow who had read him. Why can't he go to BYRON for wisdom?"

"So, for a good old-gentlemanly vice, I think I must take up with avarice."

That's common sense. Money lasts. You can't say that of anything else.

"Fancy life being long enough to cut quill pens. My Secretary does all my letters with that printing thing that some Jew must have invented, for its name looks like Hebrew.* Saves time, and is deuced easy to read. Dare say the old foggy writes a plaguy had hand, with all his brag about quill pens."

"A canzonet to a lady! Much better send her a diamond bracelet, if you think she's worth it. If not, try her with pastes. 'A cartel to an enemy.' Bring your action for libel, old boy: it's a safe thing: juries always give damages now-a-days. And as to all that rubbish about crests and mottoes, it is sheer nonsense. Any fellow can choose his own—and his own ancestors, too, for that matter. I've no doubt there was a NEWFANGLE who came in with the Conqueror; but what's that to me? I came, saw, and conquered the Stock Exchange and Tattersall's. That expression is not my own: ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S, I think."

"I'm all for maintaining Turkey and Egypt. What should we do without them in the City? Many's the 20 per cent. transaction I've had in their bonds, for people who never have any money are always willing to pay a long price for a little. Finance is the basis of foreign politics, I say—and nobody can understand finance without going on the Stock Exchange."

This long speech, made just after breakfast, the young Gentleman washed down with a tumbler of iced champagne; then ordered his cab, and drove radiantly to the City.

* This may mean "papyrograph."

CHLOE, M.D., ON MR. COWPER-TEMPLE'S BILL.

THE Medical Maidens, dear *Punch*, are by no means desirous to learn

At Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, at Leipsic or Zurich or Berne; They want to be taught by the Doctors of England, and carve their way through

Vivisection, and all sections else, that to reach M.D. must be cut through.

They would not aspire to the power of the mighty Physician who sees in the movement or glance of a patient the signs of the hidden disease:

Nor dare hope to rival the Surgeon, who needs, that his work may be done,

Lion's heart, Eagle's eye, Lady's hand—must have Manhood and Genius in one.

And though there are small operations no Lady is likely to dread, Yet they feel no particular wish to cut off MR. WHEELHOUSE'S head.*

But many's the sick-room we see—ere it comes to the battle with Death,

Where Genius is needed to rouse to life's flame a last flicker of breath—

Where a woman-physician might aid. She that once at blood's flowing had swooned,

With the deftness of feminine fingers might tenderly bandage a wound.

As to healing our own sex, of course we are game to do that much; but then,

Few women have much faith in women: they'd rather be doctored by men.

So do you, Mr. *Punch*, to LORD SANDON (he's charmingly clever) give orders

To take up in earnest, this Session, that Bill of the learned Recorder's:

* MR. WHEELHOUSE said—"A woman might, no doubt, safely administer a camomile pill or a dose of salts and senna; but as for a surgical operation, he would sooner allow her to cut off his head than to cut off his leg."

If you will, on the word of a Lady, I'll cure you, without any fee, Of any slight ailment that ever may trouble you.

CHLOE, M.D.

(Mr. *Punch* always goes to *Judy*, M.D., for slight ailments. Miss CHLOE seems a good deal more modest in her demands than most of the agitators on her side of the question. If the Medical Council and other leading medical bodies could see a way by which women might obtain a separate medical education, without overtaxing the staff of the Medical Schools, and afterwards, on passing the needful examinations, be admitted to practise, within the conditions of their sex and the limits of their powers, the question which has been fought with such needless bitterness might be solved to the public advantage, and with no violation of decency or propriety on the part of the Ladies who aspire to the degree of *Medicinae Doctrrix*.)

Horse and Foot.

THERE are many persons far North who are likely to see a remarkable discrepancy in the newspaper announcement subjoined respecting—

"THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.—It should have been stated that the Brigade of Guards at the Review on Saturday was commanded by COLONEL DE HORSEY of the Grenadier Guards."

We shall probably hear from numerous friends beyond the Tweed that they wonder that the Grenadier Guards, being a foot regiment, has a Colonel who, as far as his name points, ought to belong to the Cavalry.

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO ACCEPT DRAFTS UPON BANKERS FROM THE RECKLESS AND IMPECUNIOUS.—"Don't count your cheques until they are cashed."

THE BEST SCHOOL OF COOKERY.—The Office of a City Accountant.

THE SORT OF RAIN VIVISECTIONISTS WANT.—Cats and Dogs.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PARLIAMENTARY Question as to Press-reported horrors of Christians massacred, imprisoned, and outraged in Bulgaria, met (*Lords, Monday, July 10*) by LORD DERBY's cooling answer. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has been written to. Time has not yet elapsed for his answer. LORD DERBY has telegraphed to SIR HENRY to communicate what he knows on the subject with the least possible delay. Unofficial information does not confirm to anything like the full extent the appalling statements in the *Daily News*. That is a comfort, as far as it goes. But if the Press statements on such subjects must usually be taken "with a grain of salt," a grain of pepper is too often wanted for the official statements and the unofficial statements that reach Officials.

(*Commons.*)—MR. DISRAELI (in answer to MR. BRUCE) is unable to fix a day for the discussion of affairs in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and when the day does come, thinks the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition the right person to raise the discussion.

The Papers on the Eastern Question may be looked for, *Punch* is glad to learn, at the beginning of next week.

MR. DISRAELI, like LORD DERBY in another place, administered



TRANSPORT.

Curate (reproachfully). "AND I'M AFRAID YOU'VE TAKEN MORE BEER TO-NIGHT THAN IS GOOD FOR YOU, GILES."

Inebriated Rustic. "SURE-LY, SIR, I DARE SAYE I COULD A' CARRIED IT HOM' EASIER IN A JAR!"

the official cold douche to MR. FORSTER, who had questioned him as to the reported atrocities in Bulgaria.

The PREMIER'S answer was not in good taste. It is unbecoming the Head of Her Majesty's Government to get a laugh out of the extent of prison accommodation in Bulgaria, or the Bashi-Bazouks' habits of throat-cutting. From our Consuls at Ragusa, Cettigne, and Belgrade, and even at Philippopolis and Adrianople, the Government may have received "no accounts in which these details are mentioned," and yet the details may be in the main true. It seems strange that the *Daily News's* "Own Correspondent" should be so much more fully informed than our own Government's! But all England must wish, with *Punch*, that the most cold-drawn account may prove the truest.

Great fight on going into Committee on Education Bill between the Secularists and Nonconformists, under the lead of MR. RICHARD, and the supporters of the Government Bill.

MR. RICHARD, under cover of his Amendment declaring compulsion unjust till all elementary schools are under public management, moved up his big guns, double-shotted with all the grievances of the Nonconformists, social and theological, as well as educational. Briskly answered by the batteries of HUBBARD, GREENE, PAGET, HALL, COWPER-TEMPLE, and GENERAL THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, against the cross-fire of JENKINS, MORLEY, MACARTHUR, MUNDELLA, and WADDY, the Nonconformist artillery was finally silenced, and victory declared for the Government by a decisive division of 317 to 99.

With a conscience-clause to protect the Nonconformists, and with MR. FORSTER'S Amendment enforcing a report to the Educational Department of all cases of its infringement, *Punch* cannot but think the religious difficulty—so far as it is not political—fairly provided for; and cannot but believe that the division represents the opinion of the country, as at present advised. As national and not denominational representative of the British Public, he does not feel called upon to find fault with it.

Tuesday (Lords).—Second Reading of Poor Law Amendment Bill,—a more useful than showy measure, giving much needed powers for the cutting and carving of Unions, and bringing us a long step nearer the end of settlement, by making paupers irremovable after three years' residence.

(Commons.)—Morning Sitting. In Committee on Education Bill. LORD SANDON shrinks from making education between five and ten compulsory, but

does not shrink from prohibiting the employment of children between ten and fourteen, unless they pass the gate of the three R's, or can prove five years continuous school attendances of 250 days a year. In other words, if parents have failed in educating their children under ten, the children shall be debarred from earning a livelihood between ten and fourteen!

This is punishing the children for the parents' *laches* with a vengeance. Common sense says No to such an unreasonable and unworkable proposition. LORD F. CAVENDISH has mitigated its absurdity by his amendment—which the Government has had the sense to accept—exempting from the prohibition half-timers under the Factory Acts or children in necessary and beneficial employment attending school under the bye-laws of a local authority.

In the Evening Sitting LORD F. HERVEY moved the expediency of legislating for the improvement of the Law as to the qualifications and appointment of Coroners, and the conduct of Inquests. "Crownor's Quest Law" has been a subject of ridicule since the *Grave-digger* in *Hamlet* gave his famous illustration of it. It has received many a striking illustration since. But the last hair that broke the Crownor's back has been laid on by a recent miscarriage of justice in a Crownor's hands which will occur to all minds, though LORD F. HERVEY thought it better not to mention it.

Oh, the much enduring Conservatism of England, which has preserved with little change and less improvement a machinery for investigating cases of sudden death, invented, if tradition can be trusted, in the time of ALFRED THE GREAT! The first notice in relation to the Coroner's office LORD HERVEY had found was a case in which that wise monarch had hanged a Judge for treating the verdict of a Coroner's Inquest as conclusive.

The indictment was in many counts, but all may be taken as proven. The only question is, whether the office should be reformed or abolished, to make room for a new and completer instrument of inquiry. Even MR. READ, chosen representative of the stable bucolic mind, was for going this length; and though MR. CROSS would retain the name, he is ready to alter election, qualifications, and other conditions so completely that the Coroner's office, after Cross has sat upon it, promises to be like the Irishman's knife, that was the same knife after it had been fitted with a new haft and new blades, or SIR JOHN CUTLER'S famous stockings, whose identity was insisted upon after the original material had disappeared in the new darnings.

Has a First Lord of the Admiralty an *ex-officio* place in all Naval Messes? MR. WARD HUNT seems disposed to assert such a right. In the Naval Mess of to-night the House was within twelve of leaving him. The Admiralty is often accused of being "pound-foolish," but in the case of CHAPLAIN PENNY v. CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, very effectively but fairly stated by MR. E. ASHLEY, it cannot be allowed the usual correlative merit of being "ponny-wise."

Why had not MR. RICHARD CAPTAIN SULLIVAN'S case for use on Monday night, in his summary of the wrongs of the Nonconformist? For CAPTAIN SULLIVAN is a Nonconformist Captain, on whom the Admiralty had cruelly, and no doubt of malice aforethought, quartered the REVEREND PENNY, the highest of High Church Chaplains. Pent up in a ship, Nonconformity and High Churchism must explode, as inevitably as hydrogen and oxygen in a close vessel on passage of the electric spark from a Leyden jar. And when they did, and the REVEREND PENNY had taken every opportunity of showing that he didn't care a farthing for CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, and insisted on wearing crosses on his stole (which the Captain characteristically complained of as "not uniform") and on chanting, and holding long services in the teeth of the Naval regulations, and in treading on the Nonconformist Captain's theological corns in his sermons, the Admiralty removed the Captain from his ship, and meant to remove the Chaplain, but didn't—by an accident—and has since refused the Captain a court-martial, MR. WARD HUNT contending that though the matter was serious enough for dismissal of a Captain, it was altogether below the dignity of a court-martial. Yet it was strictly an affair between combatant officers, a Captain on the one side, and an officer of the Church Militant on the other.

The House gave MR. WARD HUNT a tolerably intelligible intimation of their opinions by a division of 91 to 103; every naval officer who spoke having spoken in

condemnation of the Admiralty. If anything can be trusted to teach MR. WARD HUNT "not to do it again," this should.

Wednesday.—Liquor was in the ascendant. Had it been a vote for the introduction of "cups" into the House, *Punch* would have felt more sympathy. The Government, in spite of the heart-stirring eloquence of the Major, has knocked under to MR. SMYTH, and granted a Second Reading of his Bill for the closing of Irish public-houses on a Sunday, in accordance with the Resolution which MR. SMYTH carried some short time back. MR. GLADSTONE supported the Second Reading, on the plea of legislating in accordance with Irish ideas. But is this an Irish idea? Is it not rather the idea of a certain minority of active Irish enthusiasts, under knowing priestly influence?

Then the Sitting was talked out on the Scotch Intoxicating Liquor Bill, for transferring the holding of licences from those sinners, the publicans, to the municipalities of towns above a certain population, on the Swedish system. *Punch* would gladly see the experiment tried, though he doubts its success in the liquorish land ayont the Tweed.

MR. MARTEN opposed the Bill on the doubtful plea that drunkenness has nothing to do with the number of public-houses.

The Government opposed, and the Lord Advocate, of course, did not see his way to the experiment.

MR. ORR EWING, maintaining the original *thesis* that "Scotland was not a bit drunkener country than England, but that Scotchmen took their drink in a form that made them lively, Englishmen in a way that made them stupid," talked the Bill out of a sweltering House, which all this talk about drink must have influenced to the thirstiest pitch.

(Meanwhile the Teetotallers were triumphing on pop and ginger cordial at the Crystal Palace, and DR. RICHARDSON was on the point of letting off a fiery oration against alcohol, in which the spirit of enthusiasm was imperfectly tempered with the cold-water of common-sense.)

Thursday (Lords).—*Dies non.* Essence evaporated by the heat. Their Lordships, depressed, perhaps, by the victory of the Commons over the Hereditary Legislators at Wimbledon by seven points.

(*Commons.*)—Little digs from those experienced Scotch rasps, BAXTER and ANDERSON, on the Bulgarian atrocities, and the Sullivan case. MR. WARD HUNT admitted that the Captain's half-pay had been diminished, owing to his removal from his ship (or "dismissal" was it? *Punch* begs MR. WARD HUNT's pardon, but he can't, for the life of him, remember the difference), and that CHAPLAIN PENNY had been in private correspondence with a Lord of the Admiralty during his ritualistic squabble with his Captain. The case seems to grow more fishy the more it is looked into.

In Committee on Education Bill, vain attempts at indirect compulsion. Little Hodges and Gileses are to be excused from school for six weeks for hopping and harvest work, and other light and airy agricultural employments, where time is, as the lawyers say, "of the essence" of the crop.

POSIES FOR THE POOR.

THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER might find something else to do with their wealth than distributing any of it among successful competitors in a Children's Flower-Show, like that held in the Gardens of Grosvenor House the other Monday afternoon, when, in a tent on the lawn, between thirty and forty little florists, the eldest aged only fifteen, received prizes in money from the hands of the Duchess herself, with the not unnecessary admonition "to be sure and not lose it." It would be quite possible for their Graces—as MR. GLADSTONE, seconding a vote of thanks to them moved by LORD SHAFTESBURY, observed—"to shut their eyes to the wants around them, to shut their ears to the cries for help, and to live for themselves alone."

But every one to his liking, and if persons of rank and riches derive any gratification from contributing to the happiness of others, great or small, why they pay their money for that purpose, and they take their choice. As the Right Honourable orator already quoted pointed out—

"To go back in our history no long time—a century—we reached a period when every human being was in reach of the country; now every one at this time had the advantage of parks and squares; but London now covered such a space that many persons were being gradually removed from contact with Nature. The value of it was apparent from the eagerness with which it was pursued. In the manufacturing districts, however, where for miles and miles there was nothing but dirt and smoke, and where the products of toil covered the whole face of Nature, and changed the very appearance of the people, there was no opportunity of enjoyment in parks and gardens. So much the more important was it then that the cultivation of flowers should be encouraged by window and house gardens. The need was increasing, and the opportunity he hoped would be improved."

Another way in which they may lay out money to the same effect

as in providing poor people with refreshment for their eyes and spirits in the shape of window and house gardens, is by subscribing liberally to the funds of the Commons Preservation Society for legal resistance to the attempts at enclosing common lands, made by Lords of Manors accustomed to shut their eyes to the wants around them, and "live," as MR. GLADSTONE said, "for themselves alone"—like too many gentlemen of "propputty" whom it were easy but invidious to name.

OUR 'SQUIRE ON SPORT AND SCIENCE.

(Old Air.)



"THE Fox jumped over the turnpike-gate, And the hounds did after him go." And we after them at a spanking rate, And after him also. No higher pursuit I know, For pastime here below: "For all my fancy dwells upon NANCY; Yoicks, sing Tallyho!"

The Fox went far, and the Fox went fast,
Till at length the Fox went slow.
He ran himself out of breath at last,
Could run no more, and so
He turned him against the foe,
And game to the last did show.
And all my fancy dwells upon NANCY;
Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

We came in at the death with a rush, my boys.
The Fox at our feet lay low;
And we cut off the Fox's brush, my boys;
To the hounds did the rest of him throw.
And they hauled him to and fro,
And didn't they tear him, O!
And all my fancy dwells upon NANCY;
Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

If Sport with Science you compare,
You liken high to low.
I never a tadpole's tail would pare,
That wiser I might grow.
No knowledge let us owe
To an animal's grief and woe!
But all my fancy dwells upon NANCY,
Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

If fox or hare you should compare
With brutes no runs that show,
A wrong you do the former to,
That for gentleman's sport do grow.
But tadpoles do not so,
Nor cats and dogs, as I know—
Hence my objection to Vivisection,
Yoicks, sing Tallyho!

Raal Irish Pitaties.

SOMEBODY sends Mr. *Punch* a *Cork Constitutional*, with the following advertisement:—

FOR SALE, Six Acres of POTATOES that can speak for themselves.
—Apply, &c.

We knew that potatoes had eyes, and so may be presumed able to see for themselves. But potatoes with tongues are a purely native growth of Ireland. The existence of such a variety of the tuber only shows how widely the gift of eloquence is diffused in the Green Isle. The very pratees can talk, and should be called "praters."



THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

OUR SUBURBAN TENOR IS THREATENED WITH A RELAXED THROAT, AND MEETS WITH MUCH SYMPATHY FROM THE SEX HE IS WONT TO ENTHRAL. THE BASS AND THE BARITONE LOOK ON WITH MIXED FEELINGS. THEIR THROATS NEVER GET RELAXED (FORTUNATELY; FOR IF THEY DID, THEY WOULD HAVE TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES)

CAPTAIN AND CHAPLAIN.

(See Debate on MR. E. ASHLEY'S Motion, July 12th.)

"D'YE mind me, a sailor should be, every inch,
All as one as a piece of his ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip."
So chaunted CHARLES DIBDIN, Tyrtæus of old,
To England's invincible Navy,
When ship's bread crawled with weevils, and flowered in blue mould,
And Mids ate their junk without gravy.
When at evens or odds JOHNNY CHAPAUD, as oft
Was licked as he dared cross our track,
When NELSON made heroes, and glory aloft
For hard lines below paid poor JACK.

Then our beautiful craft on their white canvas wings
Like frigate-birds skimmed the wide ocean;
None would dream there was harm in the exquisite things,
Fair at rest and still fairer in motion.
Till out spoke their broadsides, and laid gun to gun,
Looked yard-arm to yard-arm, they'd show
British tars could do aught British tars e'er had done,
And would sink e'er they struck to a foe.
Our iron-clads now all that beauty have doffed,
And like tea-kettles smoke, big and black;
No clean lines a-low, and no white sails aloft,
To ravish the eyes of Poor JACK!

Still JACK sticks to his Captain, JACK still says his prayers—
As men *will* in short heave of Death's grapplin';
Though little for High Church and Low Church he cares;
High or Low Church, a Chaplain's a Chaplain.
As a Captain his ship has to sail and to fight,
So a Chaplain's to preach and to pray;

But when Captain and Chaplain gets thwart hawse outright,
Poor JACK doesn't know what to say.
Whether Chaplain's been cheeky, or Captain has scoffed,
Either way the ship's taken aback;
"Small good then the haunting, a-low or aloft—
Not a Pennyworth!" grumbles poor JACK.

"To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave—
And this is a true English sailor."
So sang DIBDIN, and bard against chaplain, his strain
Might well teach the man-of-war parson,
That to set Roman candles ablaze on the main,
Is sheer theological arson.
When Captain and Chaplain at loggerheads oft
O'er the book at each other look black,
A Penny a-low ain't a farthing aloft
In walley received by Poor JACK.

Magnificent!

THIS from the *Guardian* :—

A SITUATION Wanted by a Nottingham Man; Age, Twenty-six;
Height, 5 ft. 10 ins. *Objects to cleaning lady's maid's boots.* High
Church Family preferred. First footman five years. Address, &c.

What a chance for anyone wanting a man who really knows his
place!

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

PUNCH lately asked who "among all the quotations in all the
Money Market and City Articles, ever met with a line of verse."
Several Cockney Correspondents have written to say, that bad as
the state of the Money Market has been lately, they expect to see
the quotations "vorse" yet.



KEEPING THE RING.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

SCENE—*The Steps of the Mars and Neptune Club.*

MAJOR PHOGGS, CAPTAIN TOGS (of the Pre-Examination Period).



MAJOR PHOGGS. Yes. Don't see how we're to keep out of the row. Looks devilish like war, old man.

Captain Togs. Awfully. By Jove!

Major Phoggs. Something for us to do, as well as those sailor fellows?

Captain Togs. Shouldn't wonder. Anything's better than Aldershot.—(Pause).—I say, old man, where's Serbia?

Major Phoggs. Eh! Serbia! Well, you know, Serbia is in—in Asia Minor. Isn't it?

Captain Togs. Somewhere near Turkey, I suppose. Got a cigarette?

Major Phoggs. S'pose we shall be sent on active service.

Captain Togs. Gad! it looks like it. Another Ashantee War. Go and pitch into

somebody—black fellows, as likely as not. Spend a lot of money, and get a medal for it. Horrid bore!

Major Phoggs. Always fighting blacks now.

Captain Togs. The Montenegrees are regular niggers, ain't they?

Major Phoggs. Sounds like it. If they're not niggers, they're Turks—much the same thing.

Captain Togs. I thought they were Russian slaves, or serfs, or—talking of Russians—have you seen the *Danicheff*?

Major Phoggs. Too hot to go to the play. What's it about?

Captain Togs. Awfully good. There's a Russian Princess. A regular clipper. By Jove! And a pretty slave girl—sort of Russian Octoroon, you know—*Anna* something, rather a bore, always crying; and a fellow, awfully spooney on her, and so is another fellow. And that fellow gives her up to the other fellow, and goes into the Church—Russian Church, you know, not the English. I couldn't follow much of the dialect, you know. Those confounded French people talk so fast.

Major Phoggs. I say, we shall have to rub up our French if we go to war. Eh!

Captain Togs. By Jove, yes. I can translate a menoo, but I'm hanged if I should like to ask my way of a foreigner. They're so infernally stoopid—never can understand a fellow, you know.

Major Phoggs. All *amour propre*—as they call it—old man. Let's split a whiskey and pol. [Exeunt from the steps, into Club.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

I FIND TIM MAHONY. He isn't at BUNGAY'S, having just quitted that hospitable mansion, but I meet him on the steps of *The Loungers' Club*. I tell him he is the very man I want to see.

"Ah!" he exclaims, heartily. "Come in! I was just going; and" (looking at his watch) "I haven't more than—yes" (he likes to be exact) "I've just ten minewts to spare. Come in!"

[I cannot help making a note, which will be useful in *Typical Developments* under the head of "P" (Pronunciation). A Cockney—in fact, most Englishmen—would pronounce "minutes" as "min-nits," but an Irishman sets us right, and gives the "u" its value: he says "min-newts."

Subsequent Note (after making this remark to a Friend).—An Englishman makes a distinction between "minutes of time," which he pronounces "min-nits," and "minutes of proceedings written in a book," which he pronounces "min-newts." What does an Irishman do? How does an Irishman make the distinction? . . . N.B.—To ask an Irishman this question. Nothing like going to the fountain-head.

Happy Thought (if the occasion ever arises).—Good name for an Inn—*The Fountain-Head*. And what an opportunity for effective advertisement—"Always go to THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD!" This idea ought to be registered. Why isn't there an Office for the registration of Ideas? Not only one Office, because that would be comparatively useless; as, for example, if the Office were in London, and I were at the Giant's Causeway, or in the Hebrides, and suddenly had an idea which I wanted to register *sur le champ*, it would be an absurd expense to have to come up to London merely to register the one idea. No; every Post-Office should be empowered by Act of Parliament to be also an Ideal Registration Office.

Think this out, and make it a condition of my giving my vote at the next Election that my candidate shall pledge himself to do his best to bring in an Ideal Registration Office Bill. Or why not go in for Parliament myself with this idea, and make it a party cry?

TIM MAHONY, who has been speaking to a couple of friends of his in the Club while I have been making this note in the porch, turns to me, and says, "Let me introduce you to JACK BOWLER, my cousin. You've often heard me mention him to you."

I bow, and smile politely. This is intended to give them to understand that I have so frequently heard of JACK BOWLER from TIM MAHONY, that to meet him is the realisation of the highest aspiration of my life. Really, I mean (*to myself*) "I don't remember TIM's ever having said anything about him!"

We bow, and smile. So far is easy; but what are you to say to a new acquaintance suddenly introduced after you've finished bowing and smiling? In a novel you will find the novelist airily saying, "After the first civilities had been interchanged, *Gustave* observed to his new acquaintance," &c., &c., and they are in "two-two's" in the middle of an intimate conversation which, of course, has some bearing on the main plot. But that's the want in an ordinary case. *There is no plot.*

Yes, there is. This is *not* an ordinary case. I have a plot. I have come to ask TIM about Ireland. I tell them this, whereupon they laugh. Once begin, after an introduction, with a laugh, and the fortune of the conversation is made. A laugh in time saves nine minutes of twaddle.

"Why, TIM," says BOWLER, "you've never been to Ireland in your life, have you?"

"Never since I was born there," replies TIM: then adds, warmly, turning to me, "And so you're going to the old country? Ah! I wish I could go *with* ye."

"Do!" I say.

"Ah! I can't," he replies, shaking his head—"I'm so busy in town. I've got such a lot to do, and I've promised TOFFHAM—ye know SIR JOHN TOFFHAM?—No? Ah! ye'd like him—he's a good fellow. An' he's got such a place down at Pemby! It's Liberty Hall—ye can do just what ye like there. I must be with him to-morrow. Could you put it off for a week or two?"

"Yes," I answer, "if you would be *certain* to come with me."

He meditates for a few seconds; then, as if he had arranged everything for the next fortnight, he says,

"No, I can't promise: I mustn't disappoint TOFFHAM. Why don't you come down with us? There are a lot of fellows you know going."

"Yes," I object, "but I don't know SIR JOHN TOFFHAM."

TIM MAHONY sees no sort of difficulty in this. "What's that matter?" he asks. "I'll invite you, and you'll go down with me."

I tell him I have made up my mind to go to Ireland at once, and shall be very much obliged if he will give me any hints as to *routes*, best places to go to, hotels, and perhaps a letter or two of introduction.

"I can do something for you," he says: then, to his cousin, "JACK, aren't you goin' to take a brandy-and-soda?"

He wasn't going to, but he will.

"I thought you said you were," says TIM, beckoning to the waiter: and then to me, "Ye'll take something?"

For company's sake, and as a matter of curiosity, never having met TIM in his own Club before.

His cousin asks me if I would prefer anything to the usual brandy-and-soda. This I take to be a civil hint to TIM that not everybody cares about that common but useful compound.

We are served in silence, and I notice that BOWLER pays. Having paid, he retires, saying he'll be back presently, but if not, &c., &c.

"Good fellow, JACK BOWLER," says TIM, when he has left. "If he hadn't been engaged to-night, I'd have got him to have dined here."

"I didn't know," I say, foreseeing an invitation to the *Loungers* for to-night, "you were a member here."

"I'm not," he replies. "Me cousin BOWLER is; and what's the use of our both belonging to the same Club? Ah, they know me here; an' it's just the same as if it were my own."

TIM MAHONY can't assist me. He's not certain that he knows any (which he pronounces "annie") fellows in Dublin now. "T'ud be no use me giving ye a lot of letters of introduction, and then to find nobody there. T'ud be wasting yer time," he says.

He is right. In these circumstances I'd better try elsewhere. I say "Good-bye!" to him.

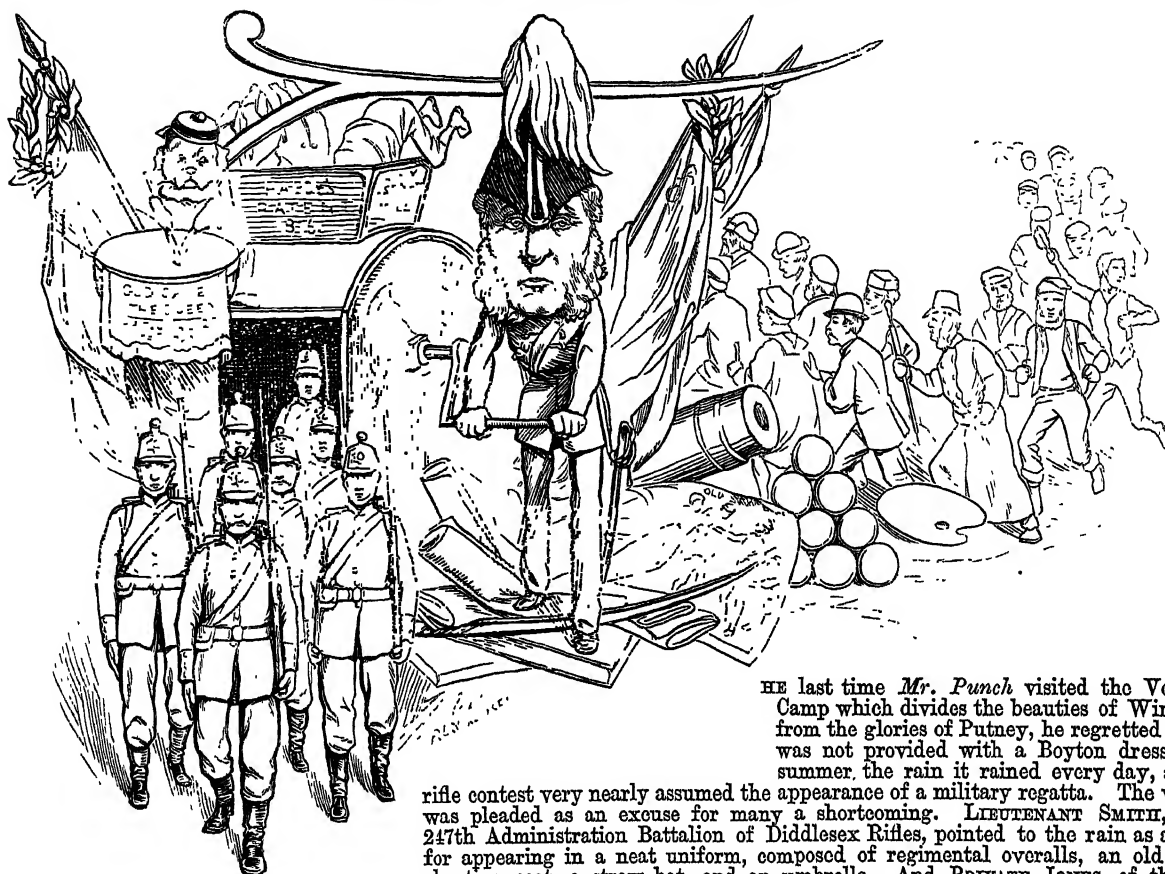
"Ye'll write to me," says he at parting, "an' let me know where ye are. I'd like to join ye, if I can."

"Do!" I urge.

"I will."

So we take leave of one another *pro tem*. He no more intends joining me in Ireland than I mean going to Australia.

PUNCH AT WIMBLEDON, 1876.



THE last time *Mr. Punch* visited the Volunteer Camp which divides the beauties of Wimbledon from the glories of Putney, he regretted that he was not provided with a Boyton dress. Last summer the rain it rained every day, and the

rifle contest very nearly assumed the appearance of a military regatta. The weather was pleaded as an excuse for many a shortcoming. *LIEUTENANT SMITH*, of the 247th Administration Battalion of Diddlesex Rifles, pointed to the rain as a reason for appearing in a neat uniform, composed of regimental overalls, an old yellow shooting coat, a straw hat, and an umbrella. And *PRIVATE JONES*, of the same gallant corps, wore quite as picturesque a costume as his smart and soldier-like

superior officer. This was a year ago, when *Jupiter Pluvius* was out of temper. In 1876 the scene has changed. Instead of constant rain there is only too much sunshine. The sun it shineth every day, and raises mirages that would spoil any shooting but that of the crack shots of Wimbledon fame. The weather, at least, can no longer be given as an excuse for slovenliness.

"I suppose I must go," said *Mr. Punch*. "It is the seventeenth year of the meeting, and it ought, by this time, to be above criticism."

"It ought to be, Master," replied *Toby*, "but it isn't. You take my word for it, if you don't keep a sharp look out upon those Volunteers they will degenerate into a military rabble."

"They behaved very well before the Prince at Hyde Park, *Toby*."

"Anybody can march past, Master—that's not a very difficult task," retorted the cynical Dog. "But look at the Volunteers at home, and then judge of them. If they are not abroad at Wimbledon—well, I will diet myself upon cat's-meat for a fortnight."

"You have been taking lessons from *MR. HOLMS, TOBY*."

"No, I have not, Master," growled *Toby*. "I hate inaccuracy, and, hating it, don't care very much about the Representative of Military Reform and—Hackney! Take my advice, Master, go to Wimbledon."

Thus urged, *Mr. Punch* started for the Camp. As he walked through the lines of the canvas town, he jotted down a few notes. The stroll was long and wearisome, but he managed to collect some materials. When he returned to Fleet Street he was tired out. The Dog of Dogs moved an easy chair towards him.

"Sit down, Master," said *Toby*, "and tell me what you think about our friends the Volunteers."

"You can read for yourself," replied the exhausted Sage, throwing over a bundle of MS. to his faithful and sagacious dependant.

"Hum," murmured *Toby*. "Fair in the main, but requiring additions. I will prepare them for the press."

And *Toby* did. The following is the result of the preparation:—

Uniform of the Volunteers.—Rather better than usual. A large majority of the men appear in proper costume. Unhappily, *Mr. Punch* has to report several glaring cases of eccentricity. He noticed one individual in a scarlet tunic, plaid trousers, and a wide-awake! Apparently the Volunteers consider that a large white handkerchief may cover (like Charity) a multitude of sins. Under this snowy headgear *Mr. Punch* recognised hats of all shapes and materials, from the modest pepper-and-salt helmet up to the lordly Lincoln and Bennett. But, after all, shooting is the important point. As his friend *SIR WILFRID LAWSON* has observed, "Cannot a man fight as well in a shooting-jacket as in anything else?" (*Note by Toby*.—This is not the point. The Volunteers at Wimbledon are supposed to be soldiers. Soldiers should be smart and disciplined. A man in a costume which is suggestive of a military beggar who has lost part of his uniform, and had that part supplied from a civilian wardrobe by the charity of the public, can be neither smart nor disciplined.)

Of the Tents.—*Mr. Punch* is pleased to find that on the whole the encampment has been formed with judgment and care. At noon, on the day of his visit, the tents looked clean and tidy. He was particularly pleased with the Regimental Camps, which were comfortable without being luxurious. Of these he may particularly single out the encampment of the London Rifle Brigade, which was (as usual), all that it should be. The battalion is commanded by *COLONEL HAYTER*. *Mr. Punch* feels sure that none of the comrades of this gallant officer will wish him "to go to Bath"—except at the time of a general election. The flowers outside several of the tents were exceedingly pretty, and everything would have been perfect had trenches in all cases been dug round the tent pegs. (*Note by Toby*.—Who wants a lot of flowers in an encampment! It would serve the Volunteers right were the rain to fall for a fortnight. They would then learn the value of proper drainage. No trenches indeed!)

Concerning the Luxury of the Staff.—*Mr. Punch* had always been under the impression that the Regulars' chief objection to the Volunteers has been this—that they (the Volunteers) have been either too silly or too proud to follow the very excellent example set for them by the rest of the Service. Under these circumstances, *Mr. Punch* confidently expected to find the tents of the Staff models



THE BÉBÉ BONNET.

Fashionable Customer. "BUT IT MAKES ME LOOK SO INNOCENT!"

Fashionable Milliner. "OH NO! INDEED, MADAM! ANYTHING BUT THAT!"

Fashionable Customer. "ARE YOU SURE, NOW?"

Fashionable Milliner. "QUITE SURE, MADAM!"

Fashionable Customer. "THEN YOU MAY SEND IT ME!"

of simplicity and utility. On his way to the cottage, *Mr. Punch* had occasion to notice that the tents of the Volunteers (officers and men) were neat and comfortable. A waterproof sheet, a washhand-stand, a bed, a looking-glass, a lantern, and a tub, generally composed the inventory. When he reached the quarters of the Staff, the spirit of his dream changed. Over field-officers' tents he read the names of subalterns who had evidently done their very best to bring the *spécialité* of London to the common of Wimbledon. These field-officers' tents (occupied by subalterns) were boarded and carpeted. They looked more like the shops of cabinet-makers than the canvas homes of warriors used to the discomforts of the tented field. In front of these field-officers' quarters were flowers in great abundance, and the whole encampment (with the showy mess-room and the lazy-looking marquee) gave *Mr. Punch* the idea that if there were any "feather-bed soldiers" in the enclosure, he (*Mr. Punch*) knew where to find them. (*Note by Toby.*—A very unfair attack; The Staff are most excellent persons. They have several things to do—at least, so it is reported.)

Of the Organisation of the Camp.—In spite of the luxuriance of the quarters of the Staff, *Mr. Punch* begs to bear his testimony to the excellent offices provided for the officials. Instead of the old tent, which was such an eye-sore last year, a neat wooden building appears, in which clerks and others are busily engaged the live-long day. It is only fair to state that the tents of the Camp Commandant, the Camp Adjutant, and the Secretary, do not belong to the gorgeous division. (*Note by Toby.*—This paragraph requires no addition. CAPTAIN MILD MAY is to be congratulated upon his good sense and good management.)

Concerning the Shooting.—The small-bore men as usual lounging about in absurd costumes and giving themselves airs. The regular Wimbledon marksmen much smarter in appearance than usual. *Mr. Punch*, however, must call attention to the antics of an acrobat in a wide-awake, who assumed a ridiculous position whenever he fired a shot.

When *Toby* had got thus far in his work, *Mr. Punch* stopped him.

"Master, I am not half done," said the sagacious dog, "I have not abused the Volunteers nearly enough."

"Stop, my friend," replied *Mr. Punch*. "The Volunteers are a very useful body of men. They have one or two faults that can be easily corrected, and no one has a right to show them ill will. They have on the whole behaved admirably at Wimbledon this year."

"And is that all you have to say?"

"That is all I have to say," repeated *Mr. Punch*, "except this," and then the great man raised a glass of claret cup to his lips, "May the Volunteers live long and prosper!" "And" (as a future historian will relate in 1976) "they did!"

THE DANICHEFF.

(NEWSKI and DUMAS' creation
Put into liquidation
In a rhymed analysis.)

ACT I.

A Russ Noble's habitation;
Maternal domination;
A young Swell in his vacation;
A fair Serf above her station;
Result—concatenation;
Two Old Maids' adulation;
An astounding declaration;
A Serf's emancipation;
A promise's violation;
A heart-rending situation,
With forecast of more sensation,
Thanks to which imagination
Can Love's woe sip.

ACT II.

Moscow-life in lofty station;
A financial operation,
And a baffled calculation;
A young Light of French Legation;
A snub to male flirtation;
A Prince's occupation;
Madame Mère's anticipation,
And her son's repudiation.
Of his Mother's extrication
From an awkward complication.
Rather too much conversation,
Though by point and observation
Raised from gossip.

ACT III.

A couple on probation;
Tea in tumblers; declamation,
And mutual admiration
Of each other's reprobation
Of mere self-gratification:
A hot lover's irritation;
A cool hero's provocation;
Sorrow, strength, self-abnegation,
And a Martyr's consolation
For poor *Osip*.

ACT IV.

A heroine's iteration,
Strong with power of aggravation;
A Princess's machination
'Gainst *Vladimir's* preparation
For *Anna's* change of station.
Madame Mère in perturbation,
Till *Osip's* consecration
Smooths away all tribulation,
And gives excellent occasion
For *De Tolly's* peroration
And *Osip's* canonisation.

General conclusion.

Piece, without exaggeration,
Rich in powerful situation;
Helped by good interpretation;
Actors true to their vocation,
Who merit their ovation.
A success past expectation,
And no toss-up!



FAMILY TIES.

(Respectfully dedicated to Mr. Punch's excellent friends at the Egyptian Hall—M. and C.)

Aunt. "GRACIOUS GOODNESS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN MY CUPBOARD, YOU NAUGHTY BOYS?"

Jacky. "OH, AUNT, WE'RE PLAYING 'MASCULINE AND COOK'! I TIE HIM TO THE CHAIR, AND WHEN THE DOOR'S OPENED HIS HANDS ARE FREE. THEN HE DOES ME!!"

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Or, Roman Tactics and Anglican Strategies.

"As long as certain members of the Church of England are in the habit of imitating the Roman devotion of celebrating Mass, invoking the Saints, and Confession, reciting the rosary, and the like, conversions will follow, which, sudden as they may appear, are but the necessary consequence of such a line of conduct."—MR. BOWDEN'S letter to the Times on the "Perversion of LORD NELSON'S son."

Who's to blame for the 'Vert? Well, each rival Divine
May esteem himself clever at "drawing the line."
But Rubicons narrow are apt to be crossed
By adventurous feet, or by spirits doubt-tossed.
If you lead a horse down to the stream's very brink,
You need scarce be surprised should the animal drink.
"I Romeward inclined?" cries the Anglican Priest.
"'Tis the slander of bigotry!—Not in the least!
Mimic Mass? Mariolatry? Oral Confession?
Pooh! pooh! Our own Creed's exoteric expression.
No nibbling at Rome's toasted cheese, oh, dear no!
But those 'Protestant' fogies got sleepy and slow;
Their decoys ceased to draw, and, lest worse should befall,
Our Church-trap we've baited afresh—that is all!
They who shout 'stolen garments!' are spiteful or dull, for
Here's nothing whatever that sniffs of Rome's Sulphur."

And yet still they stray, these young lambs, from your flock,
At the sound of the pastoral pipe you but mock.
Just a soft tootle-tootle, and over they go,
For the slope is so easy, the hedge is so low,
'Tis a jump scarcely felt, and—undreamt-of disaster!—
The little pet lambkins have found a new Pastor..

Whose the fault? *Punch* opines that the Anglican priest,
When the blame is apportioned deserves,—not the least!
The descent to Avernus is easy they say,
And you won't make it harder by "paving the way."

Lead your flock three parts down and then bid them halt there?—
Just as well bid the bullet stop short in mid air;—
Show the needle the magnet, but ask it henceforth
To point just a *leettle* away from the North;
Roll the Sisyphus Stone from the brow of the hill,
But request it to halt half way down, if it will,—
And then ask the 'Vert, long rolled Romeward, to stop
In your house of half measures, your second-hand shop,
Where doctrines "conveyed," and "maimed rites" but proclaim
Its provisional nature, and ultimate aim.
"Roman tactics," forsooth! It were better to fix
More attention on Anglican strategy's tricks.
Rome-and-water's a "tap" some may deem very sweet,
But young sippers may try how the liquor tastes neat.
If perchance they prefer it, pray who is to blame,
But the men who first taught them the taste of the same?
Small need has shy Rome for unmasking her battery,
While sleek Imitation, the subtlest of flattery,
Sneaks into the garrison, drugs each defender,
And so paves the way for a willing surrender.
Men may turn, and return,—but while Spirit and flesh hold
You'll find few contented to "dwell on the threshold!"

The Last Servian "Shave."

THE *Daily Telegraph* of the 8th instant published the tidings that the Servians "had captured three Kouhlahs and shaved them." The original telegram ran in French:—

"Les Serbes ont pris trois Kouhlahs et les ont rasés."

As "Kouhlah" means a "blockhouse," it is probable that the rendering "rased to the ground" would have been preferable to "shaved." The word "rasés" certainly has both meanings, and it may be that, considering the whackers generally telegraphed by both sides from the Seat of War, "shave" was thought to be a safe translation.

LADY PSYCHE'S GARDEN PARTY.



HAPPY institution
of July!
Just at its
fiercest is
Apollo's an-
ger,
And wit from
Parliament
begins to die,
And dullards
fill the stifling
air with clan-
gour,
And scarce a
cloudlet flecks
the azure
sky,—
Then how it
cheers the
unutterable
langor
If a Club friend
exclaims,
in accents
hearty,
"To-morrow's
LADY PSY-
CHE'S Garden
Party."

Rises a cool refreshing vision. Shady
Alleys of verdure—interspace of lawn—
The calm sweet presence of the dominant lady
(Last season shy as the Venusian's fawn*)—
Fair forms of beauty in their happy heyday,
From whose gay dreams all trouble is withdrawn—
Swans gliding on the royal river's reaches—
The maddest music and the juiciest peaches.

Can any man on such a lovely scene
Gaze, and be cynical? Bright dresses flutter,
And bright eyes glance, and lips untouched by teen
Idyllic nonsense indolently utter:
And even the merry maid becomes a queen,
Who, fresh from frock succinct, and bread-and-butter,
French verbs, piano practice, all things dry,
Flits through the air a radiant butterfly.

Time, like the Thames, will linger not, but rushes
On to the glory of the evenglome,
And, ere the saffron sunset softly flushes,
The clustering carriages are ordered home.
Sum up the whole: gay words, sweet smiles, soft blushes,
Jests evanescent as the Cliequot's foam—
Perchance one maiden fair has found a lover,
And LADY PSYCHE'S Garden Party's over.

* "Hinnuleo similis."—HOR. i. 23.

POOR PRISONERS!

SHORTLY after eleven o'clock, a few nights since, a large meeting of the Predatory Classes was held in one of the most frequented streets in London, to consider the new Prisons' Act. A gentleman known as "The Lawyer," but whose registered name did not transpire, was elected to the Chair by acclamation.

The CHAIRMAN said that he must congratulate the Meeting upon the admirable site they had secured for a gathering-place. They were standing in a street in which goods of the utmost value were stored. So they might feel sure that they had no reason to fear a visit from the police. ("Hear, hear!") He was proud to say that London was one of the worst guarded cities in the world. (Cheers.) He must claim their indulgence, however, to beg that they would not take advantage of their position to steal anything. They were there for pleasure—not for business. ("Hear, hear!") It would manifestly be unfair to those employed in holding the Meeting were the non-speakers to seize the opportunity of their *confères'* absence to do a stroke of work on their own account. ("Hear!") As Englishmen he reminded them of the national motto—"Honour among thieves." (Loud cheers.) And now he would call upon his distinguished friend, MR. WILLIAM SIKES, to move the first Resolution. As his honourable (or should he say "dishonourable"?)—(Laughter)—friend had not devoted much time to literature, perhaps he (the Chairman) had better read the Resolution himself.

It was as follows:—"That this Meeting, composed of some of the hardest-working persons in the community, regard with distrust any scheme for the alteration of the Prison System now in force. They moreover consider that the proposed Bill (to quote the words of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON) 'directly interferes with the liberty of the people, and looks more like the Bill of a Continental Power than of our HOME SECRETARY.'"

MR. WILLIAM SIKES (who was very well received) said he didn't know much about talking. He had certainly made speeches before now at the Old Bailey, but they were always the same, and had only two words—"Not Guilty." (Laughter.) And when he made those speeches, they were always failures, because the jury never believed him. (Laughter.) But here, as he had been brought up before them, he might as well say his say. He was proud to assert that he belonged to the criminal classes of the country, and he thought those classes had a right to claim self-government. ("Hear, hear!") Those classes made more money change hands than any other classes. ("Hear!") Then why should they not be heard? ("Hear, hear!") This new-fangled Bill was un-English—it was unconstitutional. (Cheers.) If it was passed, the prisons would be all alike. And he knew the Government. They were a stingy set. ("Hear, hear!") Once, after a very good thing, he was weak enough to send the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER half a ten-pound note for unpaid Income-tax; but when he heard how they were cutting down everything, how they proposed to take all the prisons and reduce the diet probably to the diet of barracks and workhouses—"Shame!"—he kept the other half of his ten-pound note, and used it for lighting his pipe. (Cheers.) They might rest assured that if the Government got hold of the dear old gaols, they would make them all as bad as Salford—(Groans)—where a man got more work and much less food than in London, for the prisons provided by the City authorities were simply first-chop. (Cheers.) He begged to propose the Resolution that had just been read by his venerable and learned friend "the Lawyer." (Loud cheers.)

MR. RICHARD DE SWYNBLER begged to second the Resolution. He was not quite sure that he had a right to call himself a thief. He was a promoter of Bubble Companies. ("Yes, yes!") He thanked them for their cordial acceptance of his claims. He quite agreed with MR. SIKES that they had a right to be heard. The Predatory Classes were one of the most important powers in the country. He saw before him the practical part of those classes, the men whose energy and courage stimulated industry everywhere. If nothing were stolen the various markets would be glutted, and labour would come to a stand-still. ("Hear, hear!") But they had brothers in other walks of life. Surely the adulterating tradesman, the penniless spendthrift, and the fraudulent trustee might claim kindred with them. ("Hear, hear!") The Predatory Classes were the cause of the employment of a number of very helpless and witless men, who, but for them, would be probably starving in the streets. He alluded to the Police. ("Hear, hear!") He claimed for the Predatory Classes the right of self-incarceration. An Englishman boasted that his house was his castle; it surely was most unreasonable to take from him the right he had enjoyed from the earliest times—the right to chose his own prison. (Enthusiastic cheering!)

The Resolution was then put to the Meeting, and carried unanimously.

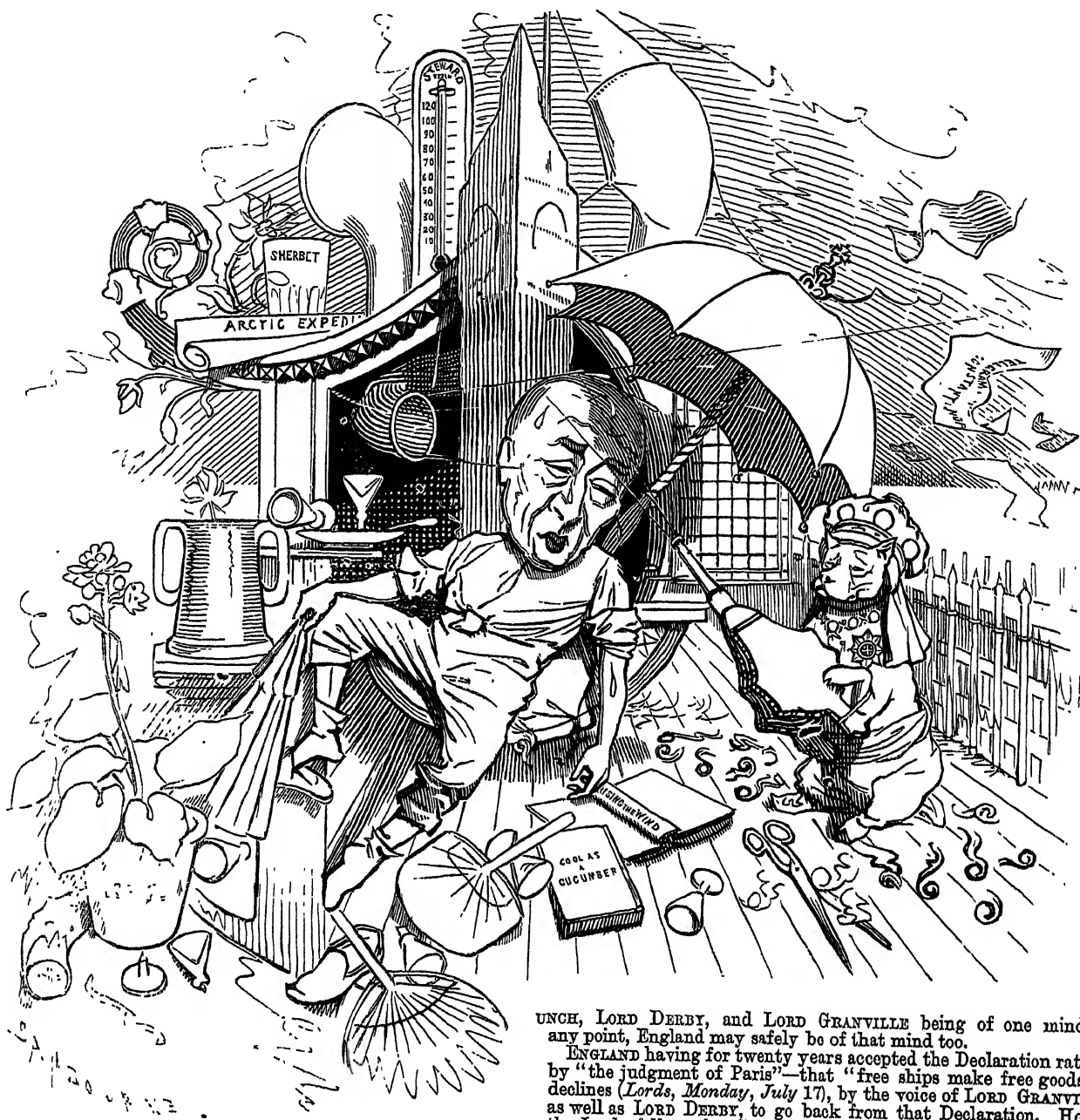
MR. FAGIN, junior, said that although not actively engaged in the profession, he considered, as the receiver of stolen property, he was as good a thief as any gentleman present, and he thought they ought to be very grateful to the Municipal Authorities who were opposing the new Bill. ("Hear, hear!") He begged to move "That the thanks of this Meeting are due to the Mayors, Aldermen, Vestrymen, and other friends who are resisting the encroachment of Government tyranny—tyranny which would deprive the rich swindler of his prison clerkship, and the poor thief of his customary Christmas fare." ("Hear, hear!")

The Artful Dodger (who was received with applause) begged to second the Resolution. He thought as things were getting now-a-days so very bad any move back in the right direction should be encouraged. ("Hear, hear!") The gentlemen who were opposing the Prisons Bill were certainly doing the Predatory Classes a great service. (Cheers.) He was not surprised. Some time since he read a speech delivered in the House of Commons upon the Corporations of England. It convinced him that many of the Municipal officers belonged to their own profession. (Cheers.) He was pleased to find this kindly fellow-feeling existing between the bench and the dock, and he sincerely hoped it might continue for ever. (Loud cheers.)

The Resolution was put to the Meeting and carried unanimously, as also was a complimentary vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Before the company separated two Policemen joined the gathering. The constables subsequently reported to their inspector that in the crowd they were deprived of their staves, their pocket-handkerchiefs, their watches, and their lanterns. They did not discover the losses they had sustained until the following morning.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PUNCH, LORD DERBY, and LORD GRANVILLE being of one mind on any point, England may safely be of that mind too.

ENGLAND having for twenty years accepted the Declaration ratified by "the judgment of Paris"—that "free ships make free goods"—declines (*Lords, Monday, July 17*), by the voice of LORD GRANVILLE, as well as LORD DERBY, to go back from that Declaration. Herein the Lords follow the Commons, who have just shown, by a No-House, their disinclination to disturb the new doctrine.

LORD DERBY thinks that our disavowal of it just now would lead Europe to infer that England was refurbishing an ancient weapon of offence in apprehension of impending war. "*Quies non movere*" should be the motto of the moment.

LORD GRANVILLE goes further. He thinks the new doctrine the best for England under any circumstances. Suppose JOHN BULL neutral, the new principle gives him the carrying trade of the belligerents. Suppose him belligerent, it leaves him his trade with neutrals, while its abrogation would enlist every maritime power against him. This sounds well, though a very different way of looking at the matter. For the present, England, at all events, lays aside a weapon that she has used of old with deadly effect on her enemies, but which, like all deadly weapons, is capable of being turned against herself. One thing should plead for her with all parties. It is not magnanimity that has compelled her renunciation of the largest right of maritime mischief in time of war, but enlightened self-interest.

The ancient "Judgment of Paris" sowed the seed of war. The modern "Declaration of Paris" draws War's worst sting—its right of plunder on the high seas.

Has England more to gain than lose by the renunciation? The question is a debateable one. "To gain," say LORD DERBY and LORD GRANVILLE. That settles it for the present.

Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian *versus* German, French, and Italian. Which ought to count for most in the papers of Indian Competition-wallahs? LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY thinks Indian tongues should decide claims to Indian appointments. "*Dubitatur*," says LORD SALISBURY. What examinations are meant to pick out, is not the ready-made tool for India, but the best raw material. Competitive examination, LORD SALISBURY quite admits, has its bad points; but think (he adds) of the blessing it is to heads of departments!—it doubles their power of obliging with nominations, and shunts influential incapables, patronage notwithstanding. We shall yet see the system maintained, not because it secures the best servants, but because it saves chiefs trouble.



GEOGRAPHY AND FINANCE.

Lady Visitor (examining the School). "WHAT'S THE CAPITAL OF TURKEY?"

Bright Little Scholar. "PLEASE, 'M, IT AIN'T GOT NONE—IT'S BANKRUPT!!!"

Besides these two talks, their Lordships did a heavy stroke of work, knocking off, at Peers' pace, some dozen Committees and Third Readings by half-past seven; their bag including such various game as Wild Fowl Preservation, Poor-Law Amendment, and Labourers' Dwellings.

(Commons).—Personal. LORD HENRY LENNOX resigns the First Commissionership of Works to cry *peccavi* for his Stock Exchange sins of five years ago, as Director of the Lisbon Tramways Company. LORD COLERIDGE's summing up in *Twyecross v. Grant* made LORD HENRY's appearance in the white sheet inevitable. MR. TREVELYAN had but to give notice that he *meant* to ask a question, and LORD HENRY's resignation answered it by anticipation. His explanation was received by the House with sympathy—but in silence broken only by a few painful words from MR. DISRAELI. The PREMIER's long-standing and close personal intimacy with LORD HENRY gave a touch of pathos to their parting. LORD HENRY has shown himself the right man in the right place as First Commissioner of Works, whatever he may have been as Director of Lisbon Tramways. The House feels for him—but there is still one place where ill-gotten gain *has* a bad smell—that is on the hands of a Minister, when once attention has been called to it. LORD HENRY points out that he has been a loser by his connection with the Lisbon Tramways. In that the public goes along with him. The difficulty would seem to be to say who has *not* lost by that remarkable enterprise. Even the modern Midas, our *Albertus Magnus*, the great Alchemic transmuter of the day, who turns all schemes to gold, may find reason to doubt if his power be not fated to come to grief at Lisbon Tramways, should the other eighty-eight pending actions follow the test-case of *Twyecross*.

From Lisbon trams, through Lisbon's DUKE SALDANHA,
Once on Director's heads fell golden manna,
Till Rings and Rigs and puffs no premiums earn,
And Lisbon tram-shares into trammels turn.
Sharp-set Directors fasting teeth must crunch hard,
And fain clerk's head, in GRANT's default, would punch hard.
GRANT falls to JAMES's powder. LENNOX, low,
From London's Works for Lisbon's works must go.
Alas that he this lesson should have wanted,
Qualifications never take for granted!

MR. DISRAELI did his best to soften the story of Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. He read SIR HENRY ELLIOT's despatches. SIR HENRY, as in official duty bound, does his best to extenuate everything, and set down nothing in malice, except the motives of unofficial reporters. He is bold in paring down figures, and shifts the burden of provocation from Turks to Christians.

Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians have had to bear a great deal before they took the law into their own hands. No wonder their hands may have been a *little* rough. Then, though there was not so very much to remonstrate against, SIR HENRY has been diligent in remonstrating. And though there has not been much serious atrocity to check, the Turks have now sent a Commissioner to check it.

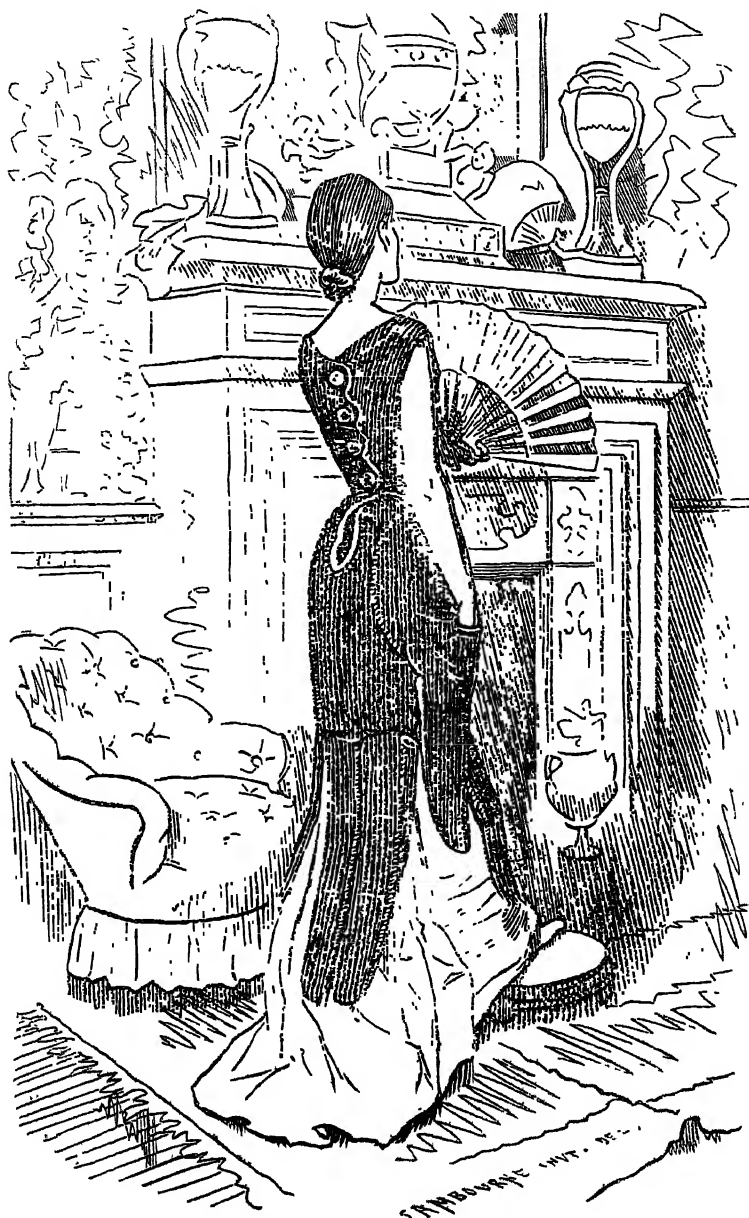
Altogether, all seems for the best in that best of all possible Embassies at Stamboul. At all events, now that those troublesome Correspondents have said their say, and poor DISRAELI has done his best to soften the *Daily News* picture of horrors by help of SIR H. ELLIOT's sweetener and official milk-and-water colours, the country has both sides of the Turkish shield—the black and the white—before it, and may come to its own conclusions. SIR HENRY says the Christians are volunteering for service against the Servians. So that besides a regiment of Softas, with yataghans in one hand and Korans in the other, we are like to see a mixed Volunteer corps, with Cross and Crescent, side by side, upon their banners.

In Committee on Education Bill, last clauses reached, amid cheers from both sides of the House.

For though the Bill your Brummagem *Intransigentes* stand off,
The House with gladness SANDON helps polemics' arid sand off.
And in hope the Bill's improvements may be seen in Acts succeeding,
Joins to float it to the haven, deep and tranquil, of Third Reading!

Tuesday (Lords).—A talk on Provisional Orders—nothing about the bill of fare in the refreshment-rooms, or what their Lordships are pleased to order in the way of refreshment, but the machinery by which Town, School, and Harbour improvements are, now legalised—a compromise between doing such work by Bill in Private Bill Committee and by officers of permanent departments.

LORD REDESDALE doesn't half like the plan; no more does the DUKE OF SOMERSET. It takes too many local pies out of reach of



GANTS DE PARIS.

WHAT'S THIS WE HEAR ABOUT KID CORSELETS FOR LADIES? CAN THEY BE ANYTHING LIKE THIS?

their Lordships' fingers. But it is an improvement on old ways for all that, and is and ought to be, increasing.

(Commons.)—MR. D. JENKINS would like to know why the *Thunderer's* boiler burst, so asks MR. WARD HUNT if he can tell him. MR. WARD HUNT would be glad if he could, but he is waiting for the result of the inquiry that is to tell him.

MR. BOURKE has to tell SIR C. DILKE that Roumania—like *Oliver Twist*—is asking for more.

"Flemishing off" the Elementary Education Bill. An important new Clause for Establishing Day Industrial Schools where wastrel children will receive industrial teaching and one meal a day. MR. TORR, supporting the Clause, said there were 170,000 such children in Liverpool.

MR. FORSTER doubted the effect in tempting hard-working parents to transfer the support of their children from the family table to the School Board.

MR. LOWE protested against the school. Even *Punch* cannot but feel some fear—ready as he is in this cause to face all Lions in the Path. It is a bold experiment—bold enough to please even Birmingham. A new Clause in the Bill will give the smallest schools extra grants independent of their earnings. This is right, and shows a wise independence of doctrinaire pedantry.

Wednesday.—Contagious Diseases Bill. Though the House did not clear the Ladies' gallery, Mr. *Punch* must clear his columns of all except the announcement that the repeal of the statute was defeated by 224 to 102.

Thursday.—Nil in the Lords.

In the Commons: settlement of the Session's paper, with the names of the Bills ordered for execution.

MR. DISRAELI clings to his innocents; but they must die, and the fewer words over them the better.

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE" AT THE CHISWICK GARDEN PARTY.

July the 18th, Tuesday last week.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I was last in Town you said you'd "give anything for some fashionable information really authentic."* Here it is. I hold you to your word. I came up from Cumberland, and deprived myself of some rare sport, on purpose to be present at the Chiswick Garden Party. My Royal and Illustrious Friend had written to me privately (of course), and said, "You *must* come. Awfully hot. Regular Indian season this, isn't it?" I replied, "Yes, and, oddly enough, when the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH came over here, we had quite Russian weather. Weather and Royalty go together. God save the QUEEN, and long may she rain."

In former times, for these little *jeux de mots* I should have been rewarded with a sinecure at Court worth £10,000 a-year, paid quarterly in advance, *sans* Income-tax deducted, or I should have been Baronetted with a pension; but now the joke is repeated by somebody without the name of the author, then given out as somebody else's, or perhaps said as "a doosid good thing" by some unblushing aristocrat (who will probably leave out the point), and I, the original inventor, am left to wither away in a dry corner like a neglected rose. That last simile is worth a poet's attention. But I don't believe the Laureate would stand me an iced drink, even in this weather, were I to go to his place in the Isle of Wight, and say, "Look here, here's an idea for you." No! even he would answer that "he had already thought of it": and there would be "another good thing gone wrong." Bah! I am weary of the world, and, had it not been for your expressed wish, which to me is law,† I should not have stirred a tent-peg to come up to such a tiresome, slow, ennuyant, and, between ourselves, such a *very mixed* affair, as a Garden Party at Chiswick. Not that the *fête* itself is tiresome to novices; no. But to me—to me, the *roué*, the *usé*, the *blasé*—to me, who now doat on the blue, the fresh, the ever free; who prefer the bloom on the heather to the rouge on the cheek, the horizon softening in the evening shades (pretty this, isn't it?—no extra charge) to the delicately pencilled eyebrow to which a poet could write a sonnet—(if paid for it—*j'y suis*)—or for which a Pomatunist could pen an advertisement.

Oblige me by stopping to consider the word *Pomatunist*. You see what it means at once. It out-Carlyles CARLYLE; it out Germans German. To have invented such words as "pessimist," "optimist," "pantomimist," "positivist"—bah! nothing! A mere smattering of Latin, and *le jeu est fait!* But a Pomatunist! Just think over it; because if I write very fully on this subject, it will only cost you more, and my wish is to save you all expense possible, and yet give you full details about the Chiswick Garden Party. [But, clearly, there are words yet to be invented. A *Pomatunist*, i.e., a man who deals in pomata. A *Tetotunist*, i.e., a man who deals in Tetotola. With power to add to their number.]

SIR AUGUSTUS SALA JUNE wanted me to make one of his party. Couldn't. By the way, he does not drop the "J." I don't mean that he

* We need scarcely remind our readers, and Our Representative, that the expression "*we would give anything*" admits of more than one interpretation.—Ed.

† And it shall be "Law." If I had we have been deceived. We were taken in once, and now the burnt Editor consults a Solicitor.—Ed.



CANDOUR.

Spinster Escursionist (the least elderly). "TWO TICKETS TO BROADSTAIRS, PLEASE."

Facetious Clerk. "SINGLE LADIES?"

Spinster (with a weak-minded sense of humour). "I REGRET TO SAY WE ARE, SIR! FIRST CLASS, IF YOU PLEASE!!"

THOUGHTS ON THE "THUNDERER."

In fight upon the Ocean wave
BRITANNIA still can trust her Men.
But will her Ships as well behave,
And prove as trusty then?

For note this difference 'twixt the case
Of cruiser as compared with crew;
Blue Jackets of the olden race:
And Iron-clad Steamers new.

Plain sailing, they capsize or clash,
And founder in a quiet sea.
How, in the roar, and smoke, and flash
Of battle will it be?

The valour which our Tars ne'er lacked
Will do as much as mortal may;
But then will valves and stopcocks act
Aright in danger's day?

Beside the risk of being blown
Up, haply, by a foreign foe,
Each craft with boilers bears her own
Torpedoes down below.

A "trial trip" has shown, one day
What may betide us on the main.
No more, but help, as best we may,
Survivors of the slain.

At the Seaside.

(Thermometer 85° in the shade on the Pier.)

Seasidist (already very much sunburnt). Why am I like an English poet?

Charles (his friend). Too hot for guessing. Give 't up.

Seasidist (slowly). Because I'm Browning.

Charles (his friend—up till that moment). Oh!

[Retires under an umbrella, and dozes. Curtain.]

OPERATIO.

WHY has MR. MAPLESON chosen the Thames Embankment as the site of the New Opera House?

Answer. So as to have plenty of water for his "plant."

drops any other letter, *bien entendu*; but I do mean, for the information of friends at a distance, that he doesn't speak of himself as "Young," but as "Jung." I drop the "J" with him, for the sake of what I then call, not "a joke," but "a yoke." He screams with laughter; that is, he really does laugh *himself*, because, unlike all regular Oriental potentates (he is a "potentate") he does not keep fellows to do for him what he can do for himself. Even dear old LOBHOLLY BHOX, the native Indian Admiral, as jovial an old fellow as ever you met on Saturday night at sea in an old caboose, would never allow a muscle of his face to move, even at my most telling witticisms. No; so strong was the habit that he'd just turn to his *Smylah* (the Indian name for these officials, who are the professional laughing-men, i.e., *Les Hommes qui rient*), gravely nod, and off would go the *Smylah* into fits and shouts. When old LOBHOLLY thought he had laughed enough, another movement of the head stopped him. I pitied the poor *Smylah* when he had a bad headache (it was often the case; he was a bilious man, but a good laugh), and some one told the LOBHOLLY a nautical joke! The jolly old Indian Tar would make the *Smylah* laugh for an hour at a stretch at that one joke. Good, dear, kind old boy as the old Indian ADMIRAL LOBHOLLY was, yet, if that unhappy *Smylah* had pleaded biliousness as an excuse for not shaking his sides with laughter, then "Off with his head—so much for *Smylah*!" would have been the Admiral's order, which would have been executed on the spot,—in fact, the order and the *Smylah* would have been executed together.

However I am giving you Indian "Nannygoats," and not telling you about the Chiswick Garden Party.

I couldn't accept SIR SALA's offer, having already engaged myself to the dear, delightful, wicked, charming old aristocrat, the DUCHESS DUMONT DE PIETÉ (a relation of mine, on my Uncle's side)—who is over here this season to look after her Scotch estates, which, as you know, are in Ayr, and Skye. By the way, if you want some good shooting this year, just let me know in time (when you send the

little thousand pound cheque for this fashionable intelligence will do), and I'll give it you. Blackcock, tripe,* woodcocks, grouse, moor-fowl, wagtails, everything that a sportsman's bag could desire. But, as I remarked before, if I am to stop on every occasion to chatter about such trifles, we shall never get to the Chiswick Garden Party.

Well, the day was hot, and the roads dusty. Cabs and carriages, and four-in-hands, and T-carts and dog-carts, and *pièges-à-chevaux* of all sorts and sizes, on sale or hire, were out and down the road to Chiswick.

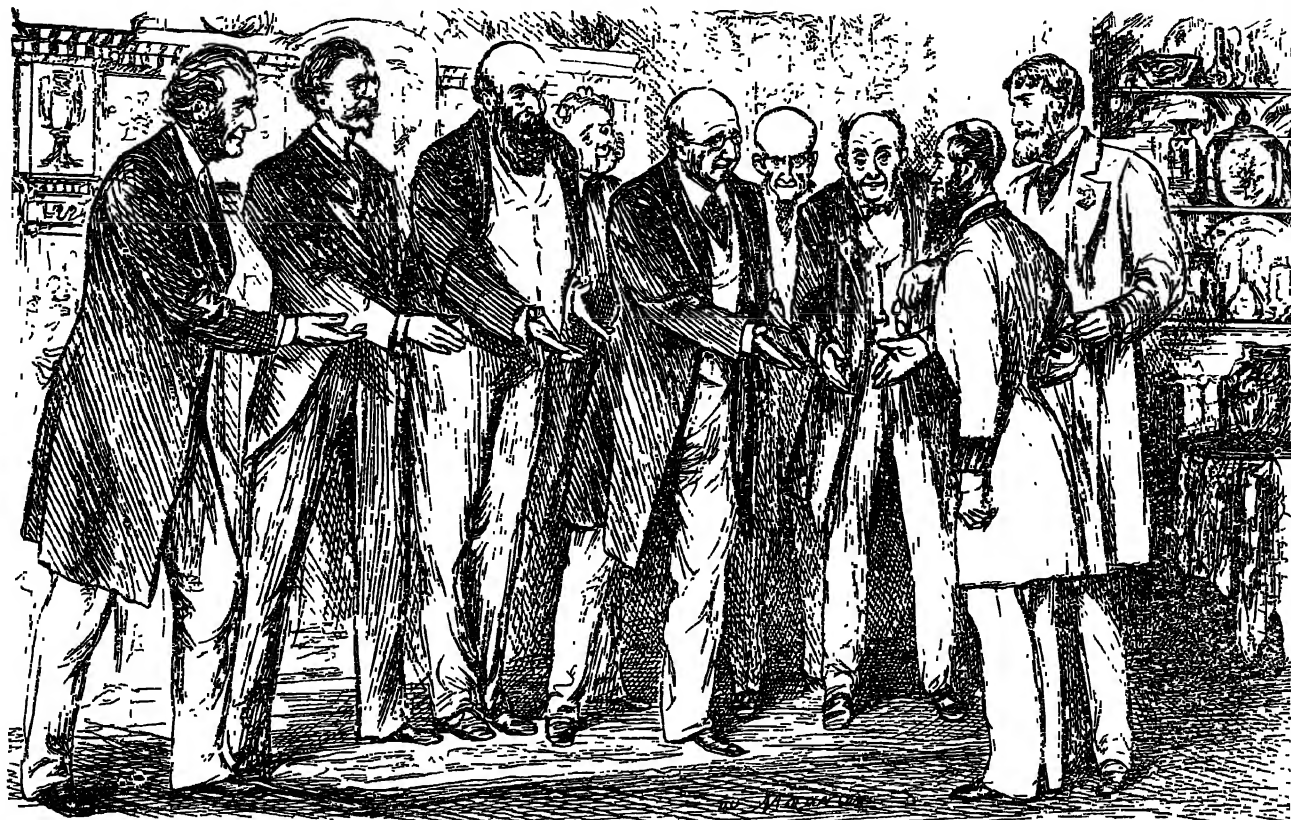
On entering the grounds, my Illustrious and Royal Friend, the giver of the fête, came up, and, shaking me heartily by the hand, whispered in my ear—†

And so, having spent a delightful but dusty day, I remain, now, as ever,
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

* We fancy that this must be a *lapsus calami* for "Snipe." But never having been in Scotland, and not knowing the dialects, we are ready to admit the possibility of there being such a bird as a Tripe, which, however, up to the moment of going to press, we have been unable to find mentioned in any Ornithological Dictionary. The inquiry is still proceeding.—Ed.

† The Printer has come to us at the last moment with the information that he has not received any further contribution on this subject from Our Representative. A torn slip of paper contained the finish which appears above with the signature, and nothing more. We cannot upset the arrangements of the paper by taking out the columns already admitted, and we cannot for a moment think that this *hiatus valde defendendus* is intentional. It must be, we fancy, as our Contributor himself would have probably said, "another good post gone wrong," and we shall at once inquire at St. Martin's-le-Grand. Apologising for the default to our readers, we hope to present them on the first opportunity with a satisfactory solution of the present problem.—Ed.

NATURAL RESORT FOR VICTIMS SUFFERING UNDER EGYPTIAN BONDS.—Goschen! (So no wonder the Bondholders have appealed to the RIGHT HON. C. J. to suggest a way out of their mess.)



A DISENCHANTMENT.

SWELLINGTON SPIESS (WHO COLLECTS BLUE CHINA, BECAUSE IT'S THE THING TO DO) IS INVITED TO BREAKFAST BY A NOBLE DUKE, (WHO ALSO COLLECTS BLUE CHINA). HE IS MUCH ELATED AT THE PROSPECT OF SITTING DOWN TO TABLE WITH POSSIBLY TWO OR THREE CABINET MINISTERS—AT ALL EVENTS, WITH NOTHING UNDER A VISCOUNT! IMAGINE HIS DISGUST, ON ENTERING THE DRAWING-ROOM, AT BEING PRESENTED BY HIS GRACE TO ROBINSON, SMITH, JONES, BROWN, PERKINS, BLINKINSOP, AND PARKER, WHO ALL COLLECT BLUE CHINA, AND WHOM HE HAS KNOWN EVER SINCE HE BEGAN TO COLLECT BLUE CHINA HIMSELF.

DOGS AND DOCTORS.

MR. PUNCH had yesterday the honour of receiving a numerous Deputation, formed chiefly of the higher orders, and largely consisting of the softer sex, friends of animals, especially of dogs. It was headed by a beautiful being, who, in a voice of angelic sweetness, signified the object of their attendance in the following appeal:—

"Will not *Punch*, the great master of *Toby*, 'best of dogs,' use his mighty influence for the benefit of *Toby's* brothers and sisters? Will he not raise his voice and wield his pen to rescue them from the horrors of Vivisection? For the love of mercy, and for the sake of gratitude to these faithful loving creatures, *Pray do!*"

Mr. *Punch* replied, with an obeisance expressive of the most respectful admiration, that he was profoundly moved by the impassioned exhortation addressed to him from lips associated with eyes radiating sweetness and light. He would, however beg to be allowed to depute the duty of responding to it to the party it principally concerned.

"*Toby!*" cried Mr. *Punch*, and the sagacious animal immediately came out from under the table. "*Toby*, now's your time."

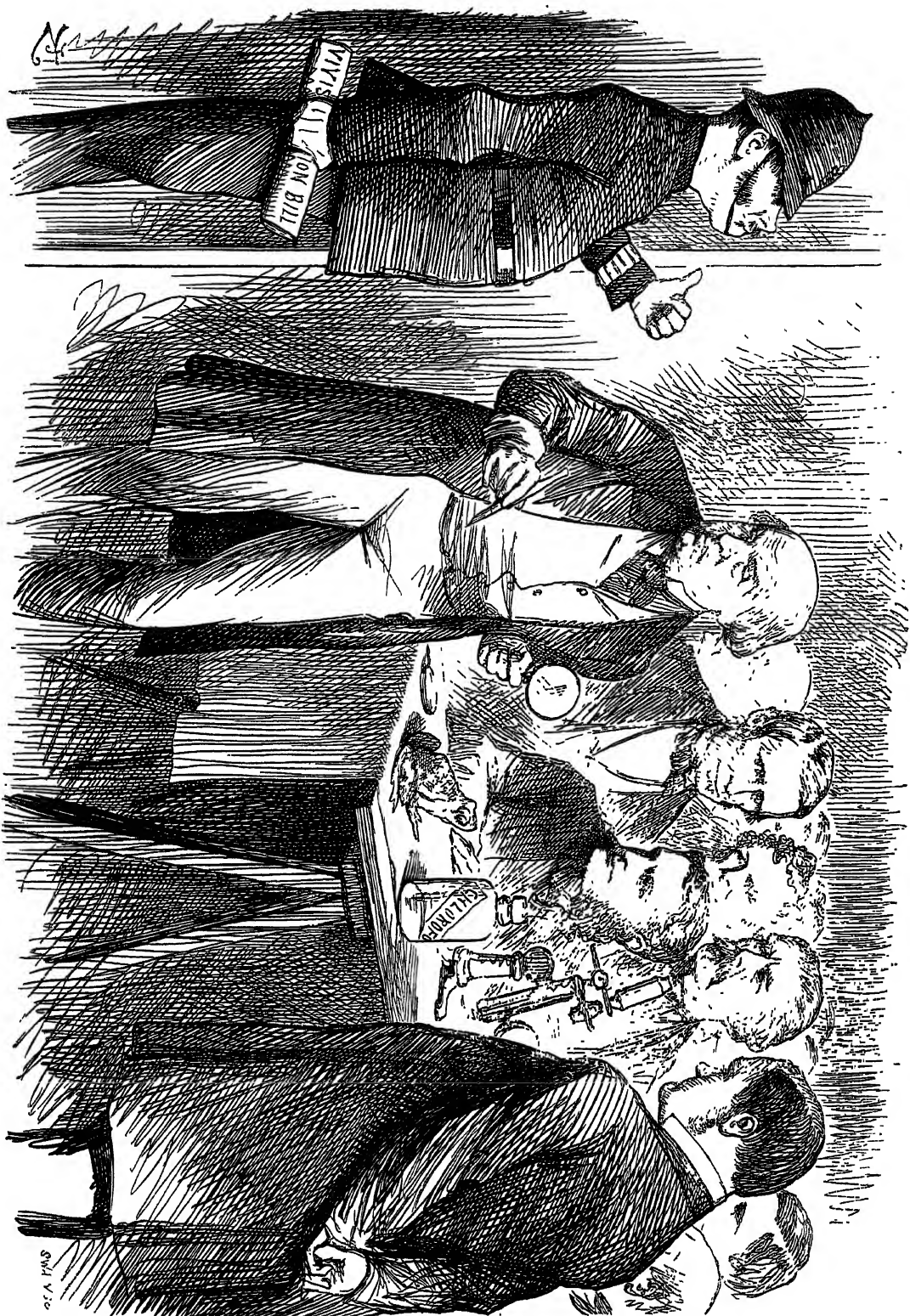
"The Dog-Days, Master?" was *Toby's* prompt reply.

"O, *Toby!* But, true enough, dogs are in season. They are at present creating a special interest. You just now overheard a touching and eloquent appeal on behalf of them. Now be so good as to explain to these Ladies and Gentlemen—who know you can talk—your view of Vivisection as affecting your own community. Tell them, *Toby!*"

Having duly shaken himself and wagged his tail—

Toby said that both personally and as a representative dog he felt unspeakably grateful for the benevolent sympathy so deeply wounded by the Vivisection supposed to be cruelly practised by Doctors on Dogs. The subjects of that process, however, were not his brothers and sisters. No good dogs were ever vivisected. Those that were so were very distant relations indeed; curs, the canine analogues of cads. Every dog must die somewhere and somehow. A cur

might die worse than by Vivisection under chloroform. The vivisected cur died for the benefit of man—the Dog's friend. He therefore did not die a useless cur. He (*Toby*) computed that some twenty dogs died yearly by Vivisection in England. If Vivisection were abolished, a great many more than that number would so die abroad at schools of science necessarily resorted to by British students and investigators, and would most likely die without chloroform. The pain, if any, inflicted upon dogs by scientific vivisectors was as nothing to the amount of torture dogs had to endure at the hands of ignorant people. Many thousands died a lingering death, the victims of cruel fondness, crammed to death by stupidly-indulgent masters and mistresses, particularly the latter. Innumerable dogs were tortured by cruel boys, and owners who ill-treated them. A friend of his (*Toby's*) Master's was often kept awake all night by a dog that howls as frightfully as he possibly could if he were being vivisected. An inhuman wretch keeps this unhappy dog tied up. The trainers of Performing Dogs, in teaching them tricks, subjected them to the grossest barbarities. Against all these torments, involving myriads of dogs, there was no set-off whatsoever in the shape of good to either dog or man. Whereas the operations of the vivisector enabled him to solve problems affecting brutes as well as human beings, and to discover secrets, of which the knowledge applied in Medicine and Surgery—veterinary as well as human—relieved or rescued from the most poignant agonies both men and dogs too. He (*Toby*) understood that an Honourable Gentleman had said as much as that he should be sorry to owe his life, or his relief from suffering, to an experiment in Vivisection. Was he not indebted to Vivisection, or worse, for all his animal food? How could he bear to eat his beef, his mutton, his veal and ham—especially veal and ham, for were not both calves and pigs bled slowly to death by Vivisection? Without anaesthetics, mind. He (*Toby*) wondered if that Honourable Gentleman ever tasted the eel that had been skinned or the lobster that had been boiled alive. And oh, could the dear lady who had so earnestly implored the rescue of the canine species from "the horrors of Vivisection," considering what massacre the tender little woolly innocents undergo at the hands of



STUPIDITY AND SCIENCE.

(Meeting of Medical Professors.)

OPERATING PROFESSOR. "BY THIS EXPERIMENT WE HAVE ASCERTAINED THAT WE CAN ALLEVIATE THE SUFFERINGS OF THOUSANDS OF OUR FELLOW-CREATURES! I MAY FURTHER ADD—"
 FORTISMAN (interrupting). "NO, YOU MAYN'T! WE'VE HAD ENOUGH O' THIS SORT O' THING! YOU MUST MOVE ON!"
 PROFESSOR. "MOVE ON? WE CAN'T MOVE ON 'TIL YOU INTERFERE!"

the butcher, possibly bring herself to tolerate the bare idea of a lunch on the very nicest plate of cold lamb and salad, even in this hot weather? In conclusion he (*Toby*) would express the hope that in giving a Dog's opinion, he would not be supposed to have presented a cynical view of Vivisection.

After remaining for a few moments lost in thought, the Deputation looked blankly in one another's faces, and then, having acknowledged that *Toby* had put the question of Vivisection in a light which had never before occurred to them, and thanked him and his Master for the information afforded them, withdrew.

THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

ON account of the dulness of the Season, the following remarkable occurrences have happened:—

MRS. MAC STRINGER has not given her second dinner-party. This omission has caused a loss of five shillings in the income of the local greengrocer, and two pounds seven and sixpence in the takings of the local pastrycook.

MR. SELF (of the Gourmet, Loungers, Dawdlers, and Junior Idlers Clubs) has given up all ideas of matrimony until next year. This being the case, he has retained his rooms in Piccadilly, and has ceased to inquire about the prices of furnished apartments in Paddington.

MR. GARRICK BRAZENLUNGS, the eminent tragedian, has retired into the Provinces. The metropolitan theatre, thus deserted, is now attracting large but foolish audiences by trashy *opéra bouffe*.

MR. CICERO SOLEMNSIDES has deferred the publication of his pamphlet upon *The Manners and Customs of the Early Romans*. This sacrifice has considerably increased the housekeeping money intrusted to the care of MRS. SOLEMNSIDES, although a disappointment of over £100 is reported in the counting-house of MESSRS. CHARGE AND FLATTER, the eminent printers and publishers.

MR. SUGARSAND, the West-End grocer, announces that his profits this year have been only half the amount of last. In spite of this painful circumstance, he will still keep his yacht, six horses, and a country-seat. His three sons will not be removed from Oxford, and his four daughters will appear, as usual, from five to seven, in the family coach (drawn by a pair of what the French call "*steppares*") in the Park.

MR. PATERFAMILIAS, on account of the general depression, has sent his wife and family to Southend, instead of Dieppe. MR. PATERFAMILIAS (in obedience to his doctor) will, however, accompany a bachelor friend on a tour through Switzerland and up the Rhine.

And, lastly, in spite of every drawback, *Mr. Punch* has been as witty and as cheery as ever. This pleasant state of mind he attributes entirely to his own inner consciousness, and *not* to the fact that he has had nothing to do with Egyptians, Spanish, or Turks.

"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW;" OR, "TWICE ROUND THE CLOCK."

HONBLE. ALGERNON FITZ-BETTING-BOOK.

12 P.M.—Club. B. and S. Cigar.
1 A.M.—Another B. and S. and Cigar.

2 A.M.—Pool.
3 A.M.—Pool.
4 A.M.—Poker.
5 A.M.—Develled Kidneys.
6 A.M.—Poker.
7 A.M.—Settling up.
8 A.M.—A little breakfast and a shampoo.

9 A.M.—Bed.
10 A.M.—Ditto.
11 A.M.—Ditto.
12 A.M.—Ditto.
1 P.M.—Ditto.
2 P.M.—Ditto.
3 P.M.—Ditto.
4 P.M.—B. and S. and a sporting paper.

5 P.M.—Another little Breakfast and a Cigar.
6 P.M.—Park.
7 P.M.—Sherry and Bitters at the "Rhododendron."
8 P.M.—Another Sherry and Bitters at the "Colossus."
9 P.M.—Dinner.
10 P.M.—Theatre.
11 P.M.—Opera.
12 P.M.—Club. B. and S. Cigar.

MISS PLANTAGENET HIGHLYER.

12 P.M.—Start for the DE JONES's dance.
1 A.M.—Leave DE JONES's for the FITZ-SMITES.

2 A.M.—Arrive at the ROBINSON's Small and Early.
3 A.M.—The last Waltz.
4 A.M.—Just one more.
5 A.M.—Bed.
6 A.M.—Ditto.
7 A.M.—Ditto.
8 A.M.—High Church Service.
9 A.M.—Breakfast.

10 A.M.—A nap.
11 A.M.—Nap continued.
12 A.M.—Row.
1 P.M.—Row.
2 P.M.—Lunch.
3 P.M.—A nap.
4 P.M.—Calls.
5 P.M.—Tea.
6 P.M.—Park.

7 P.M.—Park.
8 P.M.—Dress for dinner.
9 P.M.—Dinner.
10 P.M.—Boredom in the drawing-room.
11 P.M.—Opera.
12 P.M.—Start for some dance or another.

THE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX.

12 P.M.—Arrive home.
1 A.M.—Explain to the Duchess that the light on the Clock-Tower went out by accident at nine o'clock.

2 A.M.—Bed.
3 A.M.—Ditto.
4 A.M.—Ditto.
5 A.M.—Ditto.
6 A.M.—Ditto.
7 A.M.—Ditto.
8 A.M.—Ditto.
9 A.M.—Read the daily papers.
10 A.M.—Breakfast.

11 A.M.—Duchess wants to know what I did after I left the House at nine. Awkward this.
12 A.M.—Write letters to Editors of daily papers, complaining of defective reporting.

1 P.M.—Tear these letters up.
2 P.M.—Lunch.
3 P.M.—Blue Books.
4 P.M.—Blue Books.
5 P.M.—Dictate my speech.
6 P.M.—Ornament a bay-window in St. James's Street.
7 P.M.—House of Lords.
8 P.M.—Early dinner.
9 P.M.—Speech in the Lords.
10 P.M.—Still speaking.
11 P.M.—Lords up.
12 P.M.—Just a cigar at the Club, and home.

THE DUCHESS OF ESSEX.

12 P.M.—Take the Girls out to a dance.

1 A.M.—Take them on to another. A little supper.
2 A.M.—Take them on to another. A little supper.
3 A.M.—Take them on to another. A little supper.
4 A.M.—Get them home.
5 A.M.—Bed.
6 A.M.—Ditto.

7 A.M.—Ditto.
8 A.M.—Ditto.
9 A.M.—Ditto.
10 A.M.—Breakfast. Morning post.

11 A.M.—Interview Duke on the subject of cheques.

12 A.M.—Shopping.
1 P.M.—Shopping.

2 P.M.—Lunch.
3 P.M.—Attend Society for Promoting Cookery among the Working Classes.

4 P.M.—Attend Society for Suppressing Vivisection.

5 P.M.—Drum. Lobster-salad and Champagne.

6 P.M.—Another Drum. Strawberries and Claret cup.

7 P.M.—Park.
8 P.M.—Arrive home.

9 P.M.—Go out to Dinner.
10 P.M.—Dinner still on.

11 P.M.—Opera.
12 P.M.—Take the Girls out again.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES.

12 P.M.—Gin.
1 A.M.—Turned out of the "Swan and Cygnet."

2 A.M.—Knock a Peeler down.
3 A.M.—Encounter between my Wife and my poker.

4 A.M.—Get to Bed.
5 A.M.—Time to go to work.

Throw boots at my Wife for waking me up.

6 A.M.—Bed.
7 A.M.—Breakfast not ready.

Collision between my Wife's head and the wall.

8 A.M.—Get to work.
9 A.M.—Breakfast.

10 A.M.—Work.
11 A.M.—Beer with BILL HARRIS.

12 A.M.—Dinner.
1 P.M.—Pipe and a sleep.

2 P.M.—Beer with JONES.
3 P.M.—Ain't going to do no more work to-day.

4 P.M.—Home. Children crying. Soon stop 'em.

5 P.M.—Pawa Wife's Sunday togs.

6 P.M.—Gin, and a mouthful of bread and cheese.

7 P.M.—Gallery of Theatre.
8 P.M.—Beer.
9 P.M.—More Beer.
10 P.M.—Chivy the Performers.
11 P.M.—Put out of theatre. Home and whop Wife.

12 P.M.—All night at the "Swan and Cygnet."

PUNCH.

12 P.M.—Burning the midnight oil.

1 A.M.—GIBBON's *Decline and Fall*.

2 A.M.—HUME's *History of England*.

3 A.M.—SMOLLETT's continuation of above.

4 A.M.—Bed.
5 A.M.—Bath and breakfast.

6 A.M.—EUCLID.
7 A.M.—HALLAM's *Constitutional History*.

8 A.M.—HAWKER's *Morning Portion*.

9 A.M.—Read through all the daily papers.

10 A.M.—Receive MR. D-SR-LI, and advise him.

11 A.M.—Receive L-RD H-RT-NGT-N, and advise him.

12 A.M.—Receive the D-KE OF C-MBR-DGE, and advise him.

1 P.M.—A crust of bread and a glass of water.

2 P.M.—Read contributions to *Punch*. Slight irritability.

3 P.M.—Call at M-rlb-r-gH House, and give advice.

4 P.M.—Delight the frequenters of the Carlton and Conservative Reform, and the Devonshire, BOODLE's, BROOKS's, and WHITE's by my presence.

5 P.M.—Receive deputation of Judges, and advise them on the Judicature Act.

6 P.M.—A modest meal.

7 P.M.—Read all the new novels.

8 P.M.—Visit all the new pieces.

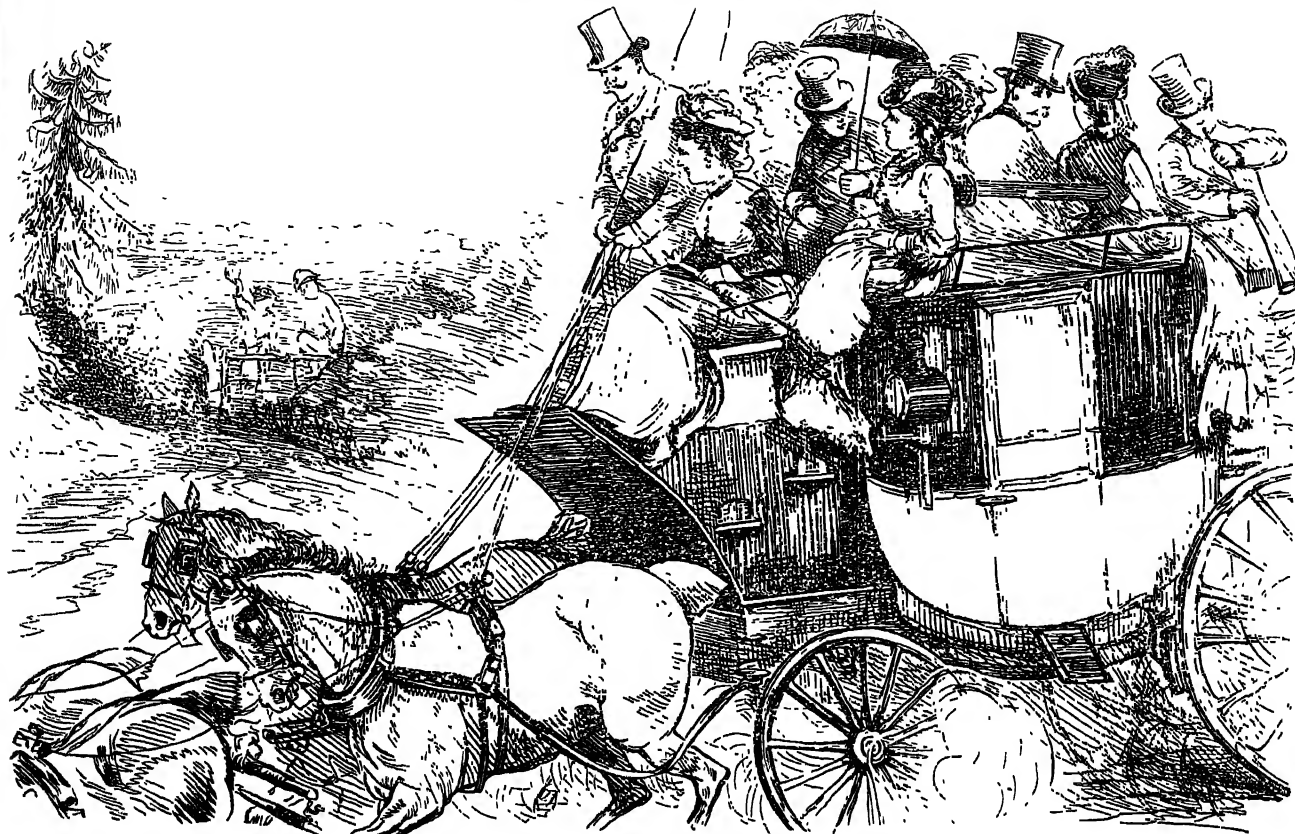
9 P.M.—Illustrate Society.

10 P.M.—Write Treatise on the Eastern Question.

11 P.M.—Write a few chapters of my *History of the World*.

12 P.M.—Study again.

COACHING (WITH A DIFFERENCE).



DOWN HILL IN FINE WEATHER.



UP HILL IN WET WEATHER.



THE SILENT HOUR!

"WHEN SHALL YOU COME HOME, MUMMY DARLING?"

"NOT TILL THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, MY LOVE!"

"NOT TILL THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT!—WHEN THE CLOCKS STRIKE NOTHING?"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Stopping on the Way—But Going to Ireland for all that.

TIM MAHONY has failed me: it occurs to me to give up Ireland altogether.

I am meditating on this while debating on the question of lunching at a *restaurant's* close at hand, when to me enters—the only other Irishman of my acquaintance at present in town. He replies to my intimation about going to Ireland, with, "Arrh! yer sow! wouldn't I like to be wid ye!" which he gives with a marvellous imitation of some peculiar Irish dialect, and then relapsing into the most ordinary English, without the slightest suspicion of a brogue, he informs me that though he has property in Ireland, he doesn't like to live over there, for fear of being shot at. I assure him (not knowing anything at all about it) that they (whoever "they" may be) wouldn't shoot at him. Whereupon he adopts the brogue again—(I note that generally an Irishman, in England, makes a burlesque imitation of his own countrymen a special point of humour)—just to give a piquancy to his reply. "Begorra," says he, "tishn't being shot at I'm afraid of; it's being *hit*, is the trouble. D'ye mind," he continues, "the story of the Agent writing over to the Landlord in England, and telling him that while collecting the rents he was going in bodily fear of his life?"

Happy Thought.—As I can't absolutely assert that I do *not* know this story—because I never yet met him without his bringing it in, somehow—I say, "Go on! You've always got something good." Which is true; as this story is good: and he has always got this story. Q. E. D.

He goes on, still continuing his imitation of a brogue:—

"Well, Sorr, the Landlord wrote back to him, and said, 'My dear MISTHER DELANEY, ye may just tell my tenanthry, that if, by shooting *you*, they think they'll intimidate *me*, they're mightily mistaken.'"

And taking advantage of my laugh, my friend, FORDE MACKINNON, shakes my hand, wishes me *bon voyage*, steps into a hansom, and makes a telling exit.

When he is well out of sight, it occurs to me that I ought to have asked him for introductions, or for some information about Ireland.

Happy Thought.—To compile a book of *What I Ought to have Said*.

This leads to melancholy reflections. It means lost opportunities. (I stand by a lamp-post near the large *restaurant's*, and think in a mooning kind of way, having wandered away from Ireland altogether—) If when I was with ALICE—or KATE—or BERTHA . . . (what a pretty girl that is coming out of the *restaurant*) . . . I had only said what I ought to have said, instead of sitting still, staring . . . (I wonder if I've met her before—I seem to know her face) . . . and losing my presence of mind . . . (She seems to recognise me. She is *very* pretty. I rather fancy she is a cousin of mine whom I haven't seen for years . . .)

Happy Thought.—To go up and ask her if she is a cousin of mine whom I haven't seen for years.

. . . Let me see—what opportunities—yes, that was what I was thinking about . . . (I am sure I notice in her a family resemblance . . . about the eyes . . . She is going to cross, and it is dangerous for a Lady to attempt crossing *alone*. She hesitates. If I could be of any assistance—I hesitate. It's a very warm day. I wish I had bought a new pair of gloves. I fancy my boots, too, are defective.) . . . Ah! . . . Odd! I am sighing . . . what does this mean? It would make a subject for an Essay "On Unexplained Sighs—their Origin and Probable Meaning". . . (She looks round as though she were afraid of crossing alone, and were expecting some one—me?—to help her. . . . Heavens! what an unchivalric age we live in! . . .) it is a very warm day . . . yet I regret not having on light gloves, bright boots, and a new hat. . . .

Again she looks round, nervously, beseechingly . . . I wonder if she is a cousin? . . . Shall I flourish my stick, wave back the cabs, carts, and omnibuses, and take her under my protection across the road . . . Shall I? . . . One can never lose by politeness—and this is the merest elementary duty . . . I settle myself, as it were, to my work . . . Take a pull at my gloves, arrange my hat (which has somehow got to the back of my head), give a gymnastic dig at my tie (which has somehow "rucked up"), and make one step towards . . .

"I'm sorry you so long waiting to have keep," says a light-haired, fluffy-looking man, of apparently German extraction, stepping out of the *restaurant's*. (How on earth such a pretty English girl could have chosen such a plain, stupid-looking foreigner—with blue spectacles, too! . . . But one never can have any sympathy with the man on these occasions) . . . and she

seems pleased to see him, and smiles. . . . (I do not think she is a cousin of mine . . .) Let me see, what was the subject of my meditation when this distraction intervened? . . .

"Hullo!" cries a jovial voice, which is accompanied by a hearty slap on my back—so hearty, in fact, that it nearly precipitates me into the gutter—"what's the matter with you? You look as melancholy as if you were manufacturing a joke, or had just swallowed a doubtful oyster.

It is my amiable musical friend, KEPPEL BIRKETT, who is speaking. The German and the Young Lady have not yet crossed: she overhears KEPPEL (I am sure of it), and is amused.

"I haven't seen you for an age," KEPPEL continues most heartily. "Why, you're getting quite stout." (That's the worst of people who profess "not to have seen you for an age"—they invariably feel themselves at liberty to study your personal appearance, and to express themselves with great freedom, and without any consideration for yourself, or for the *entourage* at the moment.) "And," he adds, you're getting quite grey—so am I." (He throws in "so am I" just to soften it down a little. But the *jeune et belle étrangère* is smiling, and the German blue-spectacled idiot too. Bah! I'll turn my back on them both contemptuously.)

KEPPEL is still going on, laughingly, to me,—

"Well, we're getting old together. Everyone's getting old—at least, everyone's about the same age now. We're all getting stout and grey and bald. Ha! ha! ha! Come in and lunch."

With pleasure. But I can't stop long, I tell him, because I want to go and find some one who can tell me all about Ireland.

"All about Ireland!" exclaims KEPPEL, opening his eyes. "Why, you've come to the right person. And are you going to the dear old country?"

"I am," I reply; "but why do you call it the dear old country?"

"Because," he answers, "I'm so fond of it."

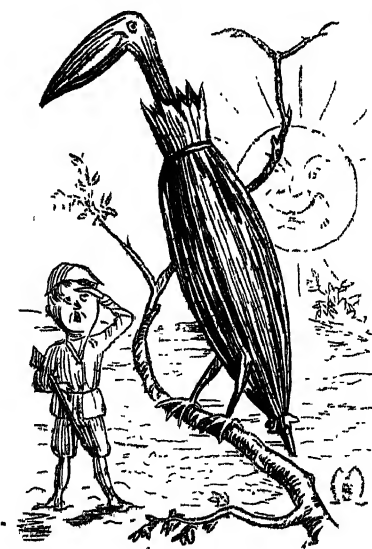
"But," I object, "you're not an Irishman, and you don't live in Ireland?"

"No," he says, "I live in Wales, and I'm a Scotchman. But what of that? Wasn't St. Patrick himself a Scotchman? Of course. Come in and have lunch, and I'll tell you all about it."

Happy Thought.—Met a Scotchman, who lives in Wales, who calls Ireland the "dear old country," and who will tell me "all about it." If I hadn't stood on the kerb by the lamp-post, lost in thought about what I ought to have said on various occasions, the probabilities are I should not have met with KEPPEL BIRKETT. *Allons! lunchons!*

MRS. GAMP ON THE GUSH.

Being a Confidential Communication from Sairey to her Friend, Mrs. Harris, concerning a Late Loyal Deliverance of the former Lady's.



ES, my dear, they are down on me dreadful, them Radicals, drabbit their spite!

Jest because I invoked our Sweet Prince in a way as was kind and polite.

As I own I'd been drinking his health, bless his heart, in good gunpowder green, And a Germany Band, jest below, was a playing up "God Save the Queen."

Which, what with the tea and the tune, and the thoughts of that lovely Review,

I felt so warmed up that my pen like a prose-spurning Peggysus flew, And promiscuously dropped into poetry—ah! and jest wasn't it fine?

Not sech stuff as them *Tele-graft* spouters reels off at a penny the line.

No, when I does pile it up lofty, P. COURT isn't nowhere, my dear; But the way as they chivies your SAIREY is shameful, as well you're aware,

Which loyalty isn't their line, and in course they dislikes it in me, But their nasty mean venomous malice shan't make a sour Dilke of S. G.

Which "shudder" I did, and no wonder, as where's the lone woman would not?

At the thought of that dear plucky Prince being swallowed or poisoned or shot;

Which thousands of bullets and daggers, and millions of tigers and snakes, Is things they may laugh at as likes, but they gives your friend SAIREY the shakes.

When I 'eard he was going to Ingy among them black barbarous hordes,

The fright as it giv' me was sech as is not to be put into words.

And oh! when I read of his prowess—sweet Palading!—sticking them pigs,

Why aspings is not to be mentioned for shivers, nor likeways earwigs.

(Which earwigs, my dear, as you know, always gives me the shudders that bad!)

But when he got back to his "younglings" (that's "kids," dear) jest wasn't I glad?

And because, while a-gazing with awe on the face of our Sun and our hope,

I bust into song, the Rads cheeks me, a-singing out "Treacle!" and "Soap!"

Soap, indeed! Drat their imperent spite! which they wants it themselves, for the sands

They would only be 'appy to lift 'gainst my Prince, as I quite understands.

But the "Presence" and "Prowess" that braved, as it might be, a "Zoo" all let loose,

Won't take fright at the bray of a donkey, nor pale at the 'iss of a goose.

Consequently why should I care for their vulgar and venomous jeers,

Concerning my words on the Prince, and the Fleet, and them sweet Volunteers.

Which adjectives fails, MRS. ARBIS, and poetry-werses is weak, To express what I felt in my 'art, and so warmly endeavoured to speak.

But I think I'm a little bit low,—which my BENJAMIN isn't tookind,—As is why, dear, I now writes to you. Won't I give 'em a bit of my mind?

But if only my Gingham may cover my Prince like Akilles's shield, Why the wounds as them wipers as left in my bussum will quickly be 'ealed.

LACONICS FOR THE LANGUID.

A Dialogue overheard on the "Sweet Shady" (?) side of Pall Mall. (Thermometer 90° in the shade.)

Enter SMITH and BROWN, a pair of perspiring pedestrians, agonising in regulation rig.

Brown (languidly). How do, SMITH? Weather extremely torrid!

Smith (limply). Horrid!

Brown (mopping). Not much news? No brightening in the City!

Smith (ditto). Pity!

Brown (gaspng). Same old game. No business, lots of money!

Smith (puffng). Funny!

Brown (unbuttonng). What do you make of DERRY's "minimising"?

Smith (shirking). S'prising!

Brown (unroofng). Like the look of prospects out in Turkey?

Smith (fanning). Murky!

Brown (yawning). Contradictory telegrams quite trying.

Smith (emphatically). Lying!

Brown (fervently). Hang this heat! Wish South Sea *modes* were lawful!

Smith (sympathisingly). Awful!

Brown (wistfully). Prince might start some cooler style of dressing.

Smith (more so). Blessing!

Brown (tentatively). India must have given him some "notions"?

Smith (confidently). Oceans!

Brown (eyeing coat disparagingly). Broadcloth in the Dog-Days! Simply smother!

Smith (expressively). Bother!

Brown (plaintively). Look at muslin! We're worse off than Ladies!

Smith (comprehensively). Hades!

Brown (rebuttonng). Wish some one would quash this full-dress folly.

Smith (ditto). Jolly!

Brown (rapidly). Envy NARES's lot among the ice.

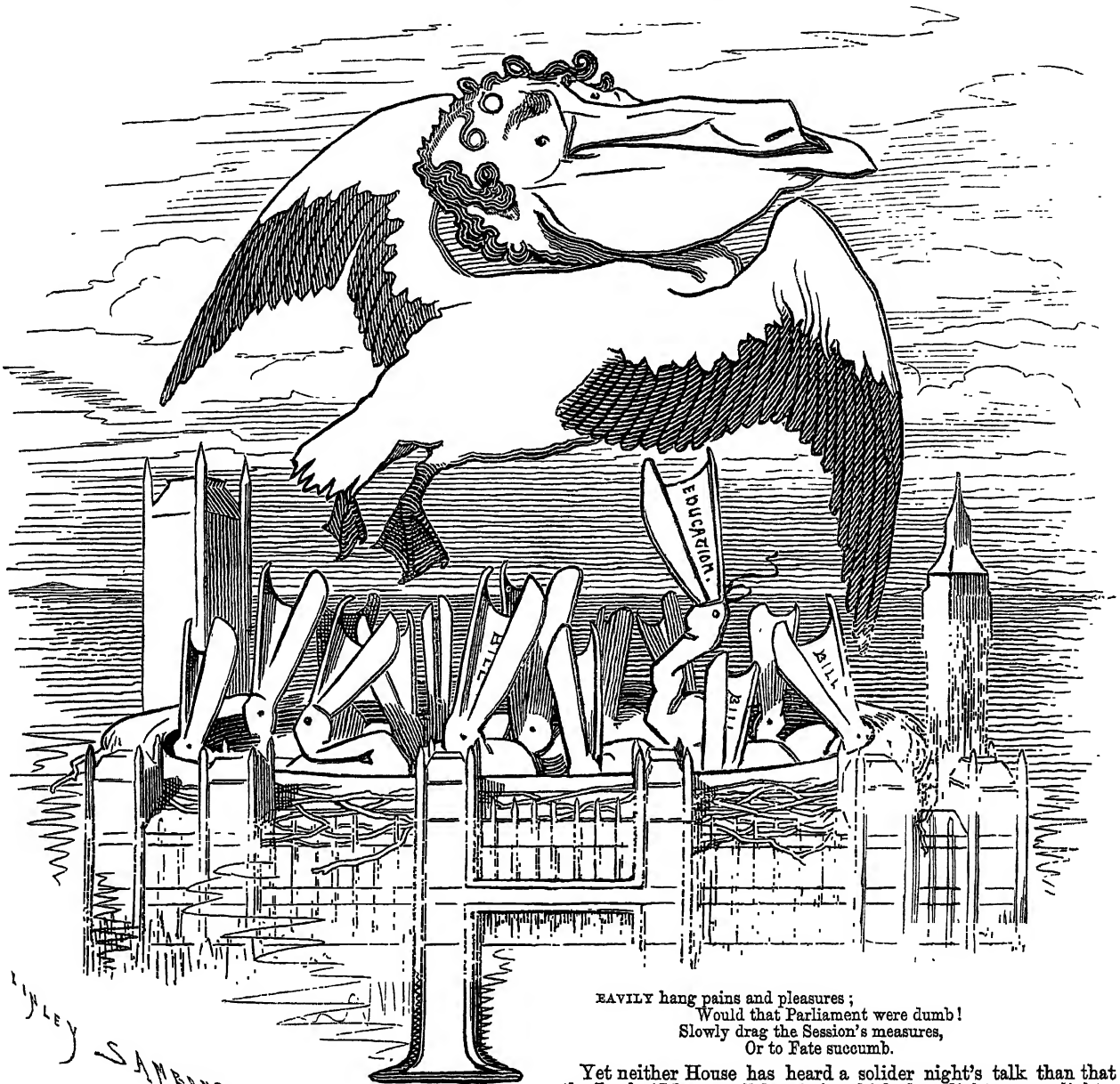
Smith (ecstatically). Nice!

Brown (desperately). Well, ta! ta! Can't walk. A "Growler"—quicker.

Smith (with sudden gleam of animation). Liquor?

[Carried nem. con. Left drinking.]

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HEAVILY hang pains and pleasures;
Would that Parliament were dumb!
Slowly drag the Session's measures,
Or to Fate succumb.

Yet neither House has heard a solid night's talk than that of the Lords (*Monday, July 24*), in which three lights, or ex-lights, of the Foreign Office were turned on to the question of Extradition, now darkened with much dispatching, under the Treaty at present unhappily suspended between JOHN and JONATHAN.

The question lies in a nutshell. Is JOHN—having caught one of JONATHAN's gaol-birds, and handed him over to JONATHAN under terms of an Extradition Treaty, on such evidence as would warrant his committal for trial here—bound to bind JONATHAN over not to try his gaol-bird-in-hand, now he *has* got him, on any but the charge on which JOHN handed him over? "Yes," maintains LORD DERBY. "No," argues SECRETARY FISH. And LORDS GRANVILLE, KIMBERLEY, HAMOND, COLERIDGE, and GREY—great lights, diplomatic and legal—say something very like ditto to MR. FISH. So does *Punch*, under stress of common sense as well as argument. First catch your rogue; but leave the Cooks at home to dress him. The right of political sanctuary once secured, every rogue arrested is a good riddance of bad rubbish to be thankful for, and there an end.

BRITANNIA does not bear her ægis to shelter gaol-birds. The sooner the rogue-net is re-set between JOHN and JONATHAN the better. LORD DERBY must feel by this time that he has been needlessly solicitous about rascaldom. "Give and take" should be the standing rule between us and our American Cousin in all things, most of all in the case of each other's law-breakers. BRITANNIA keeps a political, not a criminal, asylum. That *must* be a bad construction of law or treaty which turns the one into the other. The restoration of the criminal-catcher is henceforth only a question of time and terms. The sooner MR. PIERREPOINT and LORD DERBY set about it the better. While honest men remain fallen out, thieves are coming by what is not their own. Who knows but the theft of the "*Duchess*" may be due to the suspended Extradition Treaty?

(*Commons*.)—MR. E. JENKINS, having asked MR. DISRAELI an ill-judged question, MR. DISRAELI gave MR. E. JENKINS an uncivil answer. Both are to be regretted, but MR. DISRAELI ought to have known better. His reputation for courtesy and good breeding is worth more than the turning of the laugh against MR. E. JENKINS.

On Education Bill—another night added to the two already wasted in stirring the fires of polemic strife with PELL's poker.

"Your Clause I don't like, MR. PELL,
The reason why I'm free to tell:

LORD SANDON's Bill was going well
Till your Clause marred it, MR. PELL."

PELL asks powers to dissolve School-Boards by local vote. The Government has, ill-advisedly, accepted the clause, and avowed its preference for Voluntary over Compulsory Educational Machinery, for Schools over School-Boards, for the system as it was before 1870 to the system 1870 established. Now, apart from the merits of the matter in dispute, there is nothing England dislikes and distrusts so much as harking back in legislation. "*Litera scripta manet*" and "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" are among her favourite mottoes. Even when she doubts the wisdom of the step taken, she feels there may be more mischief in retracing than in sticking to it. Much more when she has no such doubt. 1870 settled too many burning questions, to have their ashes now relighted by the Pellian firebrand. Unluckily, LORD SANDON has thrust that incendiary instrument into his Bill, and thereby wasted a week, set the Opposition in a blaze, and brought about two explosions of MR. BRIGHT'S Nonconformist dynamite, which, dangerous at all times, seems fraught with ten-fold power in the present state of the weather. As if the House hadn't been hot enough for the last fortnight, without these smouldering fires of Church and Dissent being blown up again!

LORD SANDON seems to have seen his error, and to have done all he could to allay the conflagration, by such wet blankets as MR. DODSON'S Amendment (that there should be no dissolution of a School-Board without the sanction of the Education Department), and so forth. But, the spark had been set to the dry wood. BRIGHT blazed forth. A. MILLS kindled his Church Beacon on the other side. The Fiery Cross was sent round to summon the champions of the Church. SIR JOHN KENNAWAY and MR. STORER struck into the *mêlée* to the slogan of "Church-School and Catechism"; while LOWE and PLAYFAIR, MUNDELLA and DODSON, BRISTOWE and JAMES, JACOB BRIGHT and WHALLEY, charged to the cry of "School-Board and no Creeds."

"*Aurora prælum diremit.*"—The House rising at ten minutes to three, after one of the hottest nights of the season in every sense. "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette Pell-ère!*"

Tuesday (Commons).—Morning Sitting. The fire kindled by the pestilent Pell-Clause still raging.

MR. FORSTER moved to exempt from the operation of the clause School-Boards compulsorily formed.

Hot passages of arms between MR. MUNDELLA and LORD SANDON, and LORD SANDON and the veteran ROEBUCK.

LORD SANDON accepted an amendment requiring a vote of three-fourths of the ratepayers for dissolution.

MR. SHAW LEEFEBRE moved to limit application for dissolution to within three months of the expiry of School-Boards, that is, to once in three years.

The Chairman left the Chair at seven. The super-heated House had not cooled down for the transaction of business by nine, and was Counted Out.

The waste of that night, too, may be scored to PELL.

Wednesday.—Two Bills for Second Reading. One a Burial Place Bill of MR. TALBOT'S, which had, with singular infelicity, combined in opposition the paladins of Church and Chapel, BERESFORD HOPE and OSBORNE MORGAN, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and MR. RAMSAY; the other a bold Bill of MR. E. ASHLEY'S, for allowing accused persons to give evidence in their own cases, which MR. ROWELL described as a return to the dark ages—but which seems to *Punch* to tend in the direction of more light rather than more darkness.

MR. SERJEANT SIMON, SIR T. CHAMBERS, MR. KNATCHBULL HUGGESSON, SIR E. WILMOT, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL united in opposing MR. ASHLEY'S innovation. RECORDER RUSSELL GURNEY was equally emphatic, and, as it seems to *Punch*, more reasonable, in recommending it. Lawyers differ as yet. The time may come when the weight of even legal opinion shall be as decidedly on MR. ASHLEY'S side as it now seems against him. And yet if there were a "balance of opinion," as there is, nominally at least, a "balance of power," query, which of Wednesday's testimonies—that for MR. ASHLEY, or those against him—would kick the beam?

Thursday (Lords).—The only thing that occurs to us, in the present state of the weather, is that the "*Nullum Tempus Bill*"—whatever that may be—went through Third Reading in no time.

(Commons.)—SIR H. WOLFF asked the PRIME MINISTER whether he had reason to think the Servian plans had failed, and that the time had come for a Congress on the Eastern Question?

MR. DISRAELI, not knowing what the Servian plans were, could not say if they had failed. As for the rest of the question, the Eastern Question was about to be discussed in the House, and he would prefer to keep his powder for that.

After a desultory talk about the business, the Bills blocked, and the questions hung up—MR. DISRAELI declaring he would and could settle nothing till the Education Bill was got out of the way; and a laugh raised by a fervent wish of MR. WARD HUNT'S, in answer to an interrogatory from MR. GOSCHEN, that he saw his way to the end either of the Session or of the inquiry into the explosion aboard the *Thunderer*—the House went again into the Education row, pell-mell.

LORD SANDON showed his readiness to take advantage of all the buffers offered him, by accepting MR. SHAW LEEFEBRE'S Amendment of Wednesday.

Then MR. BRIGHT made the most furious onslaught this Session has seen on the Bill and the Church Party, reopening every old Nonconformist raw, and pouring oil of vitriol on the stormy waters of the Debate. He moved that whenever a School-Board was dissolved, the local authority shall have all its Powers under the Act of 1870. LORD SANDON declined to introduce new elements of polemic strife into Boards of Guardians and Town Councils, but showed good taste in declining to take up any of the shower of gauntlets flung down by MR. BRIGHT.

At last, after a hot fire *pro* and *con.*, MR. BRIGHT'S Amendment was rejected by 120 to 63, and MR. PELL'S Amendment was voted part of the Bill by 123 to 81. LORD SANDON'S dwindling majorities should teach him and his prompters what the more sensible section of his supporters think of the policy of reopening closed strifes.

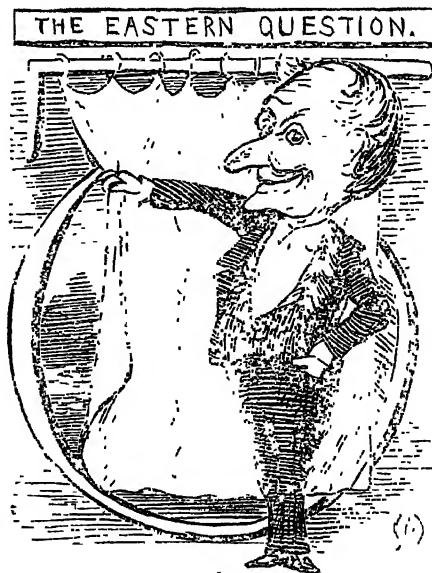
The same lesson was read to MR. HALL—who tried to enforce provision by School-Boards for the religious instruction of children if their parents desire it, and as they desire it—by a Division of 190 to 96. But the House has not yet reached the end of the Bill; and till it is got rid of, no other business can be done. And here we are within a fortnight of the Parliamentary Last Day!

Friday (Commons).—Morning Sitting for Education fight. Great cry, and little wool. The House agreed to sit on Saturday, to clear the road for the Eastern Question on Monday.

Discussion of the riots in Barbadoes. GOVERNOR HENESSEY acquitted of aught worse than indiscretion in promising too much good from Confederation. On the whole, the Governor comes out of the mess with less discredit than the planters.

THE WAR.

(From Our Special Correspondent. Belgrade, July 27.)



HERE has been a great battle, but as it is not yet known when, between whom, and with what result it has been fought, I delay sending particulars.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

CONSTANTINOPLE,
July 25.

It is officially announced that the Turkish Army, under BUNKUM PASHA, have achieved a glorious victory over the Servians in the neighbourhood of Tehsantiza. The Servians, who were under the command of GENERAL VVWZTKS, numbered 40,000, and

had twenty cannon. After a long day's fight, in which the Turks accomplished prodigies of valour, the Servians were compelled to evacuate all their positions. They left 20,000 dead on the field, 15,000 of them were taken prisoners, and the rest of the 40,000 are now in full flight. BUNKUM PASHA took eighty cannon, and is confident of capturing the remainder. The Turkish loss is but slight; and it is generally considered that the war is virtually over.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

RAGUSA, July 28.

COLONEL KNITISKWI is marching on Scutskloklies. This is important, and may be decisive. The movement is creating much excitement.

{ (From Our Special Correspondent.)

BELGRADE, July 29.

I MENTIONED in my last telegram that a great battle had been fought, and I am now in a position to give you all particulars. On July 26th the Servians, 5000 strong, under GENERAL VVWZTKS, attacked the strong position which the Turks held at Tehsantiza. After two days' incessant fighting, the fortunes of war inclined to GENERAL VVWZTKS, and the Turks were beaten along the whole line. This virtually finishes the war.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

VIENNA, July 30.

You must not believe any telegrams sent you from Belgrade, or indeed from any place except here. The stories about sanguinary engagements are all false. As a matter of fact there has been no fighting at all yet. Rely upon me, as soon as there is a battle, to send you full and truthful particulars.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

ODESSA, July 29.

GENERAL KLIKLTZ has been recalled. Owing to the deplorable ignorance of the natives of this town, I am at present unable to tell you who the General is, where he has been recalled from, why he has been recalled, who has recalled him, and what is going to be done to him.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, July 31.

BERLIN is the only place where any trustworthy information can be obtained from the seat of war. Constantinople, in particular, is a hot-bed of lies. There has been much severe fighting, but with no important results. Rely upon me for early news.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, August 1.

THE Turks have won another great victory. This is official.

Hopes are loudly expressed here that your Correspondent at Belgrade may have been hanged.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BELGRADE, August 1.

THE Servians have totally defeated the Turkish army. There was much rejoicing here last night when it was announced that your Constantinople Correspondent had been shot.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

VIENNA, August 1.

I EMPLORE you to put no faith in any telegrams but those I send you. There has been no fighting at all.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

BERLIN, August 1.

It is worse than useless to print anything except my contributions. There has been more severe fighting. This is true.

To Our Special Correspondents.

PUNCH OFFICE, August 2.

COME home at once. I can't understand a word of what you are sending me. You contradict each other all round, and I can't make out your names, places, or dates. I believe you are all at Margate. But wherever you are, you had better come home. Rely upon one thing—no more remittances will be sent.

HOW TO KEEP COOL IN HOT WEATHER.



NEVER read a notice of your last novel written by an Anonymous Friend, or, if you are warm you will become warmer.

Take no notice of any number of cards from those "very particular people," Mr. and Mrs. PERCY PLANTAGENET SMITH, and forget all about their last invitation to a "small and early." Greet them afterwards from the knife-board of an omnibus, and you will find their reception of your salutation remarkably cool even for August.

On no account have a *carte de visite* taken of yourself for the girl of your heart. Anxiety and a thing screwed tightly into the back of your head during the process, will

rapidly raise your blood to something like fever heat.

Don't be led into a discussion about the Eastern Question with an Irishman who can see no difference between the cruelties of the Turks in Bulgaria, and the brutalities of the English in the Emerald Isle.

Don't argue about the Mobilisation Scheme with a Militia Subaltern, the construction of Ironclads with a Recruit belonging to the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, and the Prisons Bill with a Deputy-Lieutenant of this year's appointment.

MOBILISATION.

"E pur non muove."

THE publication of the following opinions anent the "Mobilisation Experiment" requires no apology.

Lieut.-General Sir Stock Dunderhead, G.C.B. (Ensign's Commission dated 1817).—Stuff and nonsense, Sir! Bringing a lot of men together, Sir—what for, Sir, what for? To show 'em where to go in case of an invasion! Stuff and nonsense, Sir! In case of an invasion the proper place for the British Army, Sir, would be in front of the Enemy. English Soldiers don't want to be taught that, Sir! The march of science, indeed! Stuff and nonsense, Sir, what we did sixty years ago, we can do again, Sir. The Duke, Sir, never wanted a Mobilisation scheme, Sir, nor do I. And now pass the port, Sir.

Major-General Sir Blotting Paper, K.C.B. (of the Intelligence Department, W. O.).—A perfect success, reflecting the greatest credit

upon everybody concerned. I feel sure that were our shores to be invaded we now could put every man in his proper place in comparatively no time. All we should want would be a few more horses, a few more men, and the means of transport. I consider that my Department has honestly earned the hearty praise it is waiting to receive. The work has been something enormous, ever since we received instructions (in the Spring) about the proposed proceedings. After the late experiment I may say that in the event of a descent upon our shores being attempted, we could get Infantry, Cavalry, and Reserves, into their appointed district, with six months' notice from the Enemy.

Colonel Martin Henry (of the Regulars).—May do the men some good. Gets them under canvas, and accustoms them to travelling in heavy marching order. Awful bore for the Officers—double duty and a bad mess. On the whole, can't exactly see what harm it can do; on the other hand, can't find out what's the good of it. Well, it amuses the War Office and the Public, and doesn't hurt us, and so we needn't complain. And now, Mr. President, shall we go into the ante-room?

Colonel Browne Bess (of the Militia).—The worst thing in the world, Sir, for us. Whenever they take us from our head-quarters, our recruiting is thrown back for years. The men learn nothing. Remember we are only out twenty-seven days. Allow for three Sundays, four half-holidays, two days for giving out the clothing, two days for paying off and taking the uniforms into store, the inspection, and say three wet days, and the twenty-seven are reduced to a miserable fortnight. We want every hour of those fourteen days, and "the Mobilisation Experiment" robs us of nearly all of them. It's a great pity, Sir, they don't leave us alone.

Trooper Wurzel (of the Yeomanry).—Ha! ha! ha! As if we were going to take our horses to be half starved and quite worked to death. We said we wouldn't go, and didn't. The "Experiment" has only proved that where there's a will there isn't a way. Mobilisation won't move us. Ha! ha! ha!

Captain Lounge (of the —th Hussars, Clubs, Rag, Junior, Naval and Military, and the Raleigh).—Not quite the thing, you know, for a noble sportsman. Taking a lot of warriors away from town in the height of the season, and sticking them in a horrid hole without food and water, is scarcely the way to promote chirpiness. Tell you what, old man, if they try it on again, I shall send in my papers, and go in for a flutter in the wine-trade. Waiter! A split brandy-and-soda and the cigar-box.

Lieutenant Read (Head in the Civil Service Examination).—I have considered the matter very carefully, and have commenced a pamphlet upon the subject, which would have been finished by this time had I not been ordered a course of position-drill by my commanding officer.

Messrs. Counter and Till (Tradesmen, Horsham, also at Cheltenham).—A very good idea, indeed. But mind you, it's not a bit of good if you knock the Soldiers about. Let them get well accustomed to any two places. You've begun with Horsham and Cheltenham. Then stick to Horsham and Cheltenham. Not that we are interested in the matter. When all's said and done, our takings during the Experiment wasn't much more than about five times as much as usual.

Mr. Punch (Adviser-General to the British Public, Greatest Sage of this or any other Age, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.).—For a first attempt not so very bad. No transport and far too much notice. To sum up, the Mobilisation of the Army would have been eminently successful if the Soldiers had only been able—to move!



A GENERIC DIFFERENCE.

First Schoolgirl (Sweet Eighteen). "I AM SO TIRED OF WALKING ALONG BY TWOS AND TWOS IN THIS WAY! IT'S AS BAD AS THE ANIMALS GOING INTO THE ARK!"

Second Ditto (ditto ditto). "WORSE! HALF OF THEM WERE MASCULINE!"

HINTS ON DIET DURING HOT WEATHER.

(Compiled from Various Authorities in the Medical Press.)

DURING the prevalence of hot weather:—

1. Meat should be eschewed.
2. Fish should be looked upon with suspicion, if not dispensed with altogether.
3. Poultry contains but little nourishment, decomposes rapidly, and cannot be recommended.
4. For health, Tinned Provisions are out of the question.
5. The excessive fermentation of Bread in hot weather renders it indigestible and unwholesome.
6. The sometimes fatal effect of stale Vegetables, and the difficulty inexperienced cooks have in detecting the stale condition, render the use of Green Vegetables, particularly, extremely risky.
7. Fruit, unless at first hand, is so much poison.
8. Pastry of all kinds impedes the digestion, and throws the internal machinery out of gear.
9. Recent revelations with regard to Milk will caution all persons against its use, even when direct from the Cow that imbibes sewage water. The same remark may apply to Butter.
10. Pilchards and Sardines contain so much doubtful oil of their own, and that which surrounds them is too often so doubtful also, that it is impossible to advise their use.
11. Many a constitution has been sacrificed to Made Dishes.
12. Of Eggs, unless laid on the premises, the less said the better.

And now with regard to drinks and stimulants in hot weather:—

1. Those who drink adulterated Tea, Coffee, &c., know the risks they run. No stomach can stand them long at any time.
2. Two-thirds of the trash known as "Aerated Waters" contain nothing but a little impure gas pumped into impure water.
3. Ordinary Water should undergo two or three processes before it is fit to drink.

4. With regard to Ice, it is to be feared that a large proportion of it is derived from horse-ponds.

5. Wines within the reach of ordinary incomes only have the effect of over-heating the system, and producing lamentable results.

6. Weak Whiskey-and-water might be recommended, were it not for the deadly fusil oil contained in most Whiskeys.

7. To drink the best Pale Brandy implies the millionaire. Among Brandy of the ordinary class, Brown Brandy has been considered least, but only least, injurious.

8. Gin is always debilitating, and sometimes actually poisonous.

It is *Mr. Punch's* painful duty to inform the Public that, as a consequence of compiling the above "Hints," *Mr. Punch's* Nervous Contributor has been endeavouring to sustain life on Brown Brandy and Bloaters. The result is scarcely satisfactory.

VERY SERIOUS SHAMMING.

WHAT have MR. ROUTLIDGE and MR. BOOTH to say to this (from the *Yorkshire Post* of July 21)?—

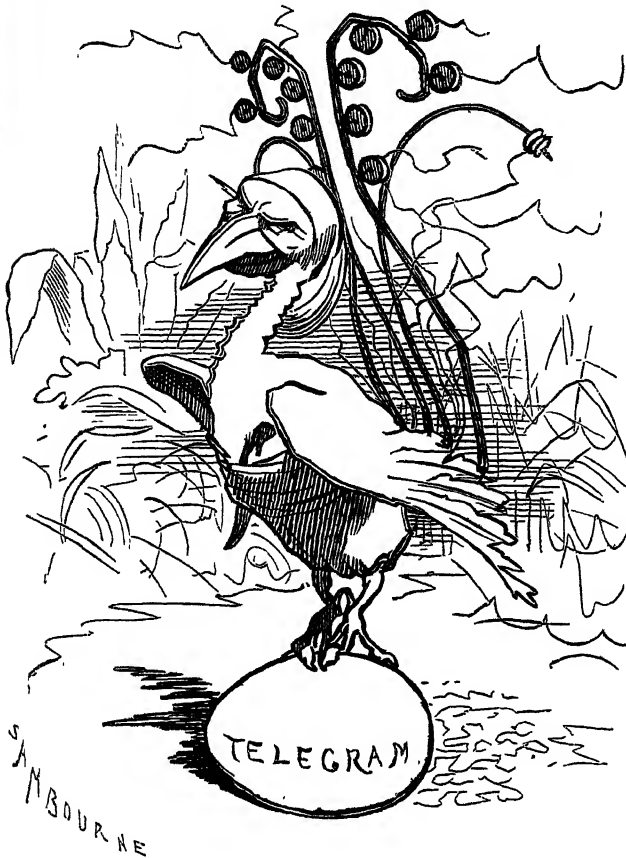
"A DYING PRISONER REFUSED MEDICAL AID.—At the Borough Court on Wednesday—before MR. J. ROUTLIDGE and MR. W. BOOTH—a poor, dejected-looking creature, who gave the name of PATRICK DALY, and described himself as being a bricklayer, was charged with having been found drunk in the Market Place at Pontefract, on the night of Tuesday. The poor fellow was apparently suffering great pain, and begged the Bench to allow him to be taken into the Union House and seen by a Doctor. This request, which was over and over again asked at the hands of the Bench, was disregarded. * * * As he was being removed in a sinking condition from the court the same request was most pitifully made, but the poor man was informed he could see a Doctor on reaching Wakefield. He was conveyed there, and while proceeding through the streets he died at the feet of the police-officer who had apprehended him, and was conveying him to the House of Correction."

The promise of the Bench will not be broken. Poor PAT DALY has seen a Doctor—or rather a Doctor has seen him—at Wakefield, for *post-mortem* examination.



NEUTRALITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

DIZZY. "BULGARIAN ATROCITIES! I CAN'T FIND THEM IN THE 'OFFICIAL REPORTS'!!!"



"THE LIAR BIRD."

RECENTLY OBSERVED IN GREAT NUMBERS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

On the Way to Ireland—Lunch—Information—A Genuine Start, or very near it.

WE lunch—KEPPEL BIRKETT, and myself. BIRKETT is enthusiastic about Ireland. "Ah!" he exclaims, "the dear old country! I envy you. I wish I were going with you."

I press him to come. He considers before replying; then he asks me the day of the month; then he frowns, and appears to be "thinking it out." Presently he shakes his head, and says, regretfully, "I'm afraid I can't."

KEPPEL BIRKETT never says "No." decidedly. I do not believe that "No" is in his vocabulary. As a rule, he means "No," but he doesn't like to say it all at once. My belief about KEPPEL is, that were I to meet him, and say, "My dear KEPPEL, I'm off to Timbuctoo to-morrow," he would immediately reply, "Timbuctoo! dear old Timbuctoo!" (*Happy Thought.*—What a beautiful name for an Irishman—TIM BUCKTOO! Note this under the letter "N"—Nomenclature—for *Typical Developments*, Vol. , Book , Chap. .) And then he would probably go on to say, "Ah! many's the pleasant day I've had in Timbuctoo!" Whereupon he would (I am sure) be eloquently silent for a few moments, while his manner generally would lead his hearers to imagine that he was recalling such romantic details of his life in Timbuctoo as it would be a breach of confidence on his part to mention, even to his dearest friend. If I then changed the scheme, and observed, "I beg your pardon—I didn't mean Timbuctoo, I meant Japan—I'm off to Japan to-morrow," he would be sure, after a pause, to reply, with quite another expression of countenance, conveying the idea that his reminiscences connected with Japan had rather more of a comic than a romantic side.—"Ah! dear old Japan! Ah!"—with a laugh, as though, if he liked, he could tell me something about his personal adventures in Japan, that would amuse me intensely.—"Ah! Japan! It's a charming place, if you only get hold of the right people. You must know the MIKADO—a dear old boy—and old HANIN YOKO, who's immense fun—full of anecdote!" Then he would fall into a reverie, waiting to be drawn out by a process of further questioning.

However, it not being a question of Timbuctoo or Japan, but of Ireland, he confines himself to the subject in hand. He can't go

himself, but he can give all the information, and the introductions, which will be of the greatest possible service to me. He has all sorts of out-of-the-way things for me to do; and I listen eagerly.

"What line of country shall I take?" I ask, note-book in hand, and expecting to be furnished with a detailed plan of travel, which shall include lakes, mountains, waterfalls, wonderful rocks, &c.

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. You mustn't miss a breakfast at the Zoo—near the monkey-house. Charming! Such a set of good fellows! Such wit! such stories! such—" here, being quite at a loss for words to express his admiration of these Zoological Fellows, he finishes by nodding at me heartily, exclaiming, "Ah! Quite a thing to see!"

I note down "*Monkey-house*"—"Breakfast"—"*Zoo*"—"Fellows!" and he proceeds:—

"Then you must go up to the Monastery in the Hills—"

I note down "*Monastery in the Hills*," and ask him "What name?"

He doesn't remember the name at that moment, but he'll give me an introduction to some of the members of the Club—"the best fellows in the world!"—(all KEPPEL's friends are "the best fellows in the world!") "And," he continues, "you'll have a real treat. You'll meet the Doctor, and CRUMP—d'ye know CRUMP? He's a Parson—ah! you must know him—full of songs and the raciest stories! You mustn't expect anything big in the way of dinner; you'll only get roast and boiled there; and the Monks do it. It's grand!"

"To what Order," I ask, "do these Monks belong?"

I am deeply interested, for it sounds mediæval and picturesque; only, I never heard of an Order of "Cooking Monks," who served Club dinners for the delectation of a Doctor and a singing Parson.

He doesn't remember exactly to what Order. "But," he goes on, "there they are in the grounds, in their grey or brown habits—quite takes you back to the old days." He says this as if he had a distinct and vivid recollection of the "old days," and deeply regretted them; implying thereby that his *première jeunesse* must have been about four hundred years ago. "You'll have," he continues, "a first-rate dinner; first-rate conversation, songs and whiskey afterwards—such songs!—such whiskey!"—and KEPPEL lifts up his eyes to Heaven, as though in grateful remembrance of a sip of nectar, and smacks his lips. Then he returns to earth—"and a drive home on a car!—first-rate! There are only two Monks left now—dear old boys!"

Only two Monks left! I suppose the work for the Club was too much for them; but I note down, "*Two Monks*," "*In the Hills*," "*Dinner*," "*Drive Home*." Then I ask him, "What else?" as this, though delightful as far as it goes, doesn't seem to me to absolutely exhaust a visit to Ireland.

He considers. "Ah!" he exclaims, as if suddenly recalling scenes of the brightest description, "You mustn't miss a lecture at Trinity College; you can go in free, and hear just as much as you like. You ought to do that. Then—let me see—ah!—you must visit the National Schools: wonderful sight! I'll give you an introduction to Old Thingummy—I've got his name at home—the Secretary—oh, the best fellow in the world!" I note down hurriedly, so as not to lose a word of his valuable instruction (as something must come out of it at last), "*National Schools—Sec. best fellow in the world*." Then I look up, inquiringly, for more.

"Of course," he says, "you'll go to the Phoenix—you should go when there's something 'on'; but that you'll find out. At least I'll give you a line to DR. MACSALVER. Ah, you'll like him immensely!" Here he becomes enthusiastic. "He's the best, the kindest, the warmest-hearted old boy that ever lived!"

I note down, "*DR. MACSALVER—best, kindest—ever lived*."

Happy Thought.—What's his address?

Ah! that, KEPPEL can't recollect at the moment, but he has it at home, and will write to the kindest and best of men immediately he gets back to his rooms, to say that I'm coming.

I thank him heartily. But still I want to know, though I do not like to interrupt him in his flow of information, "How about my line of country?"

"Oh," he says, as if this were a mere matter of course, "you'll go to Bray, and the Wicklow Mountains, and see all that."

I note down, for my itinerary, "*Bray—Wicklow Mountains—and all that*."

"And," continues KEPPEL, "I'll give you an introduction to FATHER TOM."

"Will you?" I exclaim. I am now really delighted. This does sound something like Irish life. It conjures up the *Colleen Bawn* scene, *Eily O'Connor*, *Miles*, and *Father Tom* brewing the whiskey and singing "*Grammachree ma Cruiskeen Lawn*." Not to mention "*Phiz*'s" illustrations to *Charles O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton*, *Harry Lorrequer*, from which delightful works by the late CHARLES LEVER my present store of knowledge of Ireland is principally derived. "Ah," says KEPPEL, "you'll be enchanted with him. Such wit! such spirits! such— but, upon my soul, I envy you your trip."

Happy Thought.—I am going to Ireland to see FATHER TOM. I should also like an introduction to *Mies-na-Coppaleen*, the *Colleen Bawn*, and a few others of the same sort.



BETTER THAN BEATING HER!

Artisan (who has been "catching it" from his "Missis"). "LOOK HERE, 'LIZA! STOPS TEETH MODERATE!"—(With a placable nudge).—"WONDER WHAT HE'D STOP YOUR 'JAW' FOR!" [Storm clears off.]

HARD LINES AT LORD'S.

Much bethumped Cricket-Ball loquitur.

NOTHING like leather? That might have been said Once, when a bowler could "bowl with his head." Now,—ah go to! Who would echo the cry, Who had had such an afternoon's thwacking as I? Just the old story, "the bowling quite collared." "Fours" thick as blackberries. Lor! how they hollared—
Noodles, whose new-fangled notion of Cricket Is score of two hundred and never a wicket! "Hit, Sir!"—oh hang it! Would each empty head That howled that had felt THORNTON'S "slogs" in my stead.
Cricket? Absurd! I've about as much share In the fun of the game as—in hunting—the hare. Mainly along o' those GRACES. Good gracious! Four hundred, not out! It is simply audacious. Cricket, with WALKER, WEBBE, LITTLETON, YARDLEY, All in three figures or thereabout! Hardly! Oh for a CLARKE or two! Bounceable Bat Then might experience sweet tit-for-tat.
SHAW, Sir? Ah, pshaw! We are wanting, and sorely, Trundlers more killing than he, HILL, or MORLEY. I am neglected, quite down in the dumps: Scarce get a chance at those stuckup stumps. Every young duffer must go in for slogging, Blind to the glory of artfully fogging Cracks with a curly one. Spoiling the game, Sir! Not half a chance for me. Thundering shame, Sir! Bat versus Ball! Who will champion me, And take the shine out of that W. G.?

"Help Yourselves, Young Ladies!"

LET *Punch* give a wider circulation than even the *Birmingham Gazette* to this rare chance for a Lady Help—

WANTED, a GOVERNESS, to instruct and take charge of five children under 10, and assist in their wardrobes. Requirements, English, Music, and French. Salary £14.—Address, &c.

HORSE AND DOG DAYS.

THE late weather, though inimical to verdure, has been propitious to the Turf. Sporting men say they have not for years known such heats at Goodwood.

"Oh!" KEPPLE goes on, rapturously, "I never spent such a time as I did in Ireland. I wish I could manage to come with you."

"Do," I say, heartily. (This is an inexpensive form of invitation, and it somehow sounds uncommonly hospitable.)

"Ah, I'm afraid I can't," he returns. "I would, if I hadn't an appointment with a fellow here—most important: if I miss him I shall lose a big chance—twenty thousand pounds p'raps."

KEPPEL has always a really forcible reason for *not* doing what he is uncertain, at the moment, whether he would like to do or not. He is invariably going to meet some one who will make his (KEPPEL'S) fortune on the spot; only—though he has been going to meet this enterprising capitalist any time within these last ten years—the expected individual has somehow or another failed, at the last moment, to put in an appearance. Ask KEPPEL afterwards how it was that the great event didn't come off, he will answer carelessly, and just as contentedly as though he had realised a fortune by the transaction, "Oh, I don't know. There was some muddle somewhere. It would have been a 'big thing,' if it had come off. But"—and he becomes confidential—"I've got something on now, my boy... only I can't mention it to a soul at present... but, I've to meet a man"—here he refers to his watch, which he has apparently set by this other man's—"in half an hour, who'll tell me whether he will undertake it or not. If he *does*, and I'm pretty sure he will, it's a fortune. Sorry I can't stop now, as I've to meet him. Ta! ta!" and he's off.

We part. He promises me letters of introduction to everyone in and out of Dublin, and even to the Steward of the Holyhead steamer. "Telegraph for a berth," are his last words as he leaves me, "and"—this very heartily—"mention my name."

"I will!" I say, with equal heartiness. But when he has disappeared it occurs to me that there will be a difficulty about telegraphing for a berth to the Steward (which Steward? which steamer?), and mentioning somebody else's name. For example:—

"From Myself to Steward of Steamer.—Keep berth for me, because you know MR. KEPPEL BIRKETT."

Must send to KEPPEL, and ask him for further details. In the meantime I feel that *now* I have a chance; now—

Happy Thought (quotation).—"Now I'm furnished for my flight," or shall be directly I get the letters from K. B.

At all events I've made some useful notes. I will read them.

Notes for Ireland.—Monkey-house... Zoo... Breakfast... Monastery... boiled and roast... drive back... Lecture... Trinity College... free... National Schools... Sec... Thingummy... best fellow in the world... Phoenix... DR. MACSALVER... best... kindest... address where?... Bray... Wicklow Mountains... all that... FATHER TOM...

And that's all. A little vague.

In my Room.—While thinking of writing to KEPPEL, his servant comes with a packet. KEPPEL BIRKETT has been better than his word. Five letters of introduction, and a note to wish me *bon voyage*, and to tell me that he has been writing to everyone.

Arrival of Post.—Letter from FORDE MACKINNON. He has written to everyone too, and sends me names and addresses.

Happy Thought.—Yes. Now I am furnished for my flight.

Next Step.—Euston Station. Late train. London, farewell! As I step out of the cab at Euston already I feel an Irish influence stealing over me. I am inclined to say to the Cabman, who objects to eighteenpence, "Bedad, Sorr! will ye tread on the tail of me coat?" But I only think this, I don't say it: perhaps if I had a shillelagh I might. Instead, I refer the matter to a Policeman, who sides with the Cabman, and I give the man two shillings, with twopence to the Policeman for his opinion.

Happy Thought.—Much Continental travelling has accustomed English *voyageurs* to give *sous* to foreign porters, and, on their return to England, they keep up the practice in *pence*. At least, I do; and, of course, I represent a section of the public. Years ago, nothing was given under a shilling, or sixpence at the least. The introduction of *threepennies* was a great saving, besides having a pretty effect as a gift. But why give a Policeman twopence for an adverse opinion? (Notes made while waiting at the Station for half an hour before the train starts.)



EXPENSIVE HABITS.

"PLEASE, MISS, I WANT A 'PENNY SMOKE'!"

"WE HAVE NO PENNY CIGARS, BUT YOU CAN HAVE ONE AT THREE HALF-PENCE!"

"ALL RIGHT, MISS! 'AND IT OVER! I NEVER MIND WHAT I PAY FOR A GOOD WEED!"

"MOBILISATION" FROM A LOW POINT OF VIEW.

*Loughrea Rifles,
The Camp, Cove Common, nr. Aldershot.
Sunday.*

ME DEAR TIM,

I GOT yours and was very glad to have heard from you. Faix and I'll be glad to get out of this, divil such a place iver I see. The regiment left Horsham for this on Thursday, we was up at 5 in the morning drillin then marched a thunderin long way to some place where the railway was, Gilford they called it I think but these English names bother me intirely, well bedad when we got there nivr a train was riddy at all at all, and there we was waitin till one in the mornin lyin out in a field as though we was sheep. Thin we took our sates, and sure them caridges are not as good as on our own Athenry and Tuam Line, and a desperate crowd in it always. Well when we got to this Aldershot we had to pitch our tents, and no food or fire to be had, nivr a bit I got from Thursday at noon till nine o'clock on Friday mornin. Ye'l see a grate change in me, I'm worn to the bone intirely.

There was a terrybel day yesterday what these English call a review. We had to be under arrums at half past one. I thought to get off sayin I was ill, but the Doothor was too cute for me. Hah ye schaming scoundrel says he get back wid ye to the ranks, dont let me have any more of your dirty thricks or twill be worse for ye. So bedad away they marched us over a powderin dusty plane, not worth a shillin an acre 'twouldnt feed a goat itself leave alone a sheep. Me wather bottle leaked and ivery drop ran away on me before we got to the ground at all, only for JIM MURPHY givin me a sup I would be dead with the thirst. Well sure there was a powerful dale

Alexander Russel.

WHAT! "RUSSEL of the Scotsman" dead?
Why, Death himself should hang the head,
And never dare to tell the lie,
That such a living force could die.

The shadows that make up our night,
Were growing thin for him to fight.
But still he fights, we think with pride,
Our battle from the other side!

Hard head, warm heart, and liberal hand,
Open or shut, to bless or brand;
Large-moulded, with Norse fire aglow;
This was a man, to friend or foe!

A thirteen-tumbler man, at times,
Who heard but heeded not the chimes
Of midnight; and at morning-call
Was freshest, merriest man of all.

Long in our *mêlée* will be missed
The mace of RUSSEL's mighty fist,
That struck, and, wasting nought in sound,
Buried its blow without rebound.

With "derring-do," and thought that strives,
Erect his statue in your lives,
Warm-blooded, not in marble wan—
The living measure of the man!

Walhalla! Rise and welcome him
Across the Braga-Beaker's rim;
And, that his glory may be full,
Brim high some Water-Drinker's Skull.

Pigeon English.

GREAT excitement accompanied by a joyous flutter is observable in the dovecotes near Hurlingham and Shepherd's Bush. The close of the season is remarkable for the fact that where everyone was letting off his gun, the proprietors are now letting off the pigeons. The noisy "*coup de feu*" is replaced by the self-gratulating "*coo*" *de joie* of the resplendent blue-rocks.

A QUESTION OF COURSE.

THE publication of MR. BROWNING's new poem, *Pacchiarotto, and how he worked in Distemper*, has led numerous Scotchmen to inquire if PACCHIAROTTO was a vet.?

of throop on the ground. Them men with black horses, and kind of dish covers on them was a fine lot, but all that iron must be killin hot. We marched past the Prince in grate style t'was a fine day for Ireland anyway, but what with the manuverin back and forards I went near being kilt and murdered. The megur is a desperate hard man, as we came home the thirst was on me so bad, that crossin the canal, I was nearly bet up altogether, so I made one rush to get a drop of wather in me shaco, faith he was down on me like a cat affther a mouse, and his sowrd drawn, and the grate black horse he has tearin affther me like blazes. Give me one drop Meejur says I, oh you chicken hearted villin says he get back wid ye now like lightnin or I'll kill ye ye ruffin says he. Faix ye may swear I was back soon enough for sure he's awful determined and I didnt know what he might do to me. Well TIM take me word for it, and niver jine the mileesha, I'd rather be in the poorhouse itself than soljerin again, so I would. There's the bugle bad cess to it, so no more now from your frend

PAT EGAN.

MR. TIM MAHONEY, *Back Street, Galway.*

ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO TRAVEL WITH MUCH LUGGAGE.

STAY at home. The elephant, that most sagacious of animals, never moves with more than one trunk, and *that* not registered, but attached to his body.

SEASONABLE COINCIDENCE.

PROTRACTED debates upon Education in the House of Commons coincident with prolonged drought out-of-doors.



ODOR RITUALISTICUS.

Extra-Protestant Parishioner (to his Vicar). "I'VE LONG BEEN OF OPINION THAT 'CAUSE YE'OU DU'SIN'T BURN INCENSE, YE'OU GOT THEM PARAFFIN LAMPS 'STEAD O' CANDLES, SO AS TO HEV SOME SMELL IN THE CHU'CH!!!"

IN THE SHADE.

An Optimistic View of the Great Heat Question.

"Circumstances alter cases."—*Old Saw.*

HORRIBLY hot? Ah! no doubt—in the City;
Phœbus is there an ignipotent foe,
Sunshine a thing to be shunned—more's the pity:
Here we exult in Sol's aureate glow.
There the still-rising thermometers terrify;
What need we care, in this verdurous glade,
Though ours may mark—as a glance, dear, will verify—
Ninety degrees in the shade?

Summer at last! Sure a seven years' waiting
Seems to have passed since we saw her full face.
How the leaves laugh at her! Town-thralls are rating
Her too torrid glance in their verdureless place.
Here she smiles soft through a veil of glad greenery.
So, doff your hat, dear. Nay, bind not that braid.
Pleasant to gaze on yon sun-suffused scenery,—
Ninety degrees in the shade!

Cool is the plash of the river, and cooling
Each curve of your drapery. You have a lore,
Taught you by Nature, that needs not the schooling
In "colour" and "keeping" of LEIGHTON or MOORE.
In sober truth, though you mock it so merrily,
Scarce were *Sabrina* more aptly arrayed.
Gazing upon you I ask, is it, verily,
Ninety degrees in the shade?

Town's modish slaves are debating the question
Whither to fly for laborious rest;
Here we're at home with sweet Leisure—suggestion
Utterly strange to the tour-planner's breast!
Read! You well know who my favourite poet is.
Idle lambics! Eh? Tired, I'm afraid!
Lay your head here. We can slumber, although it is
Ninety degrees in the shade!

HYGIÈNE IN HOT WEATHER.

A MILLER, as is well known, wears his hat for the purpose of keeping his head warm. What is applicable to the head is applicable to the whole body from top to toe; therefore, to keep the head cool, a black hat is preferable, and for the body likewise a suit of sable. Contrarily, therefore, to common practice, instead of wearing light-coloured fabrics with the temperature at 80° in the shade, put yourself into decent mourning.

Such being the fact that colds are sometimes caught in hot weather through sitting in a draught, carefully close all doors and windows both day and night.

Health chiefly suffers from excessive perspiration, which is very "lowering," consequently strength requires to be kept up by repARATION of wasted tissue, particularly by eating and drinking as much as possible of solid food and cordial and generous liquor, chops and steaks, bottled stout, port wine, grog, punch, in addition to all the lighter wines and other beverages commonly in use. Tripe-and-onions and Irish stew are peculiarly wholesome; and a broiling summer is really the right season for Christmas plum-pudding. It is a mistake to suppose that the diet should consist principally of fish, fruit, and vegetables, though if plenty of more nutritious food be taken, the more of those other things you eat, too, the better.

After a full meal rest is indispensable; indeed, as little exercise should be taken as possible, for any attempt to move is felt to be laborious, and the sense of developed energy and relief from oppression developed, for example, by resolute perseverance in walking, is fallacious. In India men commonly recline in a high temperature, sipping brandy-pawnee with great benefit to their livers, as is well known; and you cannot do better, if you have nothing else to do, than sit still the greater part of the day between your meals, or, at any rate, after dinner till supper-time, and after that till bed-time, smoking cigars and drinking soda-water and brandy. If you feel any sense of the sort of discomfort commonly called "seediness," of a morning, you will find a glass of sherry-and-bitters, or a little absinthe, or some other kind of innocent "pick-me-up," quickly put you all to rights again without the least detriment to your constitution.

Mortimer Collins.

BORN JUNE 29, 1827.

DIED JULY 28, 1876.

THE Everlasting Silence has suddenly come down upon a clear, joyous, and musical voice, which for the last two years has rung among the most regular as well as blithest in our weekly concert.

MORTIMER COLLINS, in the apparent fulness of health and strength, has been carried off, after two days' illness, by disease of the heart, induced it may be, certainly brought to a head, by the wear and tear of literary labour, which for many years past had known no intermission, not even for the ordinary interval of a brief yearly holiday. In the most literal sense of the words, "he died in harness." "The natural end," the Cynic may say, "of the literary hack." Not the less sad is the thought how much nobler in results, as well as longer-sustained, his labour might have been under better-regulated conditions and happier circumstances.

As Journalist (Provincial and Metropolitan), Essayist, Critic, Novelist, Poet, MORTIMER COLLINS has done much gay and genial, much ingenious and suggestive, much graceful and scholarly, work; though the best of it, no doubt, in all kinds, might, with more leisure, have been better. But though the field was too constantly cropped for the harvest ever to come to its perfection, it grew always wholesome and pure grain, with sap of scholarship, fine colour of fancy, and the juice of a large, kindly, and generous nature. He wrote the *Secret of Long Life* to teach men to live a century, and himself died at forty-nine.

He was a man who, in an unconventional way, deeply believed in God, and strove to do his duty honestly and punctually by his employers, loving his family and friends: variously accomplished, happy under hard labour, and helpful to all he could help, by word or deed.

Two stanzas of a Poem which terminates his last published volume of Verse may form his worthiest epitaph:—

"The Poet may tread earth sadly,
Yet is he Dreamland's king,
And the fays at his bidding gladly
Visions of beauty bring;
But his joys will be rarer, finer,
Away from this earthly stage,
When he, who is now a minor,
Comes of age."

* * * * *
"Roll on, O tardy cycle,
Whose death is the Poet's birth!
Blow soon, great trump of Michael,
Shatter the crust of earth!
Let the slow wheel turn faster
Hence the life of age
Of a world's life and stage."

CHIEF OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN LONDON DURING AUGUST.

In Belgrave Square.—Several rows of magnificent brown Holland window-blinds.

In Rotten Row.—PRIVATE JONES (3rd Life Guards Green), waiting in vain for MISS MARY JANE SMITH (Nursery Superintendent—out of town with "her people.")

In Bond Street.—A Policeman (very rare).

In Charing Cross.—An empty Hansom carefully avoiding Northumberland Avenue.

In Piccadilly.—A Footman (on board wages) in a straw hat.

In Leicester Square.—M. LE DUC DE CHATEAU ORDINAIRE, just arrived from France to take part in the gaieties of the "High Life" during the London Season.

In the Strand.—A Country Cousin.

In Oxford Street.—Another.

In Regent Street.—The Infant Deputy of the Regular Crossing Sweeper.

In Hanover Square.—A home-sick cat.

In the British Museum.—Several specimens of the Government Official.

In Pall Mall.—The solitary Sentry in front of Marlborough House.

In St. James' Park.—The Park Keeper.

In All Saints, Margaret's Street.—The officiating Clergy.

In the Zoological Gardens.—Chief Representatives of the Human Race to be found in the Monkey House.

In the West End Generally.—Nobody.

In the East End.—The usual Couple of Millions or so. And lastly,

In 85, Fleet Street.—Mr. Punch's *locum tenens*—the Venerable Toby.

CENTRE OF CIVILISATION.

DID VICTOR HUGO call Paris "the brain of the world"? The great Metropolis and Centre of Cookery might rather perhaps be denominated the world's stomach; but "*Magister Artium Venter*:" so it is all one.

PADDY'S AUTONOMY.

THERE'S a mighty fine thing in vogue,
Which, by divil a bit of pseudonomy,
In an iligant Grecian brogue
Slav insurgents call "Autonomy:"
Jupiter, Venus, and Mars,
Wid the rest of our scheme of astronomy,
Is a system of separate stars,
That has aich got its own "Autonomy."
'Tis a plain and simple phrase,
Not at all at all a metonymy,
For it manes just as much as it says
Without the laist smack of homonymy.
The Jews, in the times of old,
According to Deuteronomy,
By the best accounts we're told,
Enjoyed a nate "Autonomy."
And who can be such a fool
As not to perceive the synonymy
Of the terrum with Burr's "Home Rule,"
Or, "Irish Domestic Economy"?

POISONS AND FIGS.

NOTE a strange, but seasonable, paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette* concerning:—

"TARTAR EMETIC.—At Ballina, on Wednesday, a grocer was remanded on the charge of selling tartar emetic for cream of tartar. Five persons had a narrow escape from death through the mistake."

Is it lawful for a grocer to sell tartar emetic at all? In that case the sooner it ceases to be lawful the better; unless on condition that grocers shall have to be qualified by a proper examination to deal in drugs, as well as in groceries. Even then it would be desirable that an extended inscription over the grocer's shop-door should describe him as "Licensed to deal in tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, prussic acid, oil of vitriol, tartar emetic, vinegar, pepper, and poisons generally."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



SATURDAY sitting, July 29. Better day, better deed. The House met and fought the Education Bill as far as Report, so as to leave Monday free for the Eastern Question.

Monday, July 31.—"Who'll tread on the tail of my Foreign Office uniform?" might have been LORD DERBY's cry—(Lords)—through a night's talk, in which nobody seemed disposed to turn on any tap stronger than milk and water. LORD STRATHEDEN's tame Resolution in favour of supporting the treaties of 1856, was followed up by a long-winded vindication of our policy in Turkey, as a Power that had violated every undertaking

with her political as with her pecuniary creditors, and a passing fling at the Government for not more effectually interfering in the framing of the Andrassy Note, and for sending the Fleet to Besika Bay, without explanation whether that move was made as an intimation to Russia, a hint to the Porte, or a defence of the Christians. Most people will echo LORD GRANVILLE's amiable wish that LORD DERBY will "hasten, rather than delay, the moment where Europe in concert can by diplomatic action put an end to a state of things which is fatal to the Christians, ruinous to the Turks, and which the longer it lasts is the more sure to lead to European complications;" and that "whatever is done, every care will be taken to secure the welfare and good government of our fellow-religionists in Turkey." "These be brave 'orts! marvellous brave 'orts!" as *Fluellen* says. Well, good wishes can't hurt anybody; and fine words break no bones, if they butter no parsnips.

LORD DERBY might well say he felt rather like a Minister waiting to return thanks for his health, than a Foreign Secretary on defence of his policy. He found himself reduced to the humiliating necessity of agreeing with LORD GRANVILLE in almost everything. Agreeing with him that the subject ought to be brought before the House; agreeing with him in regretting the war; agreeing with him in hoping it may be localised; agreeing with him that Turkish misgovernment for the last twenty years has contributed "in some not inconsiderable degree"—nothing like putting a fine diplomatic point on it—"to the insurrectionary movements of the last twelve months." As for the Andrassy Pie, we had quite as much of a finger in it as was desirable; and as to the Berlin Memorandum, not only were we well out of it, but all the Powers were thankful to us for enabling them to be well out of it too. The fact is, we were the first for keeping a ring, and now all the Powers are helping us to keep it. So the talk wore on with a dreary absence of variance, even LORD HAMMOND falling into the tune of the time, and warning the Turk, that, if he wasn't a better boy, BRITANNIA would no longer stand his friend. As for LORD BATH, he roundly lectured LORD DERBY on his want of bowels, calling Turkish rule the most brutal that ever disgraced the earth, and warning the Government that the country was sick of the Turks, and would stand no more Crimean wars.



THE LATE HOT WEATHER.

Traveller (bedtime, thermometer 100°). "WAITER, GO' SH'OH A THING AS A WARMIN'-PAN?"

Waiter (astounded). "A WARMING-PAN, SIR!"

Traveller. "AND 'GOT ANY ICE?"

Waiter. "ICE, SIR? YESSIR!"

Traveller. "THEN TELL 'CHAM'S MAID TO RUN A PAN OF ICE THROUGH MY BED, AND LET ME HAVE MY CANDLE. I'LL TURN IN!"

LORD WAVENEY was all for a Conference of the Powers, with Besika Bay for a background, and "the British Fleet a riding at anchor" to determine the balance of the Powers.

After a plaintive remonstrance from poor LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL, that his Speech and Resolution had been pooh-poohed by LORD GRANVILLE and shunted by LORD DERBY, but never argued or answered by anybody, the DUKE OF RICHMOND moved and carried the Previous Question without a division.

Was there ever a question previous to our old friend, the Great Eastern?

(*Commons.*)—Touching tableau—BENJAMIN protecting the Innocents! But "the good die first," as WORDSWORTH says. The Government clings to Vivisection, but sacrifices the Prison Bill—the most practical measure of the Session—and the two Universities Bills. Then there is the Extradition Treaty breakdown—one of the most serious of the many Government blunders of the year—yet to be talked over, and the Indian Budget to be knocked off in the expiring moments of an empty and exhausted House, and Supply still to be concluded, including the cost of MR. CAVE's well-meant but ineffectual attempt at the great Egyptian balancing trick, and the Education Bill to be threshed through Third Reading. But don't let us anticipate.

Then arose THE BRUCE, and brought in the Eastern Question with kid gloves on. All movers of the question had been busy taking all possible offence out of their Motions, but, of all the rose-water Resolutions, THE BRUCE's was the rosiest. It was the Eastern Question strained through several folds of Ottoman Bank paper. Our interest in retaining the Turks at Constantinople was not because they were Turks (particularly after they have repudiated and brought down Ottoman Bank Stock so shamefully), but because they were an unaggressive and settled Power ("settled," we presume, on the "*lucus a non lucendo*" principle, from not settling). The grievances of the Insurgents were more fiscal and agrarian than religious.—(Provided you pick a man's pocket, outrage his wife, and cut his throat, we should have thought it didn't much matter under what epithet you pigeon-hole his case.) The dispatch of the Fleet to Besika Bay relieved the Turk from the apprehension that he was going to be crushed without consideration or fair play, calmed his irritation, and prevented

repetition of outrages. Non-intervention is the best policy, but, when the time comes for the Powers to act, they must enlist Moslem support for their reforms. Matters can't be settled by merely backing Cross against Crescent.

MR. HANBURY (not the well-known Entire, but a very diluted tap!) thought the Turks the only hand to which we could trust the keys of Asia. It wasn't the Turkish Government that had oppressed the Rayahs, but the Mahometan Slavs, and their own Bishops. He looked to the Serbs as a barrier against Russia.

MR. FORSYTH moved the one Amendment of the night with some pith in it, urging the Government to insist on effectual guarantees for good government irrespective of race and creed. *Pace* BRUCE and HANBURY, it was the PORTE's corruption and misgovernment and the Turkish rulers' cruelty that had provoked insurrection.

LORD E. FITZMAURICE followed on the same tack, and advocated autonomy for the Balkan Provinces.

MR. HOLMS took up his parable lustily against the Turks.

MR. GLADSTONE maintained that the upshot of the Crimean War was to give us a right to interfere and remonstrate with the Porte. The Turk had not fulfilled his promises, because he couldn't. The Government had not sufficiently snubbed the Three Powers for presuming to leave England out in the cold. We ought not to have rejected the Berlin Note without offering an alternative. Something must be done to restore the European concert, and that by way of self-government of the insurgent provinces.

MR. DISRAELI complained of having no attack to repel. Our policy was non-intervention. After the Berlin Note we stood alone at first, but now the other five Powers had come over to us. The sending of the Fleet was not meant to threaten anybody. It was in the first place a purely histrionic move. England, as a naval Power, ought to be adequately represented by a Fleet. Then, it was not sent to protect the Turkish Empire, but the British. The cue was non-intervention just now: when the moment came for England to interfere, she would interfere for the good of everybody.

LORD HARTINGTON said ditto to all the dittos—and recommended the withdrawal of both Motion and Amendment, and so the night's talk ended in general agreement that nothing had been done, nothing ought to be done, and that all was for the best in this most do-nothing of all do-nothing worlds.

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD WAVENEY (SHAFTO-ADAIR in his late Lower Life), passed a favourable verdict on the *corpora vilia* lately made subjects of Experimental Mobilisation. The men had done very well—and would, no doubt—like their officers and staff—do better. The Reserve—what there was of them—had come well up to time. The transport was susceptible of improvement.

LORD CADOGAN admitted that the Force "had not been adequately provided with technical waggons." There had not been more than two per cent. of absentees from the Reserve.

LORD CARDWELL joined in the chorus of congratulation. (The author of the Short Service Scheme has every right to be happy in results so far. If only our corps could move when mobilised.)

LORD CARNARVON on the Barbadoes difficulty. A careful summing up, and judicial distribution of wig-gings. Confederation meant little more than amalgamation of municipal offices and expenses. Badians are proverbially stiff-necked and hot-headed. In POPE HENNESSY they met with a match. Hence naturally an explosion. But if the POPE has been indiscreet, having talked too big and too loose, and comforted himself altogether too much "*More Hibernico*," the Badian big-wigs have been reckless, violent, and unscrupulous in word and deed.

The best thing for Barbadoes would be remodelling of its Government on the Jamaica model.

LORD CARNARVON supports his Governor like a gentleman; and there is far more to be said in excuse of GOVERNOR HENNESSY, POPE though he be, than of those who have so recklessly assailed him.

(*Commons.*)—MR. WARD HUNT told the sorry story of the introduction of measles into Fiji, and made a feeble attempt to apportion the blame for its introduction between the naval and the colonial authorities. A case of bungling all round—only to be explained to BRITANNIA in DR. JOHNSON's quaint fashion, "Ignorance, Madam, sheer ignorance."

Supply. Education Estimates.

MR. A. B. HOPE and LORD ELCHO spoke an urgent word for the British Museum Staff, at once the most efficient and worst-paid body under Government. The protest came with appropriate grace from HOPE—hope long-deferred. MR. W. H. SMITH promised that any advance should be a discriminating advance.

It is wonderful how intensely careful the Treasury grows over a proposed rise in the salaries of the one set of specially qualified scholars and archaeologists in the Government service. Not a staff of the most commonplace clerks in the most routine office but can give the British Museum assistants long odds in the way of salary. Yet when a rise to something like the usual official level is asked for, what a marvellously nice conscience is brought to bear on their case by MR. W. H. SMITH—"while the Government desired to do justice to a staff of gentlemen, than whom none could be more able, they were at the same time conscious of the responsibility which rested on them not to give more in any case, or under any circumstances, than the just claims of the officers entitled them to receive."

By all means, MR. SMITH. Who asks you to do otherwise? Only do that, and the British Museum Staff, and *Punch*, will be perfectly satisfied. But do that, if you please, MR. SMITH, and you, Messieurs Treasury Clerks,

"Who, 'neath the eye of LINGEN and of LAW,
Wield the cheese-parer, and the save-all stern,
Sacred to candle-ends,"

be fair to culture for once.

LORD SANDON'S Education Estimates, English, show a rise of £158,492; Scotch, of £81,817, with excellent results for the money; the Irish estimates, a rise of some £21,810 in teachers' salaries and allowances, against a reduction of some £15,000 in school-farms, school-apparatus, and teachers' residences. The Act of last Session has failed to improve the payment of teachers; but Government is still tinkering at it, rather than boldly making the proper payment of teachers out of a national rate compulsory. The improvement of the National School Teachers' position is the key to all real improvement of Ireland, and the needful work has yet to be done.

SIR W. HARCOURT raised the nice question whether MR. SOLATER-BOOTH'S Rivers Pollution Bill is better than nothing. If SIR WILLIAM wants *Mr. Punch's* opinion, that is precisely the right estimate of it—just better, than nothing; how little better, *Punch* cannot find any word to express.

After an attempt at a Count-Out, another night was added to those already lost this Session in attempting to induce the House to release the nine Irish political prisoners still in confinement. The debate was remarkable for MR. BRIGHT'S appearance as an advocate for the release of the prisoners—including the two still in prison for the shooting of BRETT, the Manchester policeman, and the soldiers who have violated their oath of enlistment. MR. BRIGHT went further than his best friends are likely to go with him. He argued against the established rule of law, that concert in a joint purpose to violate the law makes common guilt; and contended that a soldier's breaking his oath is not a more heinous offence than another man's. *Punch* finds it difficult to say which doctrine strikes him as the more dangerous.

The weather was too hot for the subject, and the House broke out more than once in highly inflammatory utterances. But the Motion was lost by 117 to 51.

Wednesday.—The centre of interest was shifted from St. Stephen's to the Mansion House, though with DISRAELI and DERBY absent.

Nobody would listen to Chairman RAIKES on Parliamentary Agents, and the Major's friends, without the Major, succeeded in talking out MR. SMYTH'S Irish Sunday Closing Bill.

Thursday (Lords).—The Law Lords CAIRNS and SELBORNE had out the Extradition argument. Lord Chancellor of Chancellors *Punch* gives it for LORD SELBORNE against the Government. LORD CAIRNS failed to make any better case than LORD DERBY before him.

Foreign Office has blundered. FISH scores a triumph, and the gallows-bird flits in safety to and fro across the Atlantic.

(*Commons.*)—SIR WILFRID LAWSON wailed over the rejection of MR. SMYTH'S Sunday Closing Bill yesterday, and fell foul of the inoffensive RAIKES for insisting on his talk about Parliamentary Agents, who, as RAIKES explained, were more interesting to him than all the Sunday Closing Bills that ever were or would be.

LORD HARTINGTON moved a protest against PELL's clause, and LORD SANDON replied, and the House divided—182 to 120; and all that trouble seemed at an end, when the ill-starred SANDON and the rash SIR STAFFORD, not satisfied with the week's lost and the heats raised, in this state of the weather too, by PELL's fire-brand, must give countenance to that *Haramadeh*, LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, in flinging all the fat in the fire by a clause compelling Guardians to pay the fees of children whose parents are too poor to pay them, at Denominational schools.

This exactly suiting the Roman Catholics' book, united the Home-

Rulers with the Denominationalists, and set up the backs of the Secularists, and Nonconformists, and Anti-Sectarians in the same degree, and the House was left dividing—in a state wherein exasperation and perspiration seemed struggling for supremacy—till half-past four on Friday morning!

Friday (Lords).—LORD NORTHBROOK and the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY shook hands, like well-conditioned gentlemen. The Baring-reign is over, and the Marquis protests he never meant *his* reign to be overbearing.

(*Commons.*)—Gradual recovery of reason after last night's delirium. All as eager to agree, as they were in this morning's small hours to differ. MR. FORSTER moves repeal of the 25th section of the Act of 1870—the old bone of contention, over which there was so much snarling in its day; and LORD SANDON, instead, provides that Boards of Guardians, everywhere, may pay the fees for children whose parents can't pay, at the Schools of the parents' choice. So the Act reaches Third Reading, after a narrow escape of shipwreck in sight of port, on the rock of PELL's clause.

Bill for better Pollution of Rivers passed Third Reading, the manufacturers having strained out of it the little stringency MR. BOOTH had left in.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

A Thrilling Incident—An Arrest—Notes on Legal Forms and Reforms, made on the Euston Platform—The Bell just going to Ring.



EUSTON Station.—Very few people. Consequently Guard (with Irish brogue)—everybody seems suddenly to have an Irish brogue) is peculiarly civil.

Happy Thought.

—When going to France, speak French: when going to Ireland, speak Irish—that is, try the brogue. To keep up this illusion, I assume, occasionally and diffidently, a brogue.

In order to give the Guard an interest in me over and above ashilling, it would be as well to pretend to be a Fenian Leader, in

disguise, escaping, or a Home-Ruler in difficulties. The Guard is eyeing me suspiciously, which is satisfactory (as, in travelling alone, a journey should be made exciting, somehow), when a respectable-looking person in black comes on to the platform, looks sharply right and left of him, walks straight up to me, bows, asks me if I am myself, and before I have determined upon a course of action—that is, whether to admit, or deny, my identity—he produces two envelopes, one long and large, the other small but bulky, shows me the address, observes, "For you, Sir, I believe?" and, as I murmur an affirmative, he opens the bulky one himself, takes out two sovereigns and a few shillings, hands them to me, observing, "For you, Sir, from PLUMPTON AND SPRY."

Happy Thought (undoubtedly).—Pocket the coin.

Suppose, even, that this is an amiable and harmless lunatic, who goes about thinking himself PLUMPTON AND SPRY (whoever they may be—clearly not twins), and giving people sovereigns, still, evidently, one should not refuse to accept the gifts, if only to keep him quiet.

Guard watching intensely. He has made up his mind that I am some one in disguise—Fenian probably—only the two sovereigns have puzzled him. He has his eye on us.

"From PLUMPTON AND SPRY's," says the respectable man in black. "MR. PLUMPTON heard you were going away to Ireland from MR. BIRKETT, and so he thought he would just catch you before you were off." Whereupon he hands me the long, legal-looking envelope.

I open the paper. It is headed, "*In the High Court of Justice.*" Is it a practical joke? No; the Clerk for MESSRS. PLUMPTON AND SPRY explains that I am subpoena'd as a Witness in a question of right of way.

But what an awfully startling form to a nervous temperament is this subpoena paper. The medical profession ought to protest against it, on physical grounds; the clergy on moral grounds. Let me put the case. You are an innocent man, but a nervous one.

You haven't done anything contrary to Law—at least, not that you are aware of: only, you suddenly remember that, four years ago, you were a little uncertain about joining the Directorship of that Company, of which you had heard little or nothing, except what your esteemed and respected friend (a man of vast commercial experience) had chosen to tell you. Has some prying, meddling, sensation-loving Shareholder started up, and insisted upon an exhumation of that Company's body, and a consequent inquest? If so . . . Then the nervous man reads the summons: "*VICTORIA*" (in large letters, of a fanciful flourishing character), "*by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*" (this is HER MAJESTY's address, should you wish to write to her), "*Queen, Defender of the Faith*" (this title suggests to the nervous man the possibility of his having unconsciously offended against some old ecclesiastical Law—but he cannot call to mind any statute he might have contravened, except, perhaps, something about "a fine of five shillings for swearing"), "*to*" (So-and-so—here follows the name), "*Greeting*" (which is the first sign of politeness on the part of Royalty, and of a wish to make things pleasant. It puts the nervous man temporarily at his ease. He breathes again; he looks round; he smiles; he experiences a tingling of loyalty in his heart, and, expecting something still more paternal, or maternal, and cheering, he resumes his perusal. But the tone is suddenly and inexplicably changed. So rapid is this alteration, that, had somebody, six feet two high, and powerful in proportion, smilingly beckoned you up-stairs, and then, on your reaching the top, had changed from lively to severe, and kicked you down again, the shock could not be more electrical than this sudden assumption of fierceness. Thus it goes on peremptorily:—"*We command you, and every of you*" (which appears unnecessary, as if you had some deep scheme for evading the summons by sending your hat, or your *carte de visite*, or your wooden legs—if any), "*that all things set aside*" (this sounds like a direction to "leave your sticks and umbrellas in the hall"), "*and ceasing every excuse*" (when as yet you haven't tried to raise even one plea on your own behalf), "*you and every of you be and appear in your proper persons before*" (now the tone changes to one of more than affectionate regard) "*our right trusty and well-beloved SIR PETER PYPPE*" (or whatever the name for the time being may be), "*Bart., Lord Chief Justice of England, &c., on — day of — by ten of the clock*" (what clock?), "*in the forenoon of the same day, and so from day to day*" (enough to worry a nervous man's life out of him, merely to read this) "*until the cause hereinafter mentioned be tried, to testify the truth according to your knowledge*" (&c., &c.). "*And this you nor any of you shall in nowise omit, under the Penalty*" (with a large "P") "*of every of you*" (this is confusing, but the sequence is clear) "*of One Hundred Pounds.*" Whereupon the nervous man collapses. Now, why cannot it be put simply thus?—

"*Sir,—You will have to attend as a Witness, on and after — day, at — A.M., in such-and-such a case, at —. The penalty for non-attendance is £100.*"

Happy Thought.—Reform of legal forms. However, not having time to go into the subject, at the station, with the Clerk from MESSRS. PLUMPTON AND SPRY'S, I simply tell him, as pleasantly as possible, "That I should have had great pleasure in accepting the invitation, but unfortunately I can't, as I am off to Ireland, and am uncertain as to my return."

PLUMPTON AND SPRY, however, have provided for this emergency. "Wherever you may be, Sir," says the Clerk, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, "you will have the goodness to keep MESSRS. PLUMPTON AND SPRY informed of your movements by letter, or telegram. Then we can summon you at a moment's notice, if wanted, and we shan't detain you five minutes."

So, chained by a telegraph cable—PLUMPTON AND SPRY being at one end, and myself at the other—I am off for a holiday's enjoyment to Ireland!

Supposing at the Giant's Causeway I receive a telegram—"Come back from Erin. Shan't keep you five minutes. Judge waiting"—there would be an end of all my amusement.

Why couldn't my examination, as a witness, be conducted by telegram? Only a very little extra expense, really only a few shillings, and why should I, or "any of me," be brought up bodily? Can't I tell the truth by telegram just as well, and better, than if I were being brow-beat in a witness-box, with the eyes of the Judge, Counsel, Jury, Reporters, Illustrated Paper Artists, Police, Usher, and Public on me? Certainly. Why the thing might be done beautifully, and our legal machinery simplified by wiring.

To put it clearly and dramatically, thus:

SCENE.—*Court of Queen's Bench, during a Trial.*

Counsel. Call the next Witness.

Usher (calls). MR. GRANVILLE DE L'ASHBY ZOOCH!

No answer. Judge restless. Counsel consults Solicitors, MESSRS. SHARPE AND CHUCKITUP.

Counsel. He's not here. Most important Witness. What shall we do?

Mr. Sharpe. I know where he's to be found. He's at the Giant's Causeway. [For example; but it might be the Hebrides, or on board the yacht *Nautilus*, off Trouville.] But—(*Happy Thought.*—Electricity, like love, makes all places alike.)—I'll wire.

Exit MR. SHARPE to wire, while Counsel explains.

Judge. Well, we can take the next Witness in the meantime. (*They take the next Witness, squeeze him dry in a quarter of an hour, and then throw him away.*)

Then the electric machine is brought into Court. Counsel asks questions, and Telegraph Clerk works the wire.

Counsel (in the Court of Queen's Bench). Your name, I think is GRANVILLE DE L'ASHBY ZOOCH?

Witness (seated at the Giant's Causeway, on the rock furthest from the shore, with his stockings off and his feet in the sea, enjoying the delicious breeze in the month of June, and smoking a mild cigar. Next him sits a Telegraph Clerk with the electric apparatus and wire laid on). It is.

Counsel (repeating answer, which arrives one minute after it has been given). "It is." Now, Sir, on the 19th of June, 1873, were you breakfasting with His Excellency the DUC DE DEKAYSES, the accredited Plenipotentiary from the South Guano Isles to this country?

Witness (after listening to the ticking of the instrument, inhaling a fragrant whiff of the mild Havannah, and carelessly throwing a pebble at a sea-gull). I was.

Counsel (as before, in the Queen's Bench). "He was." Now, Sir, will you have the goodness to tell us what happened on that occasion?

Witness (lighting a fresh cigar, and answering by telegram). With pleasure. Only wait till I have opened this bottle of whiskey.

The Judge (in the Court of Queen's Bench). What does he say?

Counsel (who has called the Witness on his own side). He is only pausing for a minute, my Lord, to refresh his memory.

The Judge (leaning back). Oh, very good. (*Wishes he could refresh his memory too. Looks at his watch.*) Just send to your Witness to tell him to get on—or, if he is going to have his lunch brought to him out-of-doors, we can take ours at the same time. It only wants half an hour of our usual adjournment.

Witness (on receiving the message). Thanks. Only some cold chicken and whiskey and potass. Pipe afterwards. Call it half an hour, and "I'm on." I shan't stir from here, so won't incur any unnecessary expense.

The Judge (after hearing this read out). Good. Then (to Counsel) we'd better adjourn. (*To Jury.*) In three-quarters of an hour from now, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

When they return, of course, the Witness gives his evidence with a will, stands the fire of a searching electric cross-examination, and, after all, serves the cause of justice far more effectually than if he had travelled a thousand miles, tired himself out, and had come up ill, worried, and irritable into the box in the Court of Queen's Bench.

I present these suggestions as Happy Thoughts to the Bench, the Bar, and the legal profession generally,—and, without further note or comment, I am, at last, off for Ould Ireland.

SENTIMENT AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

It appears from the gratifying paragraph below quoted, that, though utilitarianism has triumphed, still unproductive sentiment prevails to a considerable extent amongst the inhabitants of a municipality associated with the memory of a poet, the late MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:—

"THE CURFEW BELL.—The Stratford-on-Avon Town Council yesterday, by a majority of one, decided to discontinue the ringing of the Curfew Bell, a custom which has been observed for several hundred years. There was strong opposition to the proposal to abolish such an ancient custom."

In fact, it seems that nearly half the Stratford-on-Avon Town Councillors were unable to see that the Curfew, in this age of gas, to say nothing of railways and electric telegraphs, was a mere anachronism, that it had long ceased to admonish people to put out their fires and candles, and had sunk into a mere survival, prolonged by nothing but an idle veneration for antiquity. The feeling which made so large a minority of them object to abolish the ringing of an old bell would no doubt also make them wish to see weather-stains and ivy continue to deface an old bell-tower. To be sure, the majority have just managed to

"Silence that dreadful bell."

But it appears likely that they will encounter a strong opposition to any proposal they may by-and-by make to improve SHAKESPEARE'S monument by whitewashing it, or to defy superstition by removing both it and the remains beneath it to another site.

THE END OF THE SESSION.—Smoke.



MORAL PLUCK.

Paterfamilias, who, under pretext of seeking a suitable French watering-place for his Family, has enjoyed a delightful three weeks' trip on the French coast with a congenial Bachelor Friend, returns to his Penates, and after partaking duly of refreshment, delivers himself thus:—"WELL, MY DEARS, WE'VE TRIED TROUVILLE, DIEPPE, ÉTRETAT, TRÉPORT, BOULOGNE, AND ALL, AND HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT 'THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!' 'ENGLAND, WITH ALL THY FAULTS I LOVE THEE STILL!' AND I PROPOSE—"
Indignant Chorus. "OH, INDEED, PAPA!"

A WORD IN SEASON.

From BULL to BENJAMIN.

"I never adopted that Coffee-house babble, brought by a Bulgarian to the Vice-Consul, as authentic information which we ought to receive."—MR. DISRAELI.

"COFFEE-HOUSE babble"? BENJAMIN, my boy,
 That sounds a very pat and pithy summary,
 Nor do I quite expect *you* to employ
 The hot philanthropist's effusive flummery;
 But, though of fuss I'm far from being fond,
 The news I'm getting now my dander raises
 To heat that's just a little bit beyond
 The chilling power of cool official phrases.

Moslem and Christian! Blood both flags must drench,
 When Crescent flies on Cross, and Cross on Crescent!
 But not the coldest DERBY *douche* can quench
 Wrath at some wrongs to coolness acquiescent:
 Fire, plunder, prison, butchery, bestial lust,
 Are things to mix hot rage my scalding shame with,
 Which no snow-blooded policy, I trust,
 Will ever load my soul or stain my name with.

The *status quo*? Oh bless me, yes, *I* know.
 I've backed and buttressed that with blood and treasure;
 Show me good cause and both of them shall flow
 Once more, with promptitude, if scarce with pleasure.
 But fight 'gainst new life waking? Lend my face
 To merciless misrule and wholesale murder?
 Considering my history, and race,
 Few propositions well could look absurder.

Not mine, thank Heaven, the calm official mind
 That smiles to scorn such strong words as "atrocities;"

Some outrages too devilish I find
 To treat with epigram or smooth pomposity.
 "Coffee-house babble" may not mean as much
 As gushers paint in their too graphic strictures,
 But yet my shuddering sense thrills to the touch
 Of too familiar horror in their pictures.

Though optimistic HANBURY gloss and gild
 The blood-stained Crescent raised before the nations,
 The Palace of fine Fancy he would build
 Seems a Fool's Paradise on sand foundations.
 'Tis hard to hold the balance? Very like;
 That's why I've not been hot to put my word in—
 But peace must not help wrong, nor, if I strike,
 Injustice weight the scale I throw my sword in.

Mild words, my BEN? Good! I would have them mild;
 I know 'tis not the hour for angry bluster:
 But while war—and wrong worse than war—runs wild,
 Courts scheme, and armies mass, and navies muster,
 'Twere just as well to have it clearly known—
 In your own phrase of politic urbanity—
 JOHN BULL can only make one side his own,
 And that the side of justice and humanity!

A Party of Progress.

EARL RUSSELL, in his letter lately addressed to LORD GRANVILLE on the Eastern Question, observes that:—"The Whig Party toast is 'Civil and Religious Liberty all over the World.'" True. This is the old Whig Party toast. The toast of a party more advanced would seem to be "Uncivil and Irreligious Licence all the World over."

POPULAR GAME FOR THE RECESS.—The Grouse.

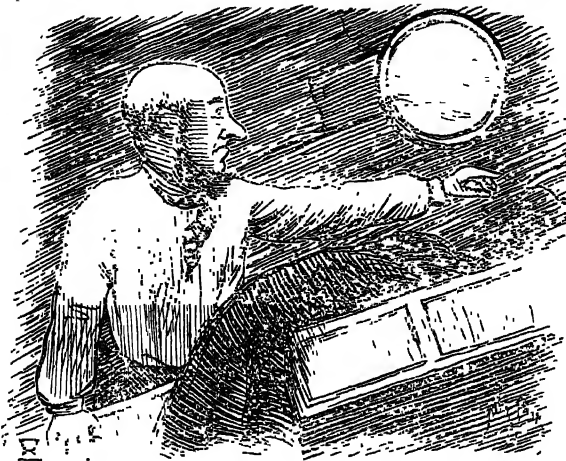


AUGURS AT FAULT.

DERBEIUS. "CAN YOU READ THE SIGNS OF THE BIRDS?"

DISRAELIUS. "I WISH I COULD!!!"

UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.



MR. FLYTTER, having failed to get his Bill discounted, has been obliged to leave his rooms, and start for Paris, without paying his rent.

The employes in the Firm of MESSRS. SHORTMEASURE and SHODDEE spent a happy day at Rosherville (it being the Bank Holiday), on the 7th inst.

MISS SMITH has gone to Birmingham on a visit, for a few days, to her Uncle, MR. BROWN.

MR. GUTTLER gave a small and early Dinner Party yesterday. Covers were

MR. BOUNCER has left Town for a week's yachting, as he says. His friends, however, think that he has merely gone to Margate, and bought a yachting jacket.

MRS. STUBBS gave a Ball at her residence in Camberwell, on Thursday evening last. SPROUTS, the greengrocer, was specially retained for the occasion, and the German Band that plays in the neighbourhood was engaged.

laid for thirteen guests, and the menu included (besides turtle) eleven kinds of fish.

MR. GANDERLING, who lately joined the Slopsire Volunteers, sprained his ankle yesterday while, ascending the goose-step.

MR. WAGG has been so prostrated by the heat of the weather, that he has attended seven dinners without making a joke.

MASTER SCREECHER, with a party of his Sunday schoolfellows, went to Bushy Park last Monday in a van: when they all enjoyed their usual yearly privilege of screaming at the very tip-top of their voices, the whole way there and back.

MISS DUMPIE slipped and fell from a flower-pot last week, while attempting lawn tennis with her sister upon the grass-plot.

The REV. MR. MUGGINS has recently arrived at BUGGINS'S Hotel.

MR. SCAMPERTON has started on a bicycle excursion through Greenland and Siberia, and proposes to return *via* Egypt and the Cape.

MR. PRIGGINS entertained MR. JONES and MR. JOWLER last Saturday at supper, at his lodgings in New Grub Street.

MISS RINKERLEY has gone to Canada, with a view to spend the winter there, and get some real skating.

MR. DIDDLE has proposed a matrimonial alliance with the widow of the late MR. EBENEZER BLUNT.

MR. CLYFAKER emerged from his retirement at Holloway on Friday morning last, when a most distinguished company of his pals were assembled to meet him, and stood a number of "drains round" in honour of his release.

OUR OWN REPRESENTATIVE.

(He proposes going to the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth, and is off before we can stop him.)

DEAR SIR,

Excuse this short and hurried dispatch, but, while I write, I am engaged in superintending the packing of my portmanteau. I have a young black servant who was lately brought from the South Guinea Coast, and this is the first time he has ever seen a portmanteau. At first he was frightened of it, and inclined, not being a well instructed Christian, to worship it as a god. When it closed up suddenly of its own accord—as is the habit of portmanteaux, after you've got the upper compartment nicely packed, but not fastened—and all my shirts came out in a heap, he started back, his hair came out of curl, he turned quite white (fact!), then he made a rush for the door, and bolted. Having succeeded in overcoming his superstition and his panic, I now find him inclined to treat the portmanteau with contemptuous familiarity. He wishes to put in anything anywhere, he conducts himself towards a pair of boots as though they were on a footing with a fine well-got-up white shirt, and in fact, my time just now is occupied in finishing the education of this half-instructed blackamoor. He has much to unlearn, as much, indeed, as he has to unpack: his notions of the Catechism are limited to a set of riddles (which I fancy he must have learnt from a Comic Missionary), such as "Where was Moses when the candle went out?" "Who subscribed to the first newspaper?" and so forth.

You would be touched by the earnestness and fervour of this young negro, whose artless prattle draws tears from eyes unaccustomed to weeping, when he tells of his friends and relatives now suffering under the lash, and living in a brutalised state of unblissful ignorance. I am getting up a subscription for SAM's tribe, intending to bring them over *en masse*, as they would make excellent servants in such an establishment as MR. HANKEY has recently started, or—they wouldn't do badly as a *troupe* round the country. SAM, my boy, tells me he is not a cannibal, and he assures me that he prefers our beef and mutton to anything he ever tasted. I am sure you will head the list with a handsome donation, and you might put an iron box, with a patent padlock (I'll supply it at my own expense and find the key), outside your office-door with "The Black Boy Fund" written on it.

I will undertake that every penny, placed in that box by a generous and Christianly charitable public, shall be spent upon the most worthy objects; and if the money does not convert, clothe, and render happy an entire tribe, it will not be the fault of the good-hearted English subscribers to the "Black Boy Fund." Depend on me. If necessary, I will go out myself with the money, and explore the country. I am quite ready to fill the rôle of a Stanley, if you will be as magnificently enterprising as are the undaunted Proprietors of the *D-y T-l-gr-ph*.

But I have not yet told you what I am packing up for. Pardon. I am off to Bayreuth for the Wagner Festival. I am, myself, a

Wagnerite, tooth and nail, heart and soul! I may say, with diffidence, that it was I who started Wagnerism in my dear old friend WAGNER himself, years ago. Of course, what I lacked was the technical knowledge to carry out my own idea. But I'll explain this later on.

You remember saying to me, despairingly, "How I wish I had some real musical man, whom I could trust, to send to Bayreuth!" I said nothing then; but I made up my mind: and when you observed, after dinner, to me, "I wish you'd go to Bayreuth," I replied, "Certainly." Now I'm off.*

* We do not recall either of the occasions alluded to, but still if we did say "Go to Bayreuth!" we are perfectly ready to abide by our word, as we should have been had we only said, "Go to Bath!" No doubt there is a large section of the music-loving public which will be heartily glad to receive, from a trustworthy source, all the particulars of an event which seems to mark an era in the history of the *Musical World* (edited by our esteemed friend and high-art critic DR. DISHLEY PETERS, to whom we shall write to keep an eye on our Correspondent at Bayreuth, where they will, probably, meet). ** On reflection, we have written to our Contributor to say, "Put us down for twenty pounds to the 'Black Boy Fund.' Go to Bayreuth. On your arrival you ought to find a circular note at the Post Office, not necessarily for immediate and lavish expenditure, but as a guarantee of our good faith." The public may now rest assured that our excellent Representative will not allow the grass to grow under his feet. We act, now as always, in the interests of civilisation, of journalism, and of an enlightened and appreciative public. In spite of the vast additional expense incurred by these arrangements, no extra charge will be made for our *representative*. We can lay our hands on our hearts and say that we shall be amply repaid for all our trouble by the gratitude and delight of our readers, and this too, we feel assured, will be equally the sentiment of our noble-hearted Contributor.—ED.

*** (Just before going to press).—The above idea we embodied in a note to our good friend. His reply was characteristic, though hardly, perhaps, so satisfactory as we could have wished. Perhaps he was in a hurry.

"Dear Ed. Yes. 'Gratitude,' &c., good. My notion to a turn. Only send cheque; or better,—send ten real sovereigns by hand, and I'll make them last me till I get to the Post Office, Bayreuth, and account to you afterwards!"

To this we replied:

"On inquiry, we find you can get to Bayreuth for half the sum (while double the amount would only delay you)—and, as that is all we happen to have about us at the moment (and we shouldn't have had that, but for a friend accidentally dropping in), we send it at once, so that you may not have to complain of any delay on our part."

To which came back the answer:

"Good enough. Was just off when your boy arrived with the five. It is a note, and I asked for gold. No matter; I can change it, at a slight loss (which you can settle on my return), across the water. In the meantime, as representing You, Sir, I have borrowed the required sum (twenty pounds) from a dear, good, kind, noble old friend of Yours, to whom I have given a draught on You, payable at sight. He will call on you in about an hour's time after you receive this, when I shall be far away, careering, steam up, fast train, high pressure, no-stopping-anywhere express, on the other side of the glorious old Channel. Pensez à moi! à tout toujours.—Y. R."

We have considered it our duty to publish this intact, as, in case of any future difficulty—which we are far, of course, from apprehending—we shall be able to call the Public as a witness to our own integrity. The Gentleman,



A ROUND-ABOUT ROAD.

Master (cool and comfortable). "NCOMMONLY WARM, JAMES!"

Gardener (mopping his brow). "THAT IT BE, SIR! TOM OVER THERE HE ARST ME TO ARST YOU IF YOU'D STAND A EXTRY GLASS O' BEER, AN' I TOLD HIM 'CERTAIN'Y NOT! I COULDN'T THINK O' SUCH A THING!' PHIEW! IT BE WON'ERFUL HOT, SURE-LY!"

The portmanteau is packed. The Black Boy accompanies me. I must have some one to "accompany me" when I go on a musical tour—(this is a *jeu de mot*, or *kommikwördenspiel*, for HERR WAGNER. Fits!)—and I've secured as a fellow-traveller, my dear old friend the Swedish Pole, DR. SCHLAPPHÄGER, who was banished from Bulgaria for his political opinions, and, coming over here, wrote that admirable article in the *Threeweekly* on "The B flat, and how to catch it with a tuning-fork," which caused such a sensation in musical and scientific circles. It was a masterly production. As DR. SCHLAPPHÄGER is not a rich man, I shall have to pay his expenses. But he will be worth every penny of 'em to You, Sir. He is a large eater, but his liquor is a trifle; and you cannot, now-a-days, get such rare musical talent as his for nothing. He is a *Practician* as well as a *Theorist*, and brings his case of instruments with him. We are going to "do Wagner" all the way to Bayreuth. I am an adept on the banjo, the Doctor is A1 with the accordion (which is his national instrument, and you should see him whirling it about his head in a patriotic frenzy!), while the bones naturally fall to my black boy, SAM. It is a brilliant notion, and I fancy, judging by what is done on the road to Goodwood, Epsom, and Ascot, that we ought to pick up a pretty gröschen on the road, which we shall, of course, give to the starving poor, or some local charity. We shall call ourselves the "*Warbling Wagners*." That'll fetch the Germans. No burnt cork. All white—hat, boots, shirts, wigs, all white except SAM, who is the genuine article. Light hearts and white hats! Off to Bayreuth! Train ready! Post the tin. *Vive WAGNER!* We're taking over an illumination and fireworks.

with whom the loan, in our interest, was negotiated, *did* call at our office, but, unfortunately, after we had left. In this weather, our business hours are necessarily early. This may catch his eye; in which case, he will understand that we have been compelled, by sudden press of business, to go to Wales, but hope to see him, and thank him for his kindness, immediately on our return. The Public is now in full possession of all the preliminary circumstances, and knows as much about our worthy Correspondent's musical expedition to Bayreuth, as, up to the present moment, we do ourselves. We sincerely trust that the result will be highly satisfactory to all parties.—ED.

The Doctor is calling to me "*Mein goot freund, man will unter Segel gehen und wartet nur auf Sie!*" To which I reply "*Kommt: wir Sind fertig: nehmt diese zwei Mantelsüche.*"* So off we go with our two "*Mantelsachs*" (lovely word, eh? so expressive!), away to Bayreuth! Soon you shall hear all the news from one who will always sign himself, most affectionately and rovingly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

* We have no doubt now of our Correspondent's good intention. He is evidently a perfect German, and so is his friend. Whatever we may think of his plan for travelling as "*Warbling Wagners*," we are sure that everything will be done by him in excellent taste, and with a view to making the English character respected on the Continent. At the same time our Readers must make allowances for a man of undeniable genius. Genius is above rules; and if Genius chooses to travel with a banjo, a German Professor with an accordion, and a black servant with the bones, we can but smile and pass on, murmuring, "Well, after all, what harm to anybody?—and Genius is eccentric, or it would not be Genius."

We feel these remarks (made in perfect good faith) are due both to our enterprising Contributor and to the sagacity of our respected Readers.—ED.

Plea for Political Prisoners.

KILLING is no murder if complicated with treason. That renders it a mere misdemeanor. A military offence, simply capital, becomes a minor offence when treasonable besides. Treason is an extenuating circumstance of mutiny and murder, and its commission in committing those crimes reduces murderers and mutineers to political offenders. Therefore, instead of being hanged or shot, they ought, if punished at all, and not, on the contrary, rewarded, to be condemned to nothing worse than temporary seclusion, and should, all of them, after a merely nominal imprisonment, be respectfully released.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—The distinction between a picked man and a plucked man.



EQUALITY.

Maid (before the Party). "SHALL YOU WEAR YOUR WHITE MUSLIN TO-NIGHT, MA'AM?"

Mistress. "YES, JANE!"

Maid. "THEN I'LL WEAR MY BLUE SILK, AS I DON'T WANT US TO CLASH!"

AN AUGUST REMANET.

By a Literary Hack in Harness.

FROM out my garret, hot and high,
Pausing from work, I gaze adown
With longing looks intent to spy
The happy hurriers Out of Town.

Four-wheelers, groaning 'neath the load
That box-seat, roof, and footboard
crown;
Hansoms with luggage outside stowed
Of happy folks bound Out of Town.

Their baggage, destined for first-class,
Shames my one coat, once black, now
brown;
And a sigh comes, that I, alas!
Must only dream of Out of Town.

Thinking upon the days gone by,
When young, defying Fortune's
frown,—
Light heart, and lighter luggage, I
Have gaily chartered Out of Town.

Oh for some drops of country dew,
If they would only help to drown
My longing for green pastures new—
Green of God's making—Out of Town!

Well, there's one comfort, now-a-days,
With intramural graves put down,
The poorest wretch for death that prays
May hope for one ride Out of Town.

When my last copy earns its pay,
And I am dead to verb and noun,
From ink to dust—I see my way
To that excursion Out of Town!

MENS SANA, ETC.

THERE will be one decided advantage in the proposed new City of Hygeia. There will, of course, be no necessity for the iteration of the unmeaning greetings, "How are you?" or, "How do you do?" since the answer, "Very well, thank you," will be stereotyped.

OUT OF TOWN.—The Season.

THE GREENWICH DINNER.

Potages.

Broth à la trop de Cuisiniers de l'Amirauté.
Tortue à la M. WARD HUNT.
Hodge-Podge à l'Ordre du Jour.

Poissons.

Flounders à la Education Bill.
Quarrellets à l'Eau de Rose.
Plaice à l'Administration Conservative.
Anguilles à la BENJAMIN DISRAELI.
Saumon, Sauce à la GINX's Bébé.
Homards à la Scheme de Mobilisation.
Whitebait à la fin d'Août.

Entrée.

Tête de Veau à la Majorité Ministérielle.

Relevés.

Jambon d'Espagne à la DON CARLOS en retraite.
Cochon de Lait à la Diplomatie Anglaise.

Rôtis.

Roast Beef à l'Anglais aux Indes.
Turkey à la Question d'Orient.

Entremets.

Petits Pois au Beurre de Lor-Maire de Londres.
Soufflets à l'Ouvrage de la Session.
Pouding Glacé à l'Impératrice des Indes.
Bombe à la KENEALY.
Soupirs de Nonnes à la NEWDEGATE.
Trifle à l'Interpellation Irlandaise.

AN EXACT ACCOUNT OF THE SULTAN'S HEALTH.

(From a Comparison of Authorities.)

MUCH concern having been felt with regard to the health of SULTAN MURAD THE FIFTH, *Mr. Punch* has been at some pains to obtain the most reliable information on the subject, and hastens to inform the public of the result.

It appears, then, from a careful collation of the most authentic bulletins, that the SULTAN is suffering from softening of the brain, delirium tremens, rheumatic paralysis, and other complaints. He converses freely with those about him, attends public prayers, displays great interest with regard to his family, and is a victim to a disordered imagination—being, in fact, on the verge of insanity. It cannot be surprising to hear, as a result of all this, that His Majesty "lacks initiative power and vigour." He is very anxious about the education and welfare of his son, SELAH EDDIN, aged twelve years.

The above concatenation, besides fully bearing out the symptoms already mentioned, no doubt also accounts for the Sultan's personal appearance. Aged twenty-eight, he is of a greenish complexion, with a leaden eye and a white beard! Besides the complaints above enumerated, he suffers from several painful skin diseases and a general nervous prostration, produced by *raki* and *absinthe*. All these afflictions together have the curious effect of rendering His Majesty "visibly weaker" from day to day. Although the transaction of business with the GRAND VIZIER and MIDHAT PASHA might be expected to be somewhat fatiguing under the circumstances, still the SULTAN is cheerful and fond of playing the piano. In conclusion, it may be stated that he is as well as ever he was in his life, has not long to live, and (evidently more astute than any European politician) "is perfectly aware of his position."

PATERFAMILIAS ON PIGTAILS.

"Materfamilias, maddened by the daily increasing insubordination of the British Housemaid, the incapacity, extravagance, and by no means infrequent alcoholism of the British Cook, and the restless even of the British Scullerymaid, . . . is furtively yet anxiously expecting the arrival on the shores of Albion of the 'Heathen Chinese.' It has been bruited about . . . that AH-SING is on his way across the 'big black water' to relieve the barbarian housekeepers from their domestic difficulties."—*Daily Telegraph*.



OLLOQUY of Mr. B. on the threatened advent of the "Heathen Chinese."

CAN'T say I've had that tip from Mrs. B.;

Don't think I ever heard her broach the question:

But importation of the mild Chinese

Does seem a rather staggering suggestion.

AH-SING as Housemaid? Novel notion that!

Bo-HE as Buttons, QUANG-Ho doing stitching,

CHANG-WANG a-handing me my coat and hat!—

Must say it's more bewildering than bewitching.

Servants do play Old Gooseberry, sure enough;

But omnipresent pigtails, pidgin lingo,

Slant eyes, and baggy breeks, and faces buff!

The prospect pulls a man up short, by Jingo!

Those Lady-Helps looked a rum start perhaps.

But quite a trifle when compared with the go.

Don't cotton quite to those Celestial chaps.

I think I've heard they funk'd them out in Frisco.

Thought they were only fit for growing tea.

Don't fancy JOHNNY dishing up any dinner!

I'm not exactly sure that Mrs. B.

Would trust the Baby to that saffron sinner.

All very well on tea-chests, queer and quaint;

Quite passable on screens and fancy crockery;

But nursing NELL!—'twould make AUNT BETSY faint!

I hope that D. T. means it all in mockery.

Worst of those blessed papers now-a-days,

They will go in for being deady funny.

I like plain speech that means just what it says—

(That *Standard* is the paper for my money.)

But if it's serious? Well, no doubt, AH-SING

May be a meek, industrious sort of fellow;

But those blue bed-gowns aren't my style of thing,

And blood is blood. AH-SING's I'm sure is yellow!

Cheap? Civil? Caring nought for cuff or kick?

Nice change to have a servant that is trounceable.

JOHNNY will pocket "fum-fum" and "eat stick,"

While MARY ANNE's dear, and rude, and bounceable:

As for pig-tails, one mustn't talk too loud,

Seeing the things our Women now are wearing—

But fancy living midst a family crowd

Of bare Mongolian pates! 'Twere past all bearing!

Moreover labour may be made too cheap:

This Flowery overflow may swamp Creation.

Suppose AH-SING should catch J. B. asleep,

And ply his pidgin to our ruination!

Hard work, short commons? 'Taint the modern style,

Short hours, long pay, seems Labour's latest charter.

AH-SING may slave, eat stick, half starve, and smile,

Yet that sleek Mongol may turn out a Tartar.

No, Mrs. B! I guess you'd better bear

With MARY ANNE's ways a little longer—

The Pig-tails far outnumber us, I hear,

Let JOHN 'ware hawk if JOHNNY grows the stronger.

A world, too, like a willow-pattern plate
Is not the sort of thing my taste that pleases:
For China there has been a craze of late—
Do hope we shan't extend it to Chinoises!

THE EASTERN QUESTION IN THE FUTURE.

According to Russian Ideas.

1877. Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania placed under Russian protection.

1878. The Protected Provinces given over to the rule of a Russian Viceroy.

1879. Important Treaty concluded between Russia and Greece.

1880. Coronation at Constantinople of the EMPEROR ALEXANDER as Czar of all the Russias, Greece, and both the Turkeys.

According to German Ideas.

1877. Remonstrance with France for favouring Turkey.

1878. Remonstrance with France for sympathising with the Insurgent Provinces.

1879. Remonstrance with France on account of her neutrality.

1880. War declared against France.

According to Turkish Ideas.

1877. Loan from England to declare war against Russia.

1878. Loan from England to declare war against Germany.

1879. Loan from England to declare war against France, Austria, Italy, Greece, Denmark, and the United States.

1880. Loan from England to declare war against Great Britain.

According to Austrian Ideas.

1877. Negotiation with a First-Class Power.

1878. Negotiation with a couple of First-Class Powers.

1879. Negotiation with all the First-Class Powers.

1880. Negotiations with the Four Quarters of the Globe.

According to English Ideas.

1877. English Constitutions given to all the Insurgent Provinces.

1878. Penny Papers, Penny Ices, Cheap Omnibuses and Bath Buns introduced into Belgrade, Ragusa, Nish, and Constantinople.

1879. Conversion of the STRAN. Establishment of Turkish Houses of Lords and Commons, Insurgent Provinces treated like English Colonies, and Inauguration of the Constantinople Underground Railway.

1880. Payment of the Turkish Debt.

According to Mr. Punch's Private Ideas.

1877. Revolution!

1878. Reconstitution!!

1879. Renovation.

1880. Civilisation.

PUNCH AND PUFFERY.

Good old HOMER sometimes nods; and *Punch* may occasionally take forty winks; but who has ever heard him talk in his sleep? "Aperiently," as Mrs. Gump says, the author of the following announcement in a morning paper—unconnected, however, with Mrs. Gump:—

"THE YACHTING SEASON.—'There is nothing more refreshing than the Rhinegau Champagne.'—*Punch*."

Mr. Punch does not remember ever having made this observation. If it ever escaped him whilst dreaming, in a moment of slumber, he will too probably, under the same conditions, say similar things. The next of them, perhaps, will be an encomium on the Spécialité Sherry; and by-and-by *Mr. Punch* will, without knowing it, extol even HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. But observe. Except through "unconscious cerebration," and "reflex action," *Punch* never puffs anything but tobacco smoke. Not if he knows it. In the meanwhile common sense shows how certain it must be that a puff falsely attributed to *Mr. Punch* is a truthful advertisement.

NEWS FOR THE VATICAN.—Barbadoes has rebelled against Papal rule—such is its Protestant feeling—though it was only against POPE-HENNESSY!

WITH what faculty ought a common street thief to be eminently endowed?

(It being too hot for guessing, we give the answer at once):—Purse-pick-acity (Perspicacity).

THE PRISONS' BILL.—MR. WILLIAM SIKES.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



"*INEM coronat opus*" is the Parliamentary setting of the old Classic saw.

"Work crowns the Session's end—Talk its beginning."

So now the House sits even on Saturdays, and Government claims every day and all day long—even to Wednesdays. And this while the Dog-Star rages at red heat!

Saturday, August 5—RICHARD was himself again, on Third Reading of the Education Bill—which he denounced "as the worst measure, the most unjust, and most tyrannical in spirit, since BOLINGBROKE'S Schism Bill—in the reign of QUEEN ANNE."

Big words, and bold words, Brother RICHARD. Even those who have opposed the PELL element of the Bill most strongly admit that, apart from this, it makes many improvements in our school machinery. Disliking what the Bill has been perverted into doing

LINLEY SAMBOURNE

1876, CY DEL.



DESPAIR!

BROWN HAS LOCKED HIS PORTMANTEAU WITH ONE OF THOSE LETTER PADLOCKS, AND FORGOTTEN THE WORD THAT OPENS IT!

[Only Ten Minutes to Dinner!]

to encourage denominational teaching at the cost of School-Boards, as the reopening of an all but scarred wound, the friends of Education, who are not also out-and-out Nonconformist partisans, could not find it in their hearts to record their votes against the Bill. The end was a poor array of 46 Noes on Third Reading, which may be said to measure the strength in the House of the party in whom hatred of the Establishment is stronger than love of Education. MR. FORSTER did not vote.

Punch can only say,

"Rest, rest perturbed spirits!"

Happily these heats are of, and for, the House. They cool down in the actualities of Educational work. Partisans make much of them, pedagogues little, parents least.

Dissection of the great Egyptian CAVE BEAR. Post-mortem examinations are not ageable in hot weather, at best; and the CAVE BEAR has been dead and buried for months. What use to dig the carcase up again—especially to write over it such uncomplimentary epitaphs as MR. DONSON'S ("MR. CAVE'S mission was a total *fiasco*, the report waste paper, the end of the whole business no credit to ourselves, and no credit to the KNEEDIVE"), or MR. LOWE'S ("The Decline and Fall of Egyptian Credit, a drama in five acts—Requisition, Intrusion, Inquisition, Suppression, and Repudiation.") The fact seems to be that the Acting Manager contemplated a grand *coup de théâtre*, but that his colleagues in the Ministerial management shrank from the risk. GYE, not Government, may have courage to bring out an Egyptian spectacle, regardless of expense. So *Aïda* succeeds, while CAVE'S Inquiry is a failure, and Suez-Canal Shares-Purchase only a half-success. But what is to be expected of a Cabinet coach with a DERBY Drag on, for all the showy driving of BEN on the Box? The KNEEDIVE asked for a Clerk, and we sent him a CAVE (as he is reported to have said), to bury his credit in. Since our kind intervention, his bonds have fallen twenty per cent., and every money-market of Europe is shut in his face. Well may he ask, with a slight variation of *Falstaff*, "Call you this backing your friend's bills?"

Monday (Lords).—Bill to extend English local Cattle-Plague preventive and detective machinery to Ireland, and to include "horses" under general term "animals," for the first time.

LORD EMLY thought the Irish central system better than the English local.

LORD STRATHNAIRN had a little snap at Short Service, and a grumble over the Reserve.

LORD CARDWELL said he had hoped LORD STRATHNAIRN, after what we had seen, would have given a good word to the Reserve. But not a good word had been vouchsafed. LORD RAGLAN had complained in the Crimea that the recruits "died like flies." These Reserve men were not the style of fellows to die like flies. No "fly" about them.

LORD DORCHESTER didn't know about that; but twenty years' service men were better than two. The War Office boasted of 60,000 Reserve men. The country wanted five times as many.

(*Commons.*)—Bulgarian Atrocities. A hideous subject, of which Government has heard a good deal—though not from its Official Correspondents—and is likely to hear a good deal more.

MR. ANDERSON quoted the indescribable horrors in a recent report published in the *Daily News*.

MR. MUNDELLA, CAPTAIN HAYTER, JACOB BRIGHT, MR. WHITWELL, and MR. COWEN tried to say what England feels, not only about the hideous atrocities tolerated, if not directed, in Bulgaria by the Turkish Government, but about the slackness of England's official eye, ear, and tongue at Constantinople to see, hear, and speak the truth on this repulsive subject. SIR HENRY ELLIOT's pre-determination seems to have been to disbelieve everything against the Turks or for the Bulgarian rayahs. When forced to direct inquiry by LORD DERRY's positive instructions, he sends an agent who understands neither Turkish nor Bulgarian, in charge of his father-in-law, a notorious partisan of the Turk. Altogether, if England—as well as facts are not effectually misrepresented at this crisis, it seems that it will not be the fault of the English Embassy at Constantinople.

MR. BOURKE made the best of his bad case—his one being to destroy the credit of the newspaper correspondents, and bolster up the credit of the official reporters. Time will very shortly decide between them all that it has not already decided. But does any one that knows Turkey and the Turks doubt how the case really stands? If we wish to see how it *lies*, we may turn to ERIN-KEFFENDI's report, which SIR HENRY ELLIOT quotes as it he believed it.

Let *Punch* speak his mind in this matter. Political partisanship and party spirit are both at low, as well as luke-warm, water in England just now; but, if anything will fire JOHN BULL's blood to fever heat, it is such horrors as have been perpetrated in Bulgaria and part of his wrath will assuredly be visited on those who have striven to interpose official blinds or buffers between England and the sight or shock of these horrors. If one thing is more clear than another, it is that the attempt to soften them is past BARING or his father-in-law, GUARACINO, either. The head of Her Majesty's Opposition asserted for the Newspaper Correspondents the credit which English common-sense and experience unite to claim for them.

Tuesday (Lords).

"Calm in the Peers, and reason cool,

E'en on the Education Bill,

That made with strife the Commons shrill,
Shaping such shindy out of School."

Yes—there were the DUKE, and LORD GRANVILLE, and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, and LORD RIPON, and LORD SALISBURY, all with their heads together over the Bill, and never a quarrel in the quintette!

"Ye Commons' cry of Curs" take a lesson! How infinitely more becoming, both the subject and the weather, is this Lordly coolness and calmness, than your hasty heats and rampant rancours.

BRITANNIA must own with *Punch* that 'tis on such questions as this of Education, whose *habitat* should lie above the zone of party tempests and tornadoes, that her Lords show to advantage over her Commons.

(*Commons.*)—Another post-mortem examination, of the Suez-Canal Shares-Purchase, in Committee on the Bill to raise the money. MR. LOWE poked up the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, and MR. RYLANDS rasped out a screed of his familiar penny-wisdom. But the House was too languid to feel either the chat of cynic blister-ointment or the burden of Rylandsian boredom.

"Not a ha'porth 'twould reck, though it let them talk on,
And e'en DIZZY in dulness arrayed him."

Even when RYLANDS accused the Government of having formed something very like a ring to "rig"

Egyptian Stock, the House could hardly be roused to sympathise with SIR STAFFORD'S virtuous indignation. It was too hot even for personalities. Everybody felt that somehow there had been a *coup-manqué* here too, as in the Cave Report—a "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'" that indicated the quenching of a sensational *coup*, smacking strong of Asiatic mystery, with a *douche* of caution—"from DERBY'S depths in cooling fountains drawn." The PREMIER explained how High Political and Commercial were blent in the transaction.

High Policy's all very well,
But what both Jew and Gentile essays,
When loss against gain you've to tell,
Is to prove that High Policy pays.

Appellate Jurisdiction Bill got through Committee, and the die cast for creation of one-horse legal Peers—not permanent pillars of the House of Lords, but removable, like the partitions of a royal box.

Wednesday.—When the steed is stolen, shut the door. MR. BOURKE informed the House that Her Majesty's Government have authorised the appointment of a British Consular Officer at Philippopolis, so that SIR HENRY ELLIOTT will not be reduced to depend on Turkish authorities for accounts of Turkish atrocities.

Appellate Jurisdiction Bill passed, under a funeral wail from MR. WHALLEY, to *Ophelia's* air:—

"Oh, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

WHALLEY suggests as subject for a picture—"The Serpent of Statutory Enactment swallowing the Common Law!"

MR. CROSS, in a speech of infinite tact and discretion, moved the Bill for regulating Vivisection. About this question England is divided into two camps: one, which does not need to have reason urged on it; the other, which refuses to hear reason. The Bill is an attempt to meet an angry, excited, and, in its stronger forms, irrational feeling; but respect is due even to the errors of humane sentiment, however hot and heady. Of the thousand forms in which man inflicts pain on animals, one is specially inflicted for a holy purpose—the advancement of knowledge, with a view to the diminution of suffering. That one form is henceforth to be placed under special legal regulation. MR. HOLT was the organ of excited sentiment. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK and DR. PLAYFAIR put the case for calm science with exemplary moderation; the RIGHT HON. ROBERT LOWE, *more suo*, with more point and pepper than persuasiveness. On an ebbing tide Ministers went to dine at Greenwich.

Thursday.—LORD G. HAMILTON brought in the Indian Budget—though last, not least—to an Indian audience—very hot, very languid, and as little able as willing to brace up its energies to the terrible feat of facing such a problem as the Depreciation of Silver; still more, the crux of applying a remedy to it. To talk of Indian prosperity seems literally surplussage—for in 1874-75, a calculated deficit of £1,388,000 had been converted into a surplus of £319,197, and in 1875-76, a calculated surplus of £506,000 had swelled to £1,634,000. There was an increase in the revenue from Customs, Stamps, and Railways. Army expenditure had been retrenched. Public works were being conducted with less waste. All would be going merry as a marriage bell, but for silver—vile silver—"fons et origo mali," vice gold superseded. By its depreciation, the Indian revenue would lose £2,313,000; but "little Surplus"—as CHARLES SURFACE says—would survive through all!

LORD G. showed how all the devices proposed for setting up that Humpty-Dumpty—the fallen Rupee—were impracticable, and announced that Government was prepared to do nothing but keep its eyes open and curtail public works. Manchester, through the sweet voices of SPENCER, BRIGGS, and BIRLEY, advocated repeal of the Duties on Calico, to the tune of "Take the Goods our Mills provide you," instead of weaving for yourselves, and putting on our wares a duty which, with their own size, is quite heavy enough to swamp Manchester cloths. Manchester could supply grey shirtings of any quantity as well as any size, if the Indian Government would take off the duty.

The House went into Committee after MESSRS. GOSCHEN and FAWCETT had delivered learned essays on the Economics of Silver.

Punch can't understand its depreciation—he never appreciated half-crowns more since he can remember.

Friday.—ENGLAND washes her hands clean of responsibility for Turkish blood and filth. MR. EVELYN ASHLEY and SIR W. HARCOURT found eloquent voice for the feeling of horror and repulsion which the Bulgarian atrocities have left through the length and breadth of the land.

Turkey, as the *Times* truly says, has forfeited for ever the good opinion of England. It is well that MR. DISRAELI, who, with MR. BOURKE, did his best in palliation of the supineness of our representative at Constantinople, should understand this clearly; and it is well that England by her Collective Wisdom should have spoken so strongly and so clearly as Parliament is breaking up.

As Members dispersed in the small hours a rumour swept

through the benches, and made the lights burn for a moment dimmer—that the Commons will know The RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI no more, he having been called up to the House of Lords as EARL OF BEACONSFIELD—

Leaving his brightest Beacon's wider field,
That House of Commons, where, for forty years,
His ready tongue hath been both sword and shield,
In battle with the worthiest of his peers.

It is the season of falling stars—a bright one has shot sudden from the Galaxy of St. Stephen's.

COOLING INVENTIONS FOR THE HOT WEATHER.

(Suggested to Patentees of New Inventions.)



A REFRIGERATOR Hat, with ice reservoir and self-acting steam-discharging safety valve complete, to regulate the temperature of the head.

A Suit of Dittos, made of a new material, combining the texture of the butterfly's wings with the opacity of broadcloth.

iced Newspapers, exclusively devoted to articles written in the coolest style, with apologies for everything—including the Bulgarian atrocities.

Pocket Self-acting Punkahs, for using in hansoms and railway carriages—especially on all the Metropolitan District Lines.

Tonic Thought Lozenges, to enable the consumer to make up his mind without unnecessary exertion.

Talking Machines, requiring only to be wound up once a fortnight, for use at dinner-tables, garden-parties, crushes, and all other occasions when good society congregates in the dog-days. The Machines should be provided with interchangeable cylinders so worked that the topics may be changed frequently, on the principle of the calculating machine.

And, lastly, some mode of keeping cool (any design will be accepted) which does not entail either a visit to the Arctic Regions or a journey to the summit of Monte Rosa.

Propositions may be sent to Mr. Punch, care of Toby, the Cellar, 85, Fleet Street.

EDUCATIONAL OUT-DOOR RELIEF.

ONNER'D MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—Werry grate Impruvement of the Guvment Heddicat ion Hact the Guardians Instead of the Skoolboards avin to pay the skool feas for scollards witch their Parients can't aford to. In coarse Wee shal Take preshus good Care to make all Them pay as can. Trust Hus to releave the Parish and Save the Ratepayers pokits. Best, if porper Heddicat ion was in our Ands haltogether. We'd see all the necessairy Estimats was Framed like the Wurkus Diaterry with a Doo regard to Economy. Food for Mind same as Food for Boddy. All as simple as Molossus and Skilligolee. No luxaries, no extries abuv the 3 R's. Appervensions as bin ixprest in Sum kevaters that in payment of Skool Feas for them as aven't the meens we're Likely to be too Gennerus. No fear of that; but which it's praps only Meant for Witt, as for a Saterrial insinvevation agin respectabel Ofshels and Porochial Economists in the Posishon of Your Obegent Umbel Servent,

PANCRIDGE.

SWEETS BY WIRE.

By mistake, in a telegram from Calcutta the other day, "the JAM OF LASBEYLA" was entitled "the JAM OF LUXBEHAL." A serious mistake, only to be paralleled by calling raspberry jam gooseberry!

AMENDMENT ON THE CRUELTY TO ANIMALS BILL.

FOX-HUNTING in future to be limited to bag-foxes, and no Fox henceforth to be hunted except under chloroform.



SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

Mrs. Golightly (fishing for a compliment). "Ah! MR. MCJOSEPH, BEAUTY IS THE MOST PRECIOUS OF ALL GIFTS FOR A WOMAN! I'D SOONER POSSESS BEAUTY THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!"

Mr. McJoseph (under the impression that he is making himself very agreeable). "I'M SURE, MRS. GOLIGHTLY, THAT ANY REGRET YOU MAY POSSIBLY FEEL ON THAT SCORE MUST BE AMPLY COMPENSATED FOR BY—ER—THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF YOUR MORAL WORTH, YOU KNOW,—AND OF YOUR VARIOUS MENTAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS!"

BY THE SAD SEA WAVE.

(*Very Like a Wail.*)

TIME—Sunday, Aug. 6. SCENE—The Seacoast at Sunrise.
Interlocutors, FATHER NEPTUNE and MR. PUNCH.

Punch. Good morrow, FATHER NEPTUNE!

Neptune (gloomily). To my sorrow,
Can't say that I expect a good to-morrow.

Punch. How's that?

Neptune. Bank Holiday!

Punch. Ho! ho! You funk

St. Lubbock's lambs?

Neptune (salty). I do, when they are drunk,
Or low, or noisy, or too multitudinous.

Punch. Humph! We're your nurslings, so there's something rude
in us.

But we all love Old NEP!

Neptune (ironically). Ay! once a year,
With passion tempered well by Cockney fear.
Love? Call you "love" the penchant of the rabble
Fired by their yearly craze to come and dabble
Their town toes in my sandy fringe of waves,
While I'm asleep?

Punch (archly). Why, many a nymph who laves
In your much-honoured flood her fairy feet is
Worthy compare with silver-ankled Thetis;
While many a dandy lounge on your sand
Could play the Viking did the hour demand.
Old Grampus, you are grumpy!

Neptune (moody). Well, I'm blunt.

Perhaps I have my reasons. Ask WARD HUNT!

Punch. Or MATTHEW WEBB?

Neptune (mollified). One of the good old breed!
But to be made a toy of is indeed

A thing that irks me. Cockneydom *en masse*
Is on its way upon my skirts to pass
Some weary weeks of modish monotone,
Or whet its appetite on my ozone.
Can't bid it "Come unto these yellow sands."
Sham Sailors, Niggers, Shrimps, and German Bands,
Would vulgarise Atlantis.

Punch. Nay, restrain
Your wrath, great Sire of Floods, and smoothe that "mane"
Which BYRON—

Neptune (exploding). Bother BYRON! Heard him quoted
By spooning pairs, who lounged, or strolled, or boated,
Until his lures are stale as Cockney slang,
Or the cork-blackened Minstrel's banjo-twang;
And for my "mane"—Cits and their Cockney Muse
Would put it into curl-papers!

Punch. You use
Warm words, my Neptune, and your tropes are striking,
But every Villa-dweller's not a Viking.
Can't quite expect you, in a mood thus irate,
To weigh the Cockney fairly 'gainst the pirate—

Neptune (indignantly). Pirate be—

Punch (warmly). Hush! here comes a Nereid,
bent

On wooing your embrace.
Neptune (eyeing her approvingly). Well, I'm content.
Doris might own her for a daughter true.

Were all like her, or—may I say—like you.

Punch (smiling superior). Utopian dreamer! Such wild thoughts
are vain!

Till advent of some new Saturnian reign.
A world of PUNCHES and of PERIS!!!

Neptune. Well,—
Could but the throngs who yearly come to dwell
Some weeks beside my sweeps of freshening brine,
Contrive to fit their modes and moods to mine

RAILWAY PORTER. "IS THIS ALL, SIR?"

DIZZY. "YES, I CAN'T CARRY THESE—THEY MUST COME BY THE NEXT 'PARLIAMENTARY'!"

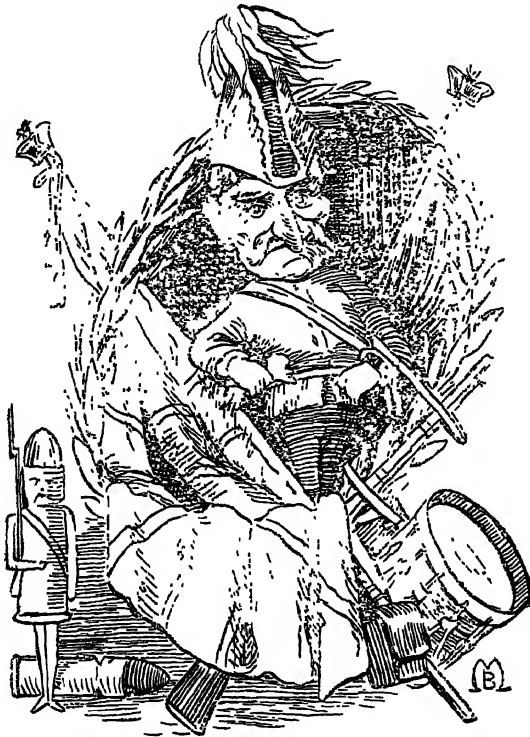
[But he 'll have changed his address.]

A little better. Think how great the gain.
But Music-Halldom throned upon the Main!
Bond-Street-on-Sea, still bound in Fashion's fetter!—
My Britons *ought* to understand me better!

Punch. Right, Briny Sire! And *Punch* were fain to teach
Swells on the pier, and 'ARRY on the beach,
Better philosophy. Such tasks take time,
For folly is more hard to cure than crime.
Meanwhile, bland Nobs and blatant Snobs are both
Good-natured NEPTUNE's nurslings, though you're loth
To father half their follies. Children play,
Bare-legged, spade-wielding, on your sands to-day,
Who in the coming time may take their shares
In our sea-tale with NELSON or with NABES.
Neptune. No doubt! Good bye! Don't want to raise a bobbery,
But—do come down your best on Sea-side Snobbery!

(*Mr. Punch means to.*)

THE WRONG END.



[SCENE—The Steps of the Senior. GENERALS FLINTLOCK and LEATHERSTOCK discovered.

Flintlock (feebly). Well, LEATHERSTOCK, how's the gout?

Leatherstock. Beastly bad, Sir, beastly bad. Glad to see you out again.

Flintlock. It's against my Doctor's orders, but I thought I would come down to the Club to have a look at the papers.

Leatherstock. Hang the papers, Sir! They are the curse of the country!

Flintlock. What's all this about retirement, LEATHERSTOCK?

Leatherstock. Capital notion, Sir—best thing they have done for many a year. They want to retire the Company Officers.

Flintlock (anxiously). They won't touch us Generals?

Leatherstock. Touch us, Sir? I should like to see them do it! Hang it! there's another of my twinges! Touch us, indeed! The Service would have come to a pretty pass if they touched us!

[*They hobble up the steps of the Club.*

SCENE—Outside the Junior. COLONEL TAPE and MAJOR DOCKET discovered.

Tape. Hallo, DOCKET! Up in town again?

Docket. Yes. I am still a supernumerary. Just been appointed to the Pen-Cutting Department.

Tape. I congratulate you. A very snug post, indeed.

Docket. And you, Colonel?

Tape (laughing). Oh, I am as lucky as ever—still on the Staff. I do believe, DOCKET, I couldn't pass an examination in *Field Exercises*, Part I. I haven't opened the book for years!

Docket. No more have I, Colonel. This Staff work makes a fellow precious rusty. What do you think of this Retirement scheme?

Tape. It seems sensible—making the Captains and Subalterns resign, and leaving us alone. Couldn't have anything better than that, eh?

Docket. Scarcely. Shall we have a game at billiards? My work at the Pen-Cutting Department was over at eleven to-day.

Tape. And I am on "pass" generally. [*They enter the Club.*

SCENE—The Courtyard of the Naval and Military. Enter LIEUTENANTS BRAID and LACE. They meet CAPTAIN ORDERLY.

Braid and Lace. Hallo, ORDERLY! Who'd think of meeting you here!

Orderly. Yes. I don't often come up to town, and when I do I generally find something better to do than lounging in a smoking-room.

Braid. My dear old man, you are an honour to the Service.

Orderly. The Service be hanged, Sir!

Lace. Hallo! Why you always used to say—

Orderly. I have changed my opinion. How can a man take a pride in his profession when he is to be shunted after twenty years' service? After undergoing all the drudgery of a Company Officer, to be refused field rank!

Braid. I see you have been reading the Retirement affair. It is rather rough.

Orderly. I have, Sir; and I can tell you it will ruin the Service as thoroughly as it will ruin me! [*Exit.*

Braid. Well, they must make room for us, you know. The poor old chap seems to feel it, though.

Lace. So should we if we had had his service.

Braid. And, as we haven't, let's have a peg!

Lace. A peg, by all means!

[*The promising young Soldiers enter the Club.*

OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GREAT WAGNER FESTIVAL, BAYREUTH.

117, Schnitzelstrasse, Baireuth.

MEIN LIEB ALTE MANN,

Da bin ich! Und Sie wie befinden Sie sich? Das Wetter ist gut für schwächliche Leute. Excuse dese German sprechen, aber (but) when I am once again among mein intimer freunde and mein alten Pallen I cannot avoid thinking in their language, and so slipping into it. I suppose you know all about Baireuth, or Bayreuth, but "Bai" is the proper way of buchstabiren (spelling) it. I'll just give you such partickulären as I've been able to pick up in the few hours I've been here.

The population yesterday was 19,208, but I have since learnt that this morning, before sending this, it has been increased by twins at No. 20, Kinderstrasse, when die muter und dese kinchen (this is low-Bavarian for "mother and children") are doing as well as can be expected. Dear old WAGGY (my petit nom, for years past, for mein intimer freund HERR WAGNER) leaves a note at the house—every morning, and such a note!!—it expresses, at one Wagnerian touch, his deep sympathy, the height of his anxiety, his sharpness to be of any service, his intention to call again to-morrow, and his wish to stand godfather to these little twins, who, because it is here the custom to be perpetually drinking babies' healths, and because the new-born ones themselves in this country take to "the bottle" so early, are called die Zwillingen—and a doosid good name, too.

There is a splendid pompe (pump) at Bayreuth; a fine restaurant, where we drink schloss* (a sort of thick lager-beer stirred up with a spoon), and eat der schwein-choppen (pork chops) stewed in sauerkrout (sour crout); and, danke Himmel, in this hot weather there are lots of schwizzle-hausen all over the place.

There is here the National German Operatio Theater, which mein lieb alte freund WAGGY drew out himself from the original design of a certain gentleman whom it would not become me to mention; but,

* Schloss we had hitherto thought meant, in German, a castle. Still, there may be a drink of that name, just as, e.g., we say here "Give me a pint of Bass," meaning thereby a pint of the beer brewed by Mr. Bass, M.P. Also we refuse to accept the responsibility of our esteemed Correspondent's Bavarian spelling. He is evidently intimately acquainted with various dialects, and with the Bavarian cockneyisms of the streets, as he employs words and expressions which, we confess, are utterly strange to us. Yet as it has not been our fortunate lot, as we gather from occasional remarks in his present letter it has been his, to be brought up at Heidelberg and Bonn, and to be on most intimate and affectionate terms with Germans and Austrians and Bavarians of all ranks, we will not venture to correct his spelling or his translations, and can only congratulate ourselves and our readers on being able to receive information from so invaluable a Contributor, who is no less erudite as a scholar than he is accomplished as a gentleman, and who is able to live most economically in a foreign country, as a true Cosmopolitan should do.—ED.



A JUMP AT A CONCLUSION.

Geraldine. "YOU SHAN'T BE MY AUNT: YOU SHALL BE MY SISTER!"

Aunt Anne. "NO. I AM YOUR PAPA'S SISTER, AND SO I MUST BE YOUR AUNT."

Geraldine (after a pause). "THEN, WAS PAPA MY UNCLE BEFORE HE WAS MARRIED?"

alte mann, you will comprehend when I remind you that Your Representative was educated for an Architect,* in which line I should have undoubtedly excelled, had not my modesty and unselfishness . . . But I am not here to write my memoirs. These will come in good time.

We are living at a charming boarding-house near the Black Forest. You have often heard of the Boarders of the Black Forest, eh? Well, that's where we are.†

In the morning it is delightful to hear the warbling of the birds, the *shreiken* of the night owl, the wild wood notes of the cockaleeken, the *chirrupen* of the cockelollen-bürd, and the *bumbelen* (humming) of a *myriaden der insekten* (of a myriad insects—this is all low-Bavarian, the language here of the family circles, which are in themselves a rare education for the neophyte who would *unterkönstumbülen* (understand) the genius of *mein lieb alte WAGGY*.

Our meeting at the station was immensely touching—we were in each

* "An Architect." This is news: but nothing surprises us, as we always told him to his face that he was a very clever man.—Ed.

† We have heard of the "boarders of the Black Forest," but not of a boarding-house in that romantic spot. If our Contributor is joking with us, it is a pity, as, with this vague address, it is impossible for us, with any degree of security, to forward him the "*de quoi vivre*," in point of fact the usual honorarium for expenses. This, however, causes us little or no anxiety, as our esteemed Representative, being such a master of languages, and being so well known to the renowned Maestro, HERR WAGNER himself (whom he calls "Old WAGGY," as we learn from his letter), will never be at a loss, should our handsome remittance fail to arrive, as it certainly will do on the present occasion. We think it due to ourselves to mention our reason for not posting the remittance, publicly beforehand, so as to forestall any subsequent reprisals and complaints on the part of our esteemed Correspondent. [Also, if he is on the borders of the Black Forest, why does he date from 117, Schmitzelstrasse, which street we have been utterly unable to find in our plan of Bayreuth, which, however, we will honestly admit, is an old copy of ten years ago. Yet it is odd.—Ed.]

other's arms in two-tuos, *kissengen* (kissing) one another's *cheeken* (cheeks), with that expansion and effusion of affection which only two such old *chümmen-und-pallen* (equivalent to "college and school-fellows") as old HERR WAGGY and myself could possibly experience. Bang went the drums, clash went the cymbals, which *der Meister* (the master) had thoughtfully provided to divert public attention from us as we wept, *droppen-die-joien* (tears of joy), over each other's shoulder.

"Was wünschen Sie?" were the first words he could speak.

I replied glibly, "*Geben Sie mir etwas Wein etwas Ochsenbraten, etwas Salat, eine halbe Taube, das Oel, etwas Spinat, einen Hecht, eine Pfirsiche und eine Flasche moussirenden Champagner*."

In a second, it was before us.

"Zo ist gut!" I exclaimed. "Nun danke sie Himmel! Ja! Zo!"

We are having a first-rate time of it. Such a party last night. Myself the life and soul of it of course. It was musical and merry. Waggish and Wagnerian! I played my *Leatherlungen* with a trilogy in *b* minor, which they had never heard before.

"If," said old WAGGY, emphatically, "if that symphony grand-and-heart-and-soul-interior-stirring this time I before had heard, never again of music a note would I myself have written!"

And for three minutes he was silent, buried in deep thought. I tapped him on the back, and whispered in his ear, "*Lieb Meister*," I said, "the idea is yours. Take it and be happy." He was overjoyed and immediately went into his bedroom to re-touch the *Nibelungen*, which is taken from an unpublished work of mine, *Die Nibbertolatetomenden*, libretto by CHARLES READE.†

Our party consisted of the KING OF BAVARIA, who has still some good notes in his voice, only he will take too much *stodgen-sassinger* (a sort of delicate sausage made of boar's flesh, truffles, garlic, veal, and underdone beef), at dinner, three Serene Transparencies, who quite lighted up during the evening, though a trifle dull at first, four Grand Dukes, and six Grand Duchesses, who sang a *decenttette* in *b* flat of the *musiken der Zimmer* order, with much taste and feeling.

Then we had three ordinary Dukes, who misbehaved themselves shockingly, and who were subsequently removed to *die station-hauser* by the *Bobben-politsei* (constabulary), and were not let off next morning until they had paid a fine, two-and-a-half *silber groschen* each, which was ordered by the *würthe-beke* (Magistrate) to be placed in the poor's-box.

The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA sang his own hymn, accompanying himself on the concertina, very fairly for an amateur, only he will overdo the action, and get so much all *ober-die-schoppen* (all over the shop), that there's no coming within a mile of him. I am out-running my space, so must finish, but not without telling you a few of my *splittersideren* (or jokes that nearly make you burst with laughter), with which I have enlivened the company in this out-of-the-way-but-at-present-fashionably, scientifically, operatically, and artistically-crowded place.

All our jokes and conversation are musical, *bien entendu*.

Here is a specimen of a few of my *crakjöken*, as the Swedes call them—of my *funnimentos*, as the Spaniards have it.

* A friend who is just off to the Continent with his pocket full of *Murrays*, *Bradshaws*, and *Conversation* books, has just this minute looked in. He declares that every word of this excellent German is to be found in a *Manual of Conversation for the Traveller*, under the head of *Das Abendessen*. Yet, on second thoughts, why shouldn't it be? Our Correspondent would certainly not ask HERR WAGNER for dishes which were not in the language of the country. Of course, it is as well to be cautious; but we are inclined to think that our visitor (who has gone) was a trifle hypercritical. The question to our mind is, does Our Correspondent really speak low-Bavarian dialects or not? If he does . . . yet, still, he may have recourse to his *Conversation* book for his best German. We will think it out, and while thinking it out, we can temporarily withhold remittances.—Ed.

† No, we never did hear of this. Why has this work been so long hidden away? We can hardly believe it: and yet, —we will write to Mr. CHARLES READE, and put the matter in his hands. If the statement is untrue, Mr. READE can put the engine of the law at work, and he may depend upon us for giving him every assistance in our power.—Ed.



SEA-SIDE COSTUMES.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE. THE GENTLEMEN HAVE TWO LEGS TO THEIR TROUSERS: THE LADIES ONLY ONE.

LIEB WAGGY says to me on Sunday, "Are you going to church?"

"No," I replied; "I always go to CHAPPELL."

This was a *splittersiderer*.

Another. "Have some more Rhine wein," says *der alter Meister*.

"Nein, danke," I replied.

"Why?" he asks, with a wink to the company, intimating that a real good 'un might be expected. And he was not deceived.

"I will not," I returned, gravely, "take any more Rhine wein, because I do not wish to be a well-known music publisher."

"Hein!" they all exclaimed.

I explained. "Because," said I, with that well-known arch expression of *mein optiken* (my eye), which is so irresistible, "because I do not wish to be BOOSEY."

Need I say that there were *shrieken und shouten* all over the place?

There was a first-rate brass band, and also an inferior one. Of the two I said, "*Das ist Coor und TINNEY*."

This double-barrelled Anglo-Bavarian *splittersider* is the last sky-rocket I can send you to-day with safety to the post-bag.

By the way, as there are in the crowd here some very unprincipled persons, who would not be above going to the Post Office, and, making use of the untradesmanlike falsehood of its being the same concern, getting hold of my letters, for the sake of the enclosure from you, please do not send the remittance here,* but entrust it to the Gentleman who brings this letter to you, and in whom I have every confidence, whose receipt will be your discharge, and who will bring it straight to me, so you may as well let him have it in cash. In business there must ever be mutual confidence,† and so, *mein lieb alte Mann*, I

* We will strictly comply with this request. We like the great caution shown by our Contributor; it is in itself a guarantee of good faith.—Ed.

† True: our sentiments down to the ground. Therefore it will be on the whole safer (as we told the Gentleman who came with this MS., and who complained of being kept waiting in the office, as he wanted to be off to Bayreuth immediately, and might miss his train) for our excellent and clever Correspondent to trust us here, and we can settle up with him on his return. We have written to him to this effect, only we think it as well to state the case publicly, in view of any probable difficulties in future. *Entre nous*, we did not like the look of the "friend" who called. He had the shabby-genteel appearance (we would not be uncharitable for the world) of an out-of-work billiard—ahem!—player. If he was indeed a "friend" of our Contributor's, he had all the air of "a friend in need."—Ed.

grasp you firmly by the hand, and hope that within two days a note from you, with enclosure as aforesaid, will gladden the eyes and heart of him who revels in signing himself ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

"ALARUMS, EXCURSIONS!"

Shakspeare.

THE Collision Season has set in early; and if all excursion-trains are to be managed on the same principles as that which travelled over the Somerset and Dorset Railway on Monday week (Bank Holiday), a considerable addition to the death rate may be confidently anticipated. Could not the infliction on readers of the daily journals of column after column of solemn and protracted farces, called "Official Inquiries," be dispensed with for a common form, agreed upon by the Board of Trade? It could easily be done. Everybody knows that—

1. A nervous Coroner will open "this painful investigation."

2. That a person with the appearance of being possessed of unfathomable wisdom will "act as Assessor" (whatever that may mean), and, with great prudence, say as little as possible.

3. That another person, also, supposed to possess inscrutable knowledge with regard to Railway accidents (after they have occurred), will attend as "Government Inspector." This will probably be a Military man—a familiarity with lists of "killed and wounded," being no doubt considered the most essential qualification.

4. A Jury, of various degrees of ignorance, will view the bodies and the scene of the accident with open-mouthed astonishment.

5. Plans and Models will be produced, a large number of witnesses will flatly contradict one another, and a quantity of the most intricate engineering technicalities will be flashed to and fro before the bewildered Jury.

6. The Rules of the Company, printed for the use of their servants and *employés*, will be produced, and proved to be so perfect and so full of foresight, that their observance must have made the accident impossible. Only one point will not be insisted upon—that the requirements of the Company, as to time and taskwork, render the observance of these Rules by their overworked servants absolutely impossible; dismissal being the sure consequence of the servants' observance of any rule that happens for the moment to be in the teeth of an official superior's order.

7. The Coroner will deliver a hazy "summing up."

8. The Jury, probably, after asking the Coroner what verdict they ought to return, will find that there is nobody to blame; or if there is a scapegoat to be pounced upon, that it is some poor devil who works some hundred and twenty hours a week for sixteen shillings.

9. Coroner, Jury, Inspector, and Assessor will compliment one another on the attainment of that pitch of intelligence known in jury records as "high," and such an amount of amiability as to render it almost a pity they should ever part.

10. Some months after the accident is forgotten by the public, the Inspector will make a "Report" to the Board of Trade, which, after dealing very elaborately with the facts of the case, will wind up with some very valuable suggestion which has been offered fifty times before, and as often disregarded by the Company.

Punch has a suggestion to make in addition to the hint that "Inquiries" might be reduced to a common form; and that is, that whenever it may seem necessary that two trains shall meet on a single line, the passengers and officials may be allowed to alight a few minutes before the desired collision. Then, a full head of steam being turned on, let the two trains have it out without the passengers.

The Roll of Fame.

"EX-COLONEL BAKER has joined the Turkish Army."—*Daily Papers*.

THAT with the Turks he takes command,
Should not surprise us in the least.
A Baker ought to understand
The way of rising in the (y) East.



PATENT FIRST-CLASS COSTUME FOR THE COLLISION SEASON.

Traveller. "YES, IT'S DECIDEDLY WARM, BUT THERE'S A FEELING OF SECURITY ABOUT IT I RATHER LIKE." (*Yawns.*) "ANY CHANCE OF A SMASH TO-DAY!?" [*Drops off to Sleep!*]

CONFESSION IN COURT.

WE'RE a Protestant Public. Of all "Romish errors"
The one in our eyes most invested with terrors,
The one we hate worst, as a "Papal aggression,"
On freedom and manhood, we know is Confession;

Sacramental Confession, full true and particular,
Of sins, faults, and failings—Confession Auricular,
When privily whispered in church through a hole
In a box to a Priest for relief of the soul:

Under seal, which by sacrilege heinous is broken
If a word's e'er disclosed by the Penitent spoken.
Still we Britons this practice abhor and detest,
As a yoke laid on slaves by vile Papal behest;

A yoke of degraded and abject submission
Fit for victims and dupes of a low superstition.
Give us no such impostors as Father Confessors,
To pump their lives' secrets from sinful transgressors!

We'll have no priestly duffer pry into our lives!
He shall ne'er cross-examine our daughters and wives,
To our shame and disgrace, and their contamination,
Corruption, debasement, demoralisation!

No Pop'ry, from victims avowals to draw!
No Confession but what is exacted by law!
No Confessors but Counsel; Confessional none
Save the Witness-box only—and public that one!

No scruple, no shrinking, in examination,
From questions enforcing self-humiliation,
And extorting replies with as much repetition,
As may please the familiars of *Our* Inquisition.

No restriction on wringing out requisite truth,
Neither pertinence, relevance, feeling, nor ruth.

Confessions for Penitent's whisper unmeet,
Let Witnesses make to be hawked in the street.

For a British and Protestant People are we;
And the land that we live in 's the Home of the Free.
BRITANNIA for ever is Queen of the Waves,
And the Jesuits ne'er shall make Britons their slaves.

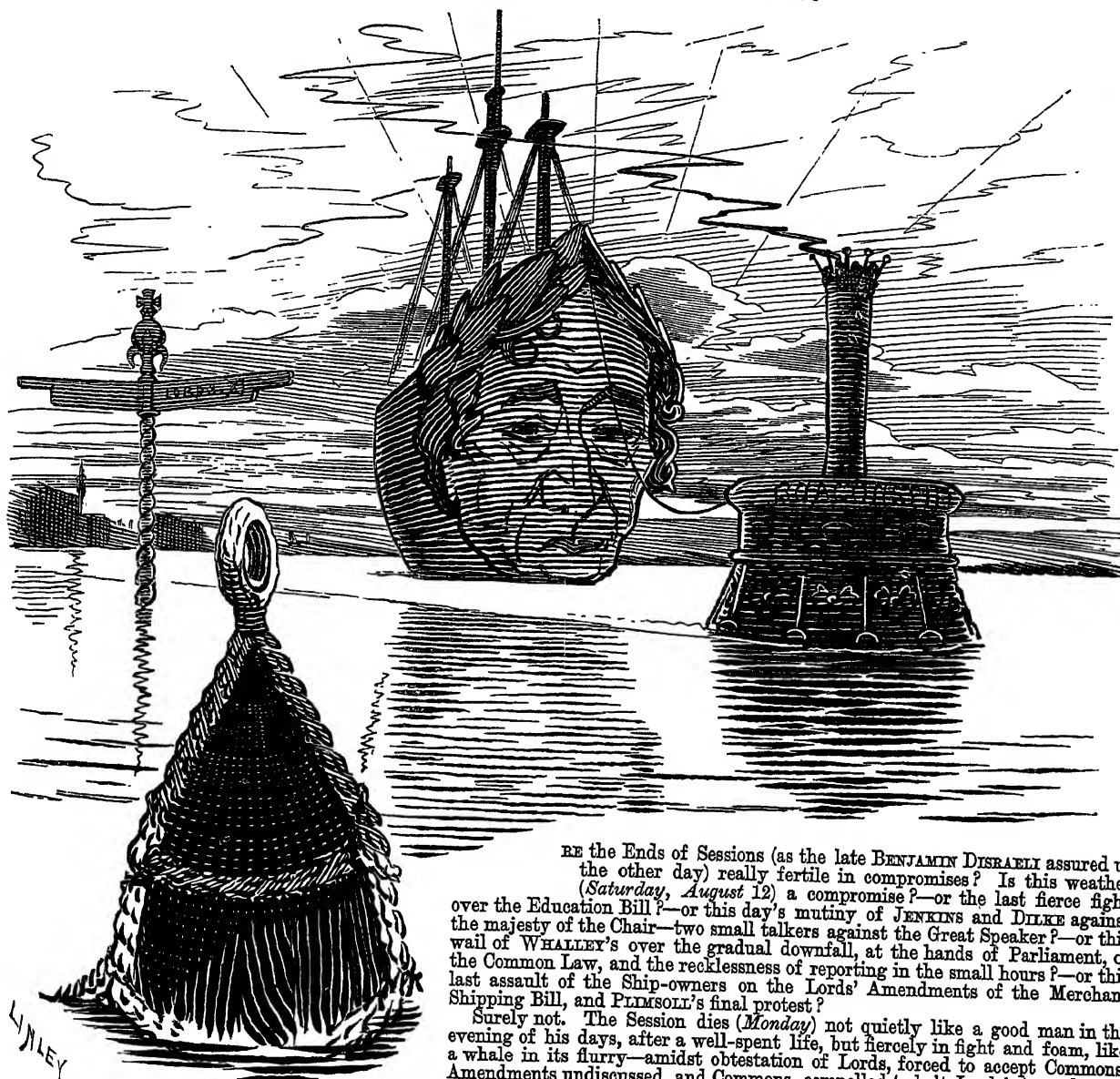
SAUSAGE MAKERS AND SAUSAGE MILLS.

ON the Bank Holiday, Monday last week, the brightness of the sky was as remarkable as the dulness of the papers, only enlivened by the subjoined police case; and the interest of *that* is melancholy:—

"AT Brentford, JAMES PEEK, a pork butcher and sausage maker in an extensive way of business at Brentford, was charged on a warrant with having on his premises, for the purpose of manufacture into human food, upwards of a quarter of a ton of putrid meat. MR. WOODBRIDGE prosecuted for the Brentford Local Board. MR. G. W. LAY (LAY AND SCOTT) defended. The defendant was sentenced to three months' hard labour."

A pork butcher and sausage maker in an extensive way of business must command the sympathy of all who respect respectability. Another good man gone wrong! It is awful to imagine a most well-to-do shopkeeper employed in picking oakum or sinking under the toilsome effort of climbing the treadmill. Sadder still is the fact that a tradesman so respectable as one late in business at Brentford on a scale amounting to extensive, should have had so little self-respect as to incur the correction of a common rogue. But the saddest thought of all is, that of the extent to which sausages in the extensive business of this Brentford sausage maker have been probably composed of putrid meat, and the quantity of measly and otherwise diseased pork with which it may be feared, this pork butcher of Brentford has been supplying the Brentford, and, perhaps, even the British Public. Let us hope that his example will operate as a warning to the generality of pork butchers and sausage makers, whether their way of business be extensive or restricted. Or else, some of them likewise may be condemned to the treadmill, and retributively utilised in grinding wholesome sausage meat.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RE the Ends of Sessions (as the late BENJAMIN DISRAELI assured us the other day) really fertile in compromises? Is this weather (Saturday, August 12) a compromise?—or the last fierce fight over the Education Bill?—or this day's mutiny of JENKINS and DILKE against the majesty of the Chair—two small talkers against the Great Speaker?—or this wail of WHALLEY'S over the gradual downfall, at the hands of Parliament, of the Common Law, and the recklessness of reporting in the small hours?—or this last assault of the Ship-owners on the Lords' Amendments of the Merchant Shipping Bill, and PLIMSOL'S final protest?

Surely not. The Session dies (Monday) not quietly like a good man in the evening of his days, after a well-spent life, but fiercely in fight and foam, like a whale in its flurry—amidst obstetation of Lords, forced to accept Commons' Amendments undiscussed, and Commons, compelled to bolt Lords' Amendments undigested: and angry interchange of Lords' Amendments of Commons' Amendments of Lords' Bills,—and Commons' Amendments of Lords' Amendments of Commons' Bills—all alike in the rough and unconsidered state in which they are passed into Law—and a general hustling and hurrying, bustling and worrying through Third Reading of the laggard Bills of the Session.

But all's well that ends well. They are all at last through the perilous passage of the Twelfth, so big with the fate of birds that it has no room for care about the fate of Bills; and (Tuesday, Aug. 15) THE SESSION HAS REACHED ITS CLOSE! When the House meets again, it will know the RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI no more—but, in another place, the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD; to whom *Punch*, with pen and pencil, pays, in this Number, his due tribute of honour.

And so the Session with a Title ends,
That with a Title open'd; but how unlike
This Title unto that! This Title given,
Ungrudged and uncontested, unto one
Whom, howsoever differing men and minds
May differ in their judgment of the man,

All own a fighter who has fairly won
The meed of honour which now crowns his age:
Like some great argosy, that after years
Of buffetting with winds and waves and wars,
Crowned with the memories of conflicts past,
Passes from high seas' strife to harbour's calm.

That Title, hardly forced at the sword's point,
From England's grudging throat—for that her
life
Of loyalty would none of a new name
For the old majesty of England's Queen,
Law-based, Law-consecrate, and Law-enthroned!

LUNAR FARMING.

It is rather surprising that the somewhat unusual occurrence of an inhabitant—a very distinguished one, it would seem—of the Moon paying a visit to our Earth should not have attracted more attention. We refer to the "GRAND DUCHESS DE LUNE," who is reported as having been present at the Northumberland Agricultural Society's Show. Astronomers cannot fail to deduce, from this visit of the Grand Duchess to one of our important Cattle Parades, the

reasonable inference that agricultural pursuits are as much in favour in the Moon as they have been from time immemorial on our own planet. It would be interesting to know whether wheat and barley and wild oats ripen as well under moonshine as they do under sunshine; what description of implements our neighbour's farmers employ, and whether they still stick to the sickle; and what difficulties they have; with ground game, and whether they are in the habit of grumbling about the seasons, the crops, and the times.

WHERE TO GO.



O Aix-la-Chapelle. If you are disappointed with life, and wish to experience dullness in all its native purity. If you have no objection to suicide, drink the waters.

To Boulogne. If you love to hear French spoken as it is at Putney. If rinking (with the sun at 80° in the refrigerator) is a pleasant distraction. If you like "Porto" with a very strong bouquet.

To Canterbury. If you are fond of cricket, cathedrals, and amateur theatricals.

cal. Of course, if you find the city is too lively, you can make an excursion to Herne Bay the Hilarious, or to Broadstairs, the birth-place of Broad Grins.

To Dieppe. If you like your wife to dress six times a day. If you don't mind the passage from Newhaven. If you wish your children to pick up the French tongue with a slight Billingsgate (adapted from the English) flavour.

To Ems. If you delight in listening to anecdotes about German Royalty, and do not object to paying regal prices for your board and lodging at the leading hotels.

To Folkestone. If the arrival of the boat from Boulogne on a rough day is an attraction to you. If you are fond of the society of Aldershot-by-the-Sea.

To Gravesend. If your soul does not soar above shrimps, "happy days" at Rosherville, and sixpences extra for hot water and weak tea.

To Hammersmith. If you are passionately attached to the Metropolitan and District Railways, and have a sneaking liking for Shepherd's Bush.

To Interlaken. If you wish to watch the manners and customs of those who avail themselves of "Tourist Tickets" and "Hotel Coupons," and like your English without the letter H.

To Jersey. If you want to see a place where England is considered a "sister island," and where a French-speaking race would certainly not be English, if by any change in their nationality they could avoid becoming French.

To Kiel. If the birth-place of the German Navy interests you, and you like a watering-place governed from Berlin.

To Lucerne. If you don't want to lose sight of the long-familiar faces of London. If you delight to hear Brown's attempts at French, and Smith's attacks upon German. If you appreciate a good dinner at the Schweitzerhoff.

To Monaco. If you consider it the thing to meet the "lucky men" of the Clubs, the beardless Subalterns of the crack Cavalry regiments, and the young Ladies who are going to belong to Prince's the moment they have kissed hands at Court.

To Naples. If you like to be hot and are partial to macaroni. If you have never seen Vesuvius and think it advisable to supplement the knowledge you have attained in the Courts of the Crystal Palace with an excursion to Pompeii.

To Ostend. If you really want a good, dull, dirty town—to get away from. If an overdressed crowd of cosmopolitans is a pleasing sight to you.

To Paris. If you do not mind sunstroke, cheap tourists, and old pieces. If you want to prove to your own satisfaction that the celebrated saying should be altered to "Only bad Americans go to Paris in August, when they die."

To Quebec. If you are not particularly popular and wish to give your friends at home a little holiday by your absence.

To Rotterdam. If you enjoy a long sea journey and are never so happy as when you are staying at damp hotels and meeting dull-looking people.

To Scarborough. If you are fond of adaptations from the French and wish to see Boulogne, plus Margate, Brompton, Sheffield, and Upper Tooting, settled noisily down upon the coast of Yorkshire.

To Torquay. If you consider yourself an invalid and wish to behave as such.

To Vienna. If you want to see life, and are fond of beer that frequently cheers and only occasionally inebriates.

To Waterloo. If you are staying at Brussels, and don't mind travelling in company with "ARRY" and his friend "ENERY."

To Xeres. If you have only tasted doctored sherry and wish to drink the genuine article.

To Yarmouth. If you have a fond devotion for bloaters and desire to buy some of an inferior quality to those only to be obtained in London.

To Zanzibar. If you are a good-natured fellow, and don't mind going a short journey to say "How d'ye do?" to the SULTAN for his dear friend (and yours too, if you like), Mr. Punch.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Through Journey—Express—Boat—Notes on Anticipations—Arrival.

Happy Thought.—Off!

Fellow-passenger in train, who talks to me for half-an-hour under the impression that everybody must be going, as he is, to the Chester Races. Finding that I am not bound for that sporting meeting, and that, moreover, I am personally unacquainted with any Winner of the Derby within the last five years, and that I have no "fancy" for the "Thousand Guineas," or something of that sort, at Newmarket, he loses all interest in me, and, pulling a cap over his ears, and wrapping his long, light, cheek-patterned Ulster over his legs, he is off to sleep. No other passengers. Quick, easy-going train this!

At Crewe.—After we have waited here a few minutes, Guard asks, "Any more Irish train?" as if we were a dish, like Irish stew. It being ascertained that no one (at Crewe, at least) does want any more Irish train, they get rid of us as quickly as possible. Again it urges on its mild career.

Through Wales. Wales fast asleep. Welsh moonlight. Subject for Academy picture, No. 289, "*Welsh Mutton asleep in Welsh Moonlight*," by Miss ELIZABETH THOMPSON, a *peace offering to the Academy*. Wonder what the passage across will be like. Wonder if it will be worse than I anticipate. No; it can't be worse. I have heard they are magnificent boats. My only idea of a "magnificent" boat, is one in which you cannot feel the movement when it is in motion.

"Impossible!" says some one. "Not at all!" I reply. "Isn't the world moving round and round, in the giddiest possible manner, perpetually? and do we feel the motion?" No." Let a scientific person think this out, and construct a new packet-boat for the Channel.

On Board.—It is a fine vessel—that is, as to size and accommodation. Steward (Irish, of course) most polite. He shows me to a cupboard, fitted up with shelves on which to put passengers away. This cabin recalls to my mind the horrors of the Antwerp passage on board the gallant *Baron Ossy*. Passengers are drinking and eating.

Happy Thought.—Don't look at them. Shut myself into cupboard, and play at going to bed, as if I were still on shore, or staying (I will suppose) with a bachelor friend who could only give me a shake-down. . . . I begin by "making believe" with the foregoing idea in view. . . . I change it to playing at being asleep on a sofa in a badly-built house during a gale. . . . This ingenious notion will sufficiently account for the sound of the cracking of the timbers, and the undulating movement of the couch (not a bed or a sofa now) and the noise outside. . . . As the noise outside increases, I have to add "the water coming in," and imagine myself in a London house on a Monday morning, in bed in some room near the tank when "the water comes in." . . . Now I will play at going to sleep. . . .

If sleep won't come—out, out, brief note-book.

A novelist writes, "But let us not anticipate—" I say, "Let me anticipate; let me imagine what Ireland is going to be like, according to my idea." My preconceived notions of Ireland are founded chiefly upon the admirable writings of the late Mr. CHARLES LEVER, illustrated by "PHIZ," with occasional assistance from the HALLS, the O'HARAS, WILLIAM CARLETON, and the Irish plays of MESSRS. FALCONER and BOUCHAULT.

On landing I expect to be hailed by ragged car-boys in long coats with capes to them, with battered hats on their heads, chiefly remarkable for the scarcity of brim, the absence of crown, and for the presence of a "dhudeen" (perhaps this is not the way to spell it, but I mean a short black pipe) stuck in, anyhow, when not in use. I expect to be styled "Captain!" by every one of these raga-muffins (Note—for when I've time to think of it—whence the word, "Rag-a-muffin"? A muffin done to rags doesn't suggest the idea. Keep this for *Typical Developments*, Letter "B,"—"unde

derivatur"), who will fight for my luggage until "Black MULLINS," or some rascal more powerful than the others, collars my portmanteau, puts it on his car, and perhaps collars me (for I shouldn't resist "Black MULLINS"), and puts me on to the car too.

Then what a hooting and shouting, and laughing, and real witty chaffing (at my expense) will arise—until I give the name of my hotel—"MORRISON'S"—(which has an Anti-Union Club sound), and am driven off in triumph by "Black MULLINS," waving his whip, his horse going at a hand-gallop round the corners, and myself holding on, as best I can, to the back of the car with one hand, while with the other I grasp my portmanteau, and away fly, this way and that, my stick, my umbrella, my hatbox, and my overcoat, to the twenty-four winds of heaven, and to the intense enjoyment of the hundred or more laughing, running, vagabonds about the place.

This is the sort of entry—hardly a triumphal one—that I expect into Dublin; founded, of course, on my recollections of Charles O'Malley and Jack Hinton the Guardsman.

What do I expect of Dublin? Well, principally the LORD LIEUTENANT driving about, plenty of military, always in uniform, a sprinkling of attorneys, lots of "Counsellors" in wig and gown, fine policemen, jovial-looking priests, priggish-looking parsons, Clubs where members are excitedly discussing politics at the open windows, and, at every turn of the streets, some lazy, idle dog saying good things to some other lazy, idle joker like himself, while the car-drivers keep up a fire of running chaff all over the town. That is what I am expecting. I am further expecting to be in readiness at any moment with a repartee. And I am arranging my course of conduct so as not to be the aggressor in a verbal war of wit, but either to smile goodhumouredly and bear it, or, if ready, to reply and turn the laugh in my favour.

As for Trinity College, I expect to find the Undergraduates in the evening giving their wine and supper parties, playing the *cornet-à-piston* out of tune, blowing up the College pump, squibbing a Dean, or indulging in some other good old practical joke played off on academical, civil, or military dignitaries. In fact, I expect Ireland in general, and Dublin in particular, to be *ROLICKING*! "Rollicking" is the only word for it. I expect "Rollicks" to be going on all day and all night. "Frolies" is not a strong enough word for my purpose: it is too weak, childish, and lamblike. A lamb frolics, an Irishman "rollicks." Well, this is what I expect; and I am glad I have written it down, so as to be able to compare the reality with what my fancy (founded on Irish works of Irish imagination) had painted it. *Nous verrons.*

"Ten minutes more, Sir," says the Steward, looking in, "and we shall be in."

Happy Thought.—Thank Heaven! I have slept.

"I suppose," says the Steward, looking in again, "ye'll want a boy."

I am half asleep. Is it a boy, or a buoy, he means? Why either?

Happy Thought.—To answer, as if I were an old traveller, and quite accustomed to it, "Certainly."

The "boy" appears, and carries my luggage with the strength of three boys.

GENTLEMAN HELP.

An Advertisement in a daily paper offers a good opening for any one of too many of our young friends:—

YOUTH (Genteel) WANTED at Builder's Office, and assist in house early morn, clean knives, boots, and run errands. Good opportunity to learn.—Apply, &c.

This is really the only sort of thing that numbers of well-looking boys, sons of poor gentlefolk, are fit for, whilst their parents and friends are vainly striving to obtain them employment requiring educated intelligence. The expectations cherished in such cases might be truly expressed by advertisement, as follows:—"Wanted, by Parents moving in good Society, but of narrow means, a Gentlemanly and Lucrative Situation for a Youth of rudimentary Knowledge, and of Abilities below the Average."

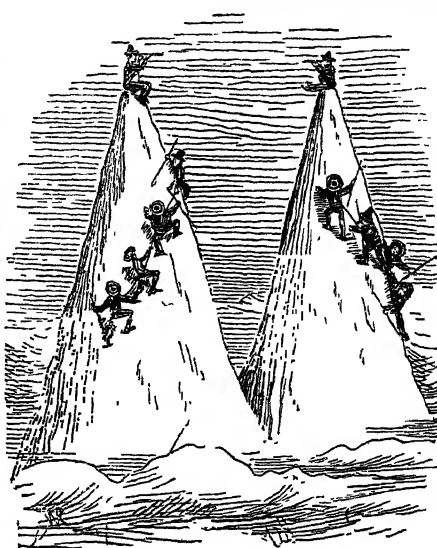
An Irish Gem.

In one of some letters exchanged with MR. GLADSTONE, on the University question, an "IRISH CATHOLIC LAYMAN," having expressed the hope that his correspondent will one day resume the Premiership, concludes his letter as follows:—

"When the time for taking that position arrives, your old and grateful friends in Ireland will prove to the world that Irish Catholics are never ungrateful, and that honesty of purpose, even when directed against what they hold most dear, cannot blot from their memory past favours."

But is it from any but an Irish memory, sure, that honesty of purpose, in any case, could possibly blot past favours?

TOWN-TOURING.



R. Cook has had it all his own way for some years of excursion-eering. Mr. Punch has almost made up his mind (the late heat having rendered it almost impossible to make up anything else—even the current Number) to set on foot an undertaking which is calculated to meet the wishes and purses of a large circle of would-be travellers.

The title, "The Economical Stationary Tourists' Society," has nothing to do with cheap envelopes and writing paper; but it is the most compendious designation of Mr. Punch's eminently

logical scheme to supply those who, by circumstances beyond their own control, are forced to remain in the Metropolis during the travelling season.

Tickets will be delivered, at various prices, for the various destinations of purchasers anxious to travel without leaving home. The rooms in the Society's Establishment will be numbered and named according to the Tours undertaken by the Managers.

For instance: You purchase a ticket for the Tyrol. All you have to do is to look at the plan of the Rooms kept by the Porter. You will follow the passage indicated, conducting you to a door labelled "Tyrol." Within you will find maps, handbooks, and photographs of all the objects of interest in the Austrian or Italian Tyrol.

Specimens of Edelweiss and pear-wood chamois, châteaux, and alpenstocks, may be purchased at a stall in the room. Ladders will be provided to mount on to the roof with the greatest possible danger to life and limb; while blocks of Wenham ice and property snow—in lambs' wool—will be added, to give local colour to the ascent.

A Courier, of competent experience and rascality, will be attached to each Tour. Mattresses on the roof, for sunrises, extra.

The Egyptian Tour will provide models of a Nile Boat and a living crocodile in a tank. Mosquitoes will be let out at night to enterprising sleepers on the premises. A real Dragonman will be attached to this department, and *cartes de visite* of the KHEDIVÉ and M. DE LESSEPS will be kept in stock.

In the Indian Tour Room will be exhibited the Basket Trick, and a snake-charmer, with a live cobra. Permission has been secured to ride the Elephants at the Zoological Gardens. Negotiations are pending for a Rajah with a grievance.

In the Garden at the back, Grouse recently killed may be shot at, and sent to friends on the following morning.

Time and experience will bring the idea to perfection; but Mr. Punch is confident that the speculation is fraught with the happiest prospects for his own pocket, and the pleasure of intending Tourists, of wide ambitions and narrow means.

"Caviare to the General."

WE rarely meet a soldier without hearing some complaint about the small pay he is getting. Still, we must say we are startled by the following advertisement:—

WANTED, a PLAIN COOK. Wages, £16; all found. A good GENERAL would suit.

Really, such an offer is an insult to the Army, and the Horse Guards ought to notice it. However paltry he may deem the pay he is receiving, surely no good General would consent to an exchange which would make him leave the Service for the place of a Plain Cook.

An Object of Suspicion.

TOURISTS in Scotland, who are of confirmed temperate habits, and liable to be shocked by any appearance of excess, would do well to avoid Loch Drunkie—at least until a scientific analysis of its contents has satisfied them that there is no Whiskey mingled with the water. (N.B.—Loch Drunkie is not to be confounded with Loch Brandy. Why is there no Loch Whiskey in Scotland?)



YOUTHFUL RESOURCE.

MR. AND MRS. JONES HAVE BROKEN IT GENTLY TO THEIR CHILDREN THAT THERE WILL BE NO SEA-SIDE THIS YEAR UNLESS THEY LET THEIR HOUSE. THE JUVENILE POWERS AVAIL THEMSELVES OF A SHORT ABSENCE OF MR. AND MRS. JONES FROM HOME, TO TAKE THE CASE INTO THEIR OWN HANDS.

A DREAM, AND ITS FULFILMENT.

The RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, August 12, 1876.

Of what dreams that weird-looking artied clerk,
At his dull office-desk, in the Old Jewry's shade?
Sallow-checked, sable-curl'd, with strange depths in the dark
Of an eye where the watch-fires for lighting are laid.

Does he dream, o'er the hieroglyphs scrawled on his pad—
While the papers, his work, lie uncared-for hard by—
Of some fabulous fortune, achieved by a lad;
Of millions made his, in the turn of a die?

Or of Fashion's fair *houris*, in stately saloons,
Pressing Pleasure's drugg'd cup to his feverish lips?
Of luxury's revel in high summer noons,
And passion's fierce frenzy, and swooning eclipse?

Or of Fame, with a trumpet and evergreen crown,
The spoils of that pen, ta'en, sword-fashion, in hand?
Of poet's, romancer's, historian's renown,
And a name that amongst the Immortals shall stand?

Or of prize higher, harder—of power o'er men,
In strife of the Senate by eloquence won;
By wisdom in Council; by eagle-like ken
When the stroke should be struck, how the deed should be done?

Or a far-flashing blaze in which all these combine,
A girandole, bursting in fountains of fire,
Passing colour of flowers and diamonds' shine,
And a voice as of thunder—if quick to expire?

The stripling has dreamed, and the young man has dared:
He has reached a new stage and is dreaming again.
With a cheek deeper lined, and a forehead more bared,
But an eye still as deep, and as busy a brain.

If the wealth he has missed—let it go—in its stead
He has touched his two dream-goals of Fashion and Fame;
Is inscribed in *Ton's* records—his books bought and read:
A wit and a lion, of Town-note and name!

But the Senate—what's power of pen or of word,
If *that* triumph, most wooed, is least like to be won?
Shall tough brain have been shield to him, sharp speech his sword,
Thus far to fight upwards, and here to have done?

The strong will, the clear aim, that have borne him so far,
Must win that last height, or he'll fall on the field;
Hark, the arrows of scorn, on his helm how they jar,
From his vizor fall blunted, and turn on his shield!

Till scoffers are shamed, and decriers struck dumb,
And voices that hooted as loud in applause:
And the time has arrived that he told them would come,
When his presence is power, his voice sways a cause:

For his rapier-play has brought chiefs to their knee,
Whose fence has been practised in lives of campaign;
And his strength has re-knit hosts that turned them to flee,
And led them, new-strengthened, to conquest again.

After forty years' fighting, he steps from the fire,
To the height scarcely scaled in his Old Jewry dream;
Adds a third to his two wreaths of boyish desire,
Though sore set against him the stress of the stream.

And all who can honour pith, patience, and power,
And the strenuous purpose that runs a life through
Like a muscle of iron, are glad of the hour
That sees his hand close on the honour his due!

HINT FOR HOT WEATHER.

Go for your sea-side holiday to a watering-place on the coast of Ireland. There you will secure the enjoyment of Irish coolness.



EMPRESS AND EARL;
OR, ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

LORD BEACONSFIELD. "THANKS, YOUR MAJESTY! I MIGHT HAVE HAD IT BEFORE! NOW I THINK I HAVE EARNED IT!"

A VERTIGO OF WIT.



COMMONER MR. DISRAELI that was, having, while he was MR. DISRAELI, been wont to be popularly and playfully called DIZZY, his elevation to the Peerage has necessarily occasioned an influx of remarks and queries turning on the point that, besides being a diminutive, dizzy is synonymous with vertiginous. As—

Will the elevation of SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to the Leadership of the House of Commons turn his head and make him dizzy?

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE may be raised to be Leader of the House of

Commons. Ha, ha!—but that will not make SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE DIZZY.

Don't we all fear that his elevation will make him dizzy?

Don't we all hope it will make him DIZZY?

A brain with more employment busy
Is like to render NORTHCOTE dizzy;
But to be seen it yet remains
If he be DIZZY as to brains.

Of course the foregoing wisdom and verse are equally applicable, in supposed connection with the Conservative Leadership, to MR. GATHORNE HARDY and MR. CROSS.

There has also been propounded the suggestion that, having become LORD BEACONSFIELD, MR. DISRAELI now shines as a beacon in the field of honour, not, however, that he may warn us from it, but that he may lead us to it; but this again betrays a perilous dizziness and confusion of head.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GREAT WAGNER FESTIVAL, BAYREUTH.

MEIN LIEB ALTE FREUND,

EVERYTHING going on first rate. Crowded house! Cheers! tears!! and laughter!!! A sea of fire—delicious idea in this weather—and a steam-fog, set to music, send the audiences into ecstasies of convulsive delight.

We're at it all day. Poor Old BETZ—I made a heap of "funnimentos," as the Spaniards say, of "wurd-jöken" as we have it in "Low Bairisch," on his name, which dear WAGNER set to music, and they are now perhaps among some of the brightest gems in the Composer's crown, or, rather, in the glorious circlets on his crown.

The theatre is wonderful. The musicianers are invisible. WAGNER won't appear when called before the curtain, but sits in the prompter's box, and writes letters to the people in front, telling them *why* he objects to come out. I said, "Well, you've come out sufficiently strong already,"—and one of the Royal Swells, who has since gone away, has adopted this *sidesplitteren* as his own. I wish I could find out which of the Crowned Heads or Archdukes ("they are so arch, these dukes," as I said to WAGNER, who screamed!) had appropriated my *witticism* (Low Bairisch for a kind of small but happy joke, much made here), and I'd send him in my bill, and let him know something of the law of copyright.

However, as I was saying, poor Old BETZ broke down. We nearly lost our BETZ: it was almost a case of "BETZ off" on account of the Dead-Heat of the summer.

A propos of *jöken* and *sidesplitteren*, and as a proof that *mein lieb alte freund* ("my dear old friend") WAGNER can write lightly when he likes, I need only cite those two admirable *comiken wurken* ("comic works"—very like English, isn't it?)—this is the Low Bavarian dialect, with two as good farcical names as were ever invented by even that rising young dramatist, MR. JOHN MADDISON MORTON—whose amusing farce of *Box and Cox* will, I predict, yet make a stir in the world—I mean WAGNER's (firstly) *Siegfrid's*

Tod and (secondly) *Walküre* (Walker), which latter a less-refined writer might have been tempted to vulgarise into "Hookey." But WAGNER takes my advice, and is glad of it.

"*Alte Kinchin*" (the Low Bavarian for "Old Boy"—much used in the Forest and the mountains), "*Alte Kinchen*," says he to me, pausing, with his pen behind his ear, "shall I call this *Walküre* or *Ooké*?"

I did not hesitate one second. "*Walküre*, for choice," I replied, immediately; "it looks better in print."

"I like *Ooké* or *Hookey*," he returned, reflectively.

"My dear fellow," I said, impressively, "*Don't overdo it.*"

"Right!" he exclaimed, dashing the name on to the paper. "And now let us drink a glass of rare old *Schmutzige Wäsche*" (this is a sort of liquor peculiar to Upper Bavaria, and, taken in moderation, is really not bad tipples).*

"*Siegfrid's Tod*" is a beautiful name for a farce, as good as *John Dobbs*, or *Our Precious Betsy*. You can see it at a glance, and that's where WAGNER is so happy, i.e., in the choice of his subjects. Of course *Tod* is the low comedian of the piece: but I have not time at present to give you the entire plot.†

I remain ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

* "*Schmutzige Wäsche*," according to our German Conversation Book, signifies "dirty linen," though at the same time we are not prepared to deny either that in "Low Bavarian" it may have some other meaning, or that in social everyday German this may be the favourite name for some pleasant national beverage. Still it is odd, and the more so because—while we are on the subject, we may as well be candid and open, for our own sake and that of our esteemed Contributor—we have received numerous communications concerning our worthy Representative's exhibition of, what fifty-nine out of sixty of our respected Correspondents are pleased to term, "his miserable ignorance of the German language." We sincerely hope he will see this, and crush his accusers at one stroke of his powerful pen, or politely explain (which will be much the same thing), or admit honestly that he has been in the wrong. There are these three courses open to him; and his deserts afterwards. For ourselves (if this meets his eye), we have always expressed our implicit trust in him, and we rely upon him to *trust us implicitly in return*. He will understand what this means when he calls at the Post-Office and does not receive that letter. One of our Teutonic Correspondents sneers at some German expressions in Our Representative's last letter but one—expressions to which, be it remembered, *we took exception at the time* in an elaborate and, we venture to say, considering our limited space, *an exhaustive foot-note*. We quote genuine portions of one of our Indignant Correspondents' letters: he writes thus to us—"Sir, a *jeu de mot* is a *wortspiel*" (for ourselves, we always said it was; but, in defence of Our Representative, who professes to write "*Low Bavarian dialect*," is *wortspiel* the word he would use? *Tout est là*). "A portmanteau is not a 'Mantelsachs,' but a *Mantelsack*, its plural is *Mantelsäcke*." We thought there was something wrong here, but as Our Representative's spelling of the word might have been the "Low Bavarian" form, or right according to some other dialect of which we were ignorant (and he is a very superior man), we felt bound to give him the benefit of the doubt. Our angry Correspondent, who signs himself "A German," continues, "My good friend" is not "*mein goot freund*," but "*mein guter freund*." We thought so! and, on this authority, we will immediately write to Our Representative, and tell him *we are not to be trifled with*. We do not believe he will have a word to say in his defence on this occasion. Perhaps, however, as he is a very superior person, he may have been thinking in the *dübbel-dutch* language, and this was merely a *lapsus calami* (slip of the pen). Still, on the face of it, *Er hatte Unrecht*. Our thoroughly-roused Correspondent continues, "4. '*Wir sind fertig*' can do without the capital 'S,' with a small 's' instead." Our Representative shall be informed of this. We are not going to have our pens, ink, and space on paper wasted with capital "S's" when small ones will do quite as well. Yet, on the other hand, we should be sorry to interfere with his capital letters. Hoping our justly irate Correspondent, "A German," will excuse this pleasantry, we proceed with "A German's" invaluable corrections. "5. '*Warblungen Wagners*,' for 'Warbling Wagners' is a nonsense,"—that is exactly what struck us at the very moment; undoubtedly, to quote our German friend's excellent English, "it is a nonsense"—and we are deeply indebted to our Correspondent "A German" for pointing out what might have escaped even our penetration. At once we will write to Our Representative, and tell him that "*Warblungen Wagners*," if intended for "Warbling Wagners," is "a nonsense," in which he may indulge at his own expense, and not at ours. "A German" then goes on to give us the words which in his language he considers equivalents of our "warble." He finishes by recommending Our Representative "to take some finishing lessons in German quotations," which advice we will forward to him, and perhaps we may venture to convey to him the hint that "A German," who is so interested in our Contributor's education, might be inclined to *pay for the lessons suggested* (for we shan't do anything of the sort), or to *give them himself, gratis*, to Our Representative on his return from Bayreuth. Perhaps, after all, "A German's" letter was written with an eye to business; if so, let the Herr Professor enclose his card of terms for attendance, and we will take care it is forwarded to Our Representative.

** We regret that attention to this Correspondent, which we considered due to him, to ourselves, and Our Representative, has unavoidably abridged Our Representative's description of the great *Musik-fest*.—Ed.

† The remainder must stand over till next week. We fancy our Contributor is wrong as to *Siegfrid's Tod* being a comic piece of any sort. *Siegfrid* is the hero of the great trilogy, isn't he? We speak diffidently, as Our Representative, *being on the spot*, ought to have the best information on the subject.—Ed.



PLEASURING!

Vicar (to Old Lady, who is returning from a Funeral). "WELL, MARTHA, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE HAD A SAD AFTERNOON. IT HAS BEEN A LONG WALK, TOO, FOR YOU—"

Martha. "SURE-LY, 'TIS, SIR! AH, SIR, 'TAINT MUCH PLEASURE NOW FOR ME TO GO TO FUNERALS; I BE TOO OLD AND FULL O' RHEUMATIZ. IT WAS VERY DIFFERENT WHEN WE WAS YOUNG—THAT 'TWER!!"

LAW, AND CERTAIN OF ITS LIMBS.

LADY JUSTITIA, with incarnate equity, in the shape of MR. COUNCILLOR PUNCH, at her elbow as *Amicus Curie*, held a sort of unofficial Audit, taking, at MR. PUNCH's urgent suggestion, a private review of certain of her public forces.

MR. PUNCH called her attention in the first place to a gentleman of Draconic aspect as to countenance, and Clerical cut as to attire.

"Who is this Rhadamanthus-like personage?" inquired JUSTITIA, somewhat languidly. (The thermometer stood at 120° or thereabouts.)

"This," answered MR. PUNCH, "is the REVEREND BROWN-RIGGEE, J.P., one of the Great Unpaid, whose unbought services in the administration of—ahem!—Justice reflect so much credit upon your functions—and his own."

"So queer a compound of sleekness and severity," quoth JUSTITIA, "I think I have never seen. Pray what is his speciality as a gratuitous purveyor of Justice?"

"Herodian compassion for youth and ignorance," answered MR. PUNCH, "is one of his more marked peculiarities. If within his jurisdiction a child should chance to pluck an unpermitted flower or purloin an unguarded but forbidden faggot, his peculiarities in this regard are speedily manifested to an admiring world."

"How, pray?" inquired JUSTITIA.

"In the form," responded MR. PUNCH, "of such mild and merciful penalties as personal correction of a Squeersian kind, administered preferably by his own holy hands, or, failing that, protracted imprisonment in prison cell or reformatory."

"Eh? What?" exclaimed JUSTITIA, hotly, forgetting the thermometer. "Personal chastisement?—prolonged imprisonment?—and for such juvenile peccadilloes as—"

"Madam," interrupted MR. PUNCH, politely, "the Clerico-judicial mind does not recognise such a perniciously minimising qualification of deadly sin as is implied in the word peccadillo—at least, in relation to offences against the rights of property or of Holy Church."

"Remove that person!" said JUSTITIA, with an air of exceeding disgust; "he offends me."

"His removal in a more conclusive fashion," said MR. PUNCH, "is at present one of the most imperative demands of common-sense and Christian charity."

"And this shrewd, yet smooth-looking person, who is he?" asked JUSTITIA, as a wigged and gowned individual, of confident air and scrutinising glance, was presented to her.

"This," said MR. PUNCH, is MR. I. N. QUISITOR, Q.C., the pride of the Bar, a gentleman infinitely adroit at Witness-Box torture and terrorism, warranted to put more offensive, painful, and irrelevant questions, and to stir up more forgotten foulness within a given time than—"

"'Foul!' 'Offensive!' 'Irrelevant!' 'Torture!' 'Terrorism!'" interjected JUSTITIA. "MR. PUNCH, these scarcely sound like terms of praise—in my ears, at least."

"Madam," answered MR. PUNCH, "you seem scarcely to understand that power of irritating and confusing witnesses, of wantonly raking up an unpleasant past that penitence may have covered from Divine judgment, but cannot conceal from interested human inquisition, and of providing the Court and the papers with copious matter for morbid sensation or heartless mirth;—you seem, I say, hardly to realise that these rank among the choicest and most cherished attributes of the Q.C. of the period."

"I do not," answered JUSTITIA, emphatically. "Nor am I quite— But call the next prisoner—person, I mean."

This was a stalwart and stolid personage attired in blue; rigid as to spine, stiff as to stock, spiky as to whisker, vulgarly aristocratic as to bearing. His eyes had a look which was a cross between a menace and a leer, and his breath a distinctly spirituous bouquet.

"Who is this?" asked JUSTITIA, with an amused glance.

"Pleese your Wuship—Ladyship, I means"—began the portent in blue—"from information I—"

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" said MR. PUNCH, severely.

"This, Madam, is Police-Constable Y Z O, one of your so-called guardians of the peace. His idiosyncrasies in that capacity are interesting from a psychological point of view. When not inclined for participation in a "row," he is gifted with a judicial blindness, which prevents him seeing or sharing in it. When, either for personal amusement, or with a view to the advancement of his reputation as an active and intelligent officer, he desires a breach of the peace, he is infinitely adroit in breeding one. He it is who molests well-meaning wayfarers, plies them with ungentle and quite gratuitous orders to "move on" (or, more idiomatically, to "sling their hook"), irritates them into angry retort, cuffs them into some illconsidered show of resistance, knocks them down, and then incontinently "runs them in" on charge of being "drunk and disorderly," and interfering with the police in the execution of their duty. As he is generally unable, and always unwilling, to distinguish between the effects of drunkenness and—say starvation or epilepsy, as he is unscrupulously mendacious, and as there is a strong prejudice and presumption in his favour in all official quarters—"

"Enough, enough!" cried JUSTITIA, warmly. "MR. PUNCH, these things are shocking—are scandalous! They must be seen to!" "Madam," answered MR. PUNCH, gravely, "I am entirely of your opinion."

Feminine Intelligence.

DESCRIBING certain Swelleses adorning the Sea-side, an observant writer states that—

"Among other extraordinary *mélanges* of colour, we saw stone and green, grey and violet, cream and mauve, cream and violet, bronze and moss green."

Ladies' dresses, viewed *en masse*, have often been compared to a flower-bed; and have frequently been said to vie with rainbows in their hues. But neither flowers nor rainbows can show such colours as are worn now, blended curiously together, by our fashionable girls. If further novelty be wanted, we would suggest, in all humility, that cream and violet are not so tasteful as strawberries and cream. Milk and water might be added with advantage to the list: and the mixture of bronze and moss green might suggest the introduction of a costume which shall imitate the tints of beans and bacon.



PET AND HOBBY.

(Showing that Chinamanias have their Affections like other People.)

Dorothy. "OH, MOTHER! I LOVE YOU BETTER THAN SILVER, AND BETTER THAN GOLD!"

Mother. "AND BETTER THAN BLUE CHINA, DOROTHY?"

Dorothy (after slight hesitation). "YES, MOTHER! BETTER THAN BLUE CHINA!"

Mother (much moved). "D-D-D-D-DARLING!"

CONFESSIONS BY THE SEA.

PATERFAMILIAS.—Could I only breathe during the day and sleep at night; could I walk on the sands without being persecuted by beggars and mountebanks; could I procure wholesome food for the children and drinkable wine for myself; could I do all this, and not have to pay about double what I have to spend in Town, I should really begin to imagine that the Sea-side was not so very inferior to London.

Materfamilias.—Of course one must go because everybody goes, but I am sure it doesn't agree with JOHN, and as for the children, why they would be well anywhere. As for myself, I hate the place. I cannot bear the squabbles with the Landlady and the quarrels of the servants. Then the Children make very unpleasant acquaintances on the sands; and altogether I don't like it. I shall be very glad indeed when we get home.

The Eldest Son.—Nothing to do but to smoke, and the tobacco is simply—well, call it abominable. Nobody to look at. At least with one's people round the corner. And then BRACES, the Tailor, and TORS, the Bootmaker, are down here; they live respectively next door and three doors off from our place. Such a bore to meet them. It is all very well to pretend not to know them, but they know you, and when they get up to Town they send in their bills.

The Eldest Daughter.—Such a set of people! No use spoiling one's dresses for a mob like this! We are really so hard up for acquaintances that we are obliged to know the FITZ-ALAN BROWNS—people we never dream of knowing in Town. Why, they live in Paddington!

MR. PUNCH'S BOOK COLUMN.

MOSES, a Man of Custom. By the Author of *Leah, a Woman of Fashion.*

The Youth in the Moon. By the Author of *The Sun Maid.*

Without a Title. By the Author of *No Sign.*

The Root of the Rhubarb. By the Author of *The Blossoming of the Aloe.*

Odd Brown, Silly Jones, and Strange Robinson. By the Author of *The Mad Willoughbys.*

John of "Lords." By the Author of *Jennie of "the Princes."*

The Safe Man's Better-Half. By the Author of *Griffith's Double.*

Grandpapa's Bills of Exchange. By the Author of *Grandmama's Money.*

She Never Ceased Talking. By the Author of *As Long as She Lived.*

Scribbled In. By the Author of *Blotted Out.*

Tied to the Desk. By the Author of *Bound to the Wheel.*

His Visit to the Publisher. By the Author of *The Days of his Youth.*

Female Artists. By the Author of *Men of Mark.*

WORDS AND WIND.

IF HER MAJESTY herself had composed the Queen's Speech, the paragraph therein relative to the Vivisection Act would no doubt have been more lucid than that which follows:—

"I anticipate the best results from the Act which you have passed providing safeguards against painful experiments on living animals."

The best results? To what, or whom? Society at large? How the restraint of Vivisection can conduce to the common good, is at least not obvious. To the lower animals? Clearly not. Will the result of the Vivisection Act be in the least to prevent any of them from being shot and hunted for sport, or trapped in torturing gins, or boiled and skinned alive? The best results to animals of an Act for the prevention of cruelty towards them, would include anaesthetics for them when slaughtered—pigs especially being always killed under chloroform. But those will be none of the Vivisection Act's results. So neither will the best results accrue from it to Humanity in the sense of Benevolence. May they be anticipated for Physiology and Medicine? As regards those sciences, unimpeded experiments, requisite for their advancement, will perhaps result from an Act for their limitation. Those, in that case, will be the best results of the Vivisection Act. Well, well! Let us hope for the best.

The Youngest Daughter.—Such 'a nasty place. Such a nasty lot of water called the Sea where you are dipped! Oh, it is so unkind!

The Youngest Son.—No fun! Mamma never will let me bury an old Gentleman up to his neck in the sand when he's asleep. Grub little and bad. It's nearly as bad as school.

Mr. Punch.—I confess my surprise. How comes it that, although most people abuse the Sea-side, everybody visits it?

A POINT FOR PLIMSOLL.

HERE, extracted from a local newspaper, is a passage in a report of the transactions of the Cork Steam Ship Company, read at a late meeting, and composed, apparently, by some amazingly candid gentleman in the management of that model body of mercantile marine proprietors:—

"We have also sold the *Bittern* for £2,200. She was completely worn out from stem to stern, and, as we dare not put her to sea again, we thought the sooner we got rid of her the better."

This is telling the truth, but not in such sort as recommended by the proverb, "Tell truth, and shame the devil," who, by such an avowal as the foregoing, must, on the contrary, one would think, consider himself highly honoured. DAVY JONES, at any rate, is surely delighted to hear of the sale of a ship by owners who dare not put her to sea again. Of course, the sum given for her suggests to him the hope that she has been bought by parties a little more venturesome, and will, having been previously well insured, be shortly sent afloat by them, and soon afterwards founder, all hands on board of her going down to his locker.



THE NEW EDUCATION ACT.

Considerate Landlord. "ARE YOU WANTING ANYTHING DONE TO YOUR COTTAGE, MRS. GRUNSLER?"

Mrs. Grunsle. "WELL, SIR, I WAS A GOIN' TO ARST YOU IF YOU'D BUILD A LITTLE ROOM FOR OUR J'MIMA. THE CHILDREN DO DISTURB HER SO WHEN SHE'S A STUDYIN'!"

BEDLAM'S AND BROKEN BONES.

THERE is a disease of the bones, consisting in a state of brittleness known to Surgeons by the name of *Fragilitas Ossium*. From cases reported from time to time, this appears to be a malady very peculiar to Lunatic Asylums. There seems indeed no reason why people mentally cracked should also be particularly liable to material fractures; but so it is. At several inquests held during the last few years on the bodies of patients who died at institutions for the insane, it has appeared that more or fewer of their ribs especially were, on examination after death, found broken. It has also appeared that during life those patients, when violent, were a good deal accustomed to be knelt upon by keepers and warders, who also occasionally struggled hard with them to quiet them. Whether the broken ribs were the sequel only or the consequence as well of this proceeding, Coroners' Juries have generally failed to discover.

According to the *Times*, an inquiry about a case of this kind took place a few days ago at Camberwell. MR. G. HULL held an inquest on the body of FREDERICK WILLIAM WIMBERLEY, a Surgeon, late inmate of Camberwell House Asylum, where he died. Deceased was found to have had no less than twenty-one ribs broken, and his breast-bone too. There was likewise an ulcer of the stomach, which, on medical evidence, the Jury referred to the same cause as that which they supposed to have occasioned the broken ribs. Their verdict was "Death from peritonitis following perforation of the stomach, and that such death had been accelerated by violence at the hands of some one in the Asylum, but whether that person was the attendant SMITH or some one else, the evidence failed to show." Now is not this one of those verdicts that would justify an order for a new inquest *ad melius inquirendum*?

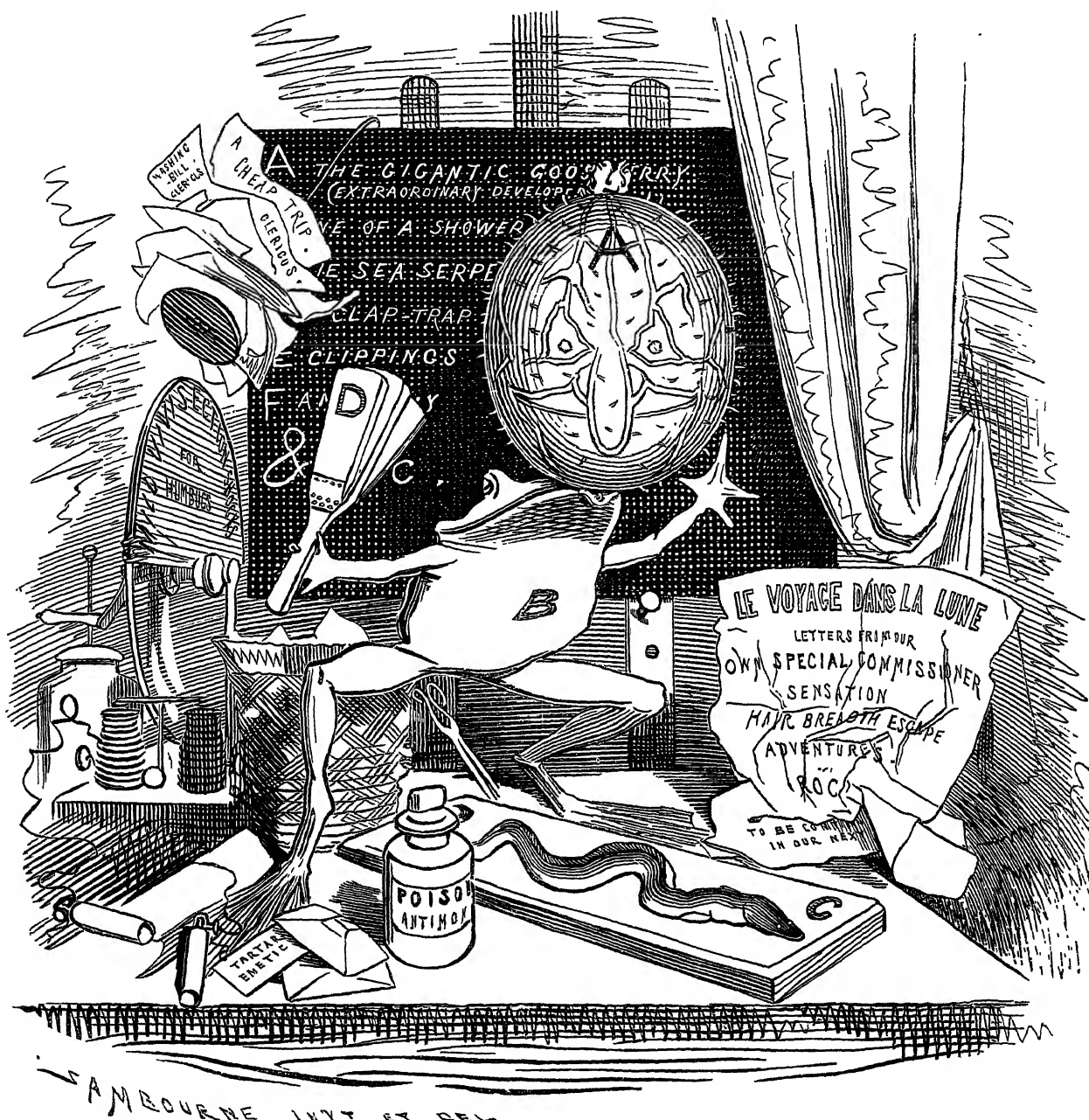
Two several witnesses, to be sure, deposed that they had seen the attendant SMITH maltreat the deceased man. One of them said that in May last he saw SMITH throw him down on the grass; when "the deceased called out as if in pain, and SMITH kicked him about his body several times." Another "saw an attendant named SMITH

strike the deceased and kick him on Friday." If this evidence showed that death was accelerated by violence at the hands of some one in the Asylum, did it not also show that person to have been the attendant SMITH for one, whether or no there were other persons besides, concerned in breaking a breast-bone and twenty-one ribs? But the evidence failing to show the person who inflicted the violence to have been SMITH, did it not equally fail to show that any violence had been inflicted at all? The Camberwell Coroner's Jury had never perhaps heard of *Fragilitas Ossium*; but they clearly sat on a case of it:—

"MR. JOSEPH LEES, of St. Thomas's Hospital, said he examined the body of the deceased. He came to the conclusion that the ribs were extremely brittle. There had been fractures and refractures of some of the ribs."

Clearly not in consequence of repeated kicks administered at intervals during some length of time. The deceased had been accustomed to be kicked and beaten with violence neither by the attendant SMITH, nor any other attendant, or even inmate, of an establishment where of course humane and competent attendants not only themselves abstain, but also restrain violent inmates from assaulting—to wit, kicking, beating, stamping and kneeling upon anyone. It may easily be imagined that the unfortunate deceased, like others similarly afflicted, was subject to fits, always tumbling about, knocking himself against chairs and tables, and every now and then breaking a bone or two. Softening of the bones goes together with softening of the brain. When next a Coroner investigates a case of death, connected with fractured ribs, in a madhouse, it may be hoped that his Jury will not attend to any idle testimony as to violence supposed to have caused them, and will cautiously confine their decision to a verdict of *Fragilitas Ossium*. In the meanwhile, the attendants of patients likely to be affected with that degeneration, if they do kick, cannot be too careful how they kick them.

A PROVERB FRESH FROM THE COUNTRY.—No Gooseberry without a Thorn.



THE SILLY SEASON

SETS THE SAME OLD MODELS OF VEGETABLE AND STILL LIFE FOR THE YOUNG ARTISTS OF THE PRESS.

NO MORE CHARITY!

THE Secretary of the Anti-Charitable Association presents his compliments to *Mr. Punch*, and begs him to give the benefit of the largest circulation in the universe to the following philosophical propositions enunciated in the *Times*, by a Gentleman signing himself "R. BALIOL BRETT," on the subject of "Philanthropy in War." MR. BRETT argues that malevolence towards belligerents is really practised by neutrals in affording any medical assistance, or relief, or comfort whatsoever to their sick and wounded. He denounces this effectual inhumanity because—

"First, it is a direct encouragement to war, by means of making it easier and less expensive to the nations engaged.

"Secondly, it is a distinct encouragement to war, by making it less hateful, because less horrible, to the folks who stay at home.

"Thirdly, it prolongs war, by patching up wounded men to go and fight again, and get a second shot at those who had escaped them once."

This truly philanthropic philosopher further shows that "to

alleviate temporary at the price of ultimate human suffering is a grossly immoral act, and, to use a Benthamite formula, a sacrifice of a greater interest to a lesser, a durable to a momentary, a certain to a doubtful good."

Besides all which, the Secretary of the Anti-Charitable Society desires to point out, it costs—money. On the ground, therefore, of economy, as well as that of morality, he protests against any further expenditure for a maleficent purpose on ambulance-corps, or any other such organisations of mischievous mercy. For the same reasons he earnestly beseeches the British Public to desist from subscribing towards the support of Hospitals, and particularly calls upon the Clergy to preach no more sermons in aid of those pernicious institutions, and at once to abolish Hospital Sunday. Diseases and accidents are the natural consequences of excess, carelessness, and dirt, which if every offender were left to take them would, alike with war, work ultimately their own cure. It is an immoral act even to administer a pill, or strap a cut finger, much less to practise medicine and surgery at large, except with a single eye to the duty of

getting a living, which the practitioner owes to himself. On principle, likewise, the existing Poor-Law, which, however slightly, interferes a little with the natural punishment of unthrift and improvidence, ought to be repealed, and all paupers left without any noxious mitigation of their miseries, to perish by want and famine. In conclusion, the Secretary of the Anti-Charitable Society confidently invokes the enlightened *Mr. Punch* to devote his cudgel to the promotion of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" by exerting it to the uttermost in belabouring and smashing all manner of charitable institutions.

PAT-RIOT-ISM.



THE recent Home-Rule Conference in Dublin having conclusively proved how very worthy the Irish are of receiving the boon of a Native Parliament, *Mr. Punch* ventures to make a few suggestions that may be of service sooner or later to those fortunate Gentlemen who may hereafter be elected to represent their countrymen on College Green. If the following hints are acted upon, an Irish Member of Parliament should last out at least two Sessions.

RULES FOR HOME-RULERS.

1. Before leaving your lodgings for Parliament House, be careful to survey the street from a distance, so that you may detect and avoid any armed band in the pay of the Opposition.
2. Should the road appear clear, disguise yourself in some appropriate costume. Avoid the rags of a beggar, or you may be taken for an office-seeker.
3. Run as fast as you can to the House. Should you hear any firing, put up your bomb-proof umbrella (new invention to be obtained, when Ireland has her Parliament, at 85, Fleet Street).
4. On reaching the House, take off your disguise unobserved, and assume your suit of buff lined with steel armour.
5. Never make a Speech in the House, as, if you do, you will be called upon to remove your Helmet.
6. When Revolvers are produced, get under the bench upon which you will, until then, have been sitting.
7. Choose your seat so that your back may be turned to the sun. If your opponents have the light in their eyes, their aim will be far from steady.
8. Draw your sword before you take part in a division.
9. If possible sit near the meter, so that you may be able to turn off the gas when the fighting commences.
10. Never waste your ammunition in bad shots. Aim low, and keep your wrist steady.
11. Never neglect a wound. The moment you feel yourself hit, ask the Sergeant-at-Arms to have you carried to the surgery.
12. In conclusion, before being sworn in, forgive all your enemies, say farewell to all your friends, and keep your will safe in the bottom of your iron-covered boots. For fear of accidents, you had better be on good terms with the Parson. Also, to save time, you may make necessary arrangements about your funeral.

The Confessors of Keighley.

SOMETHING like a dead-lock has occurred in the affairs of the Keighley Union from the imprisonment of the seven Guardians for disobeying the Vaccination *mandamus*. A contemporary refers to these seven prisoners as "the recalcitrant seven." To recalcitrate, we know, is to strike or kick with the heel, or kick backwards; and we also know that to perform this act unadvisedly, and suffer for it, is peculiarly characteristic of a certain quadruped needless to name. The felicity, therefore, of calling these seven Anti-Vaccinationist Confessors "recalcitrant" is extreme.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

First Impressions—Dublin—Cars and Cabs—A Word on Old-fashioned Hotels—Trinity College—Disillusions—A Nap—An Invocation—Awakening—A Change comes o'er the Spirit of my Dream—Forwards!

Kingstown.—Landing-stage. First view of Ireland. Dull, decidedly. A leaden morning. Where are all the "boys," and the car-drivers, and pig-jobbers, and the priests, and the military, and, in fact, the crowd generally? All my preconceived notions of "landing in Ireland," founded upon *Jack Hinton*, have vanished into thin air.

Ireland, or so much as I see of it at present, is not half awake, and the landing is the tamest affair possible. Not an early joke about anywhere: not a witticism in the air. The "boy" puts my luggage in the train, and takes his shilling without a remark, without even a humorous twinkle of his eye. Yet there is novelty in the atmosphere; not the novelty of a foreign land seen for the first time, but the novelty of a strange accent, of my native tongue "gone wrong" somehow. I feel that there cannot be any doubt about my being out of England, though there may be some lurking distrust of my being entirely awake. In less than five minutes I clearly comprehend that I am in Ireland. The newspaper man is offering journals with names new to my ear, though not to my sight.

Notes.—The run by rail into Westland Row Station is decidedly uninteresting. Judging from what I can see of anything like scenery—to (note first impressions)—this portion of Green Erin ought to come upon the tenantry for "dilapidations." As bad as coming into London for the first time by Shoreditch, or the back gardens of the houses near the Great Western.

Before I have time to do more than struggle with drowsiness, the train has arrived at its destination, and a Porter is asking me whether I'll have "An outside car or a four-wheeler?" As I have not come to Ireland to take a four-wheeler, I immediately close with the outside car.

Here are the cars—the outside cars—all outside. Some signs of life: that is something to remind one of *Charles O'Malley, &c.* At present my first idea of Dublin is that it wants washing. But this is exactly what I should say of London, taken from a Shoreditch point of view, in the early morning of a dull day.

I am rather pleased than otherwise to find that I haven't change for a shilling in my pocket, and consequently that I am able to tell the Porter the reason why I cannot give him, as I had intended, a sixpence. I am glad, because it will probably bring something witty out of him, which will be well worth the extra sixpence. Not a bit of it; only what he *does* say is what I fancy would never have occurred to a London Railway Porter in similar circumstances. It is this, quite confidentially: "Shure, ay yer goin' to give me anny-thing, a sixpence or that, ye can sind it back by him," indicating the Carman, who willingly undertakes the commission.

The Carman (standing up on the right side of the Car while I am on the left, holding on to the centre rail). Where am I goin'?

Myself (heartily). To MORRISON'S.

I wish the name wasn't MORRISON'S, as it suggests pills.

Other cars are all leaving at the same time and obstructing the narrow descent to the gate. The Car-boys shout at one another.

Happy Thought.—Now I shall hear some real genuine Irish fun.

"MICKET, get out o' the way wid ye, and don't ye be all day," is the nearest approach to humour on this occasion: and yet, somehow, there is a good-tempered, devil-may-care air among them, that is quite different from the sulky manner of the London Cabman.

Still, I may safely note that, so far, early morning in Dublin is not the time to see an Irishman at his brightest or his best.

At present I am asking "Where's the rollicking?" The shops are still closed. The people about, seem very much like the people in any other town about at the same hour, only a trifle more sleepy.

At present I've not heard one "Hooroosh!" or a request to "tread on the tail of my coat!" or seen a shillelagh, or a bright-eyed girl going to mass, or a man with a pig, and I begin to wish I had *never read anything about Ireland*.

Nothing particularly strikes me, except, that what of Dublin I can see at a glance, appears very old-fashioned and highly respectable. The architecture closely resembles the style of house you may still see in old coloured prints, representing the "White Horse Cellar," and Piccadilly in the old coaching days, or the streets of Bath in the time of BEAT NASBY, GEORGE THE FOURTH, and TOM and JERRY.

And so alighting at the old-fashioned hotel, I feel immeasurably depressed, and pay double what I subsequently find was the right fare, without the spirit to raise a question on the subject.

I have a notion that, on my back being turned, and as I ascend the stairs, the Carman has a joke about me with the Boots or the Night Porter; but he is welcome to it—only I should like to have heard this first instance of Irish wit, even at my own expense.

The atmosphere of MORRISON'S preserves a faint odour of a

grandeur long since faded. There is a worn-out, tired look about the stair-carpet, which says plaintively, "We've been long trodden beneath the feet of the Saxon oppressor, but we are passive, and so we have never been taken up. Yet, see, we are kept down by rods."

The bed-rooms are nobly proportioned, and it is quite a little promenade from the drawers to the washingstand. I sigh for the comfortably-furnished appearance of a *chambre à coucher* in a good French hotel, with its clock on the mantelpiece that was meant only for ornament, and never goes, its curtains, its impracticable shutters and startling window-blinds, its marble-topped chest of drawers, its easy chair, its velvet couch, and its two tables of stone—I mean of marble—I say. I sigh for these things, as real comforts for which the old style of hotel has no equivalents.

As a rule, let the inexperienced in travelling take my advice, and invariably avoid any hotel whose sole recommendation is that it is one of the good old-fashioned sort, where the Landlord makes you feel quite at home, and you're not treated merely as No. 99 in the books, and stowed away as so much luggage. Believe me that for every personal attention on the Landlord's part, the Visitor will have to pay extra. Politeness costs the Landlord nothing, and therefore, any profit on it is clear gain and no risk. When I enter one of these "Old Established Houses," and see the smiling Landlord, in evening dress perhaps, rubbing his hands, bowing and bending, and waving me onwards as he confides me, gracefully, to the care of an elderly, acid-looking female, in starched cotton dress and a primly trimmed cap, then I tremble for my pocket; but still I hope for the best. But if during my dinner that affable and professionally genial Landlord comes up to my table, concerns himself about my meat and drink, and, without reference to price, recommends to me, by way of a great favour, about which I must keep silence to the other guests, a *bonne-bouche*, a magnificent old Burgundy, which, moreover, he insists on decanting and pouring out for me *himself*, with an encomium on its colour and condition, then I know that ruin stares me in the face, and that the sooner I am out of that Fine Old English Hostellerie and away from that Fine Old English Landlord, the better for the modest sum that I have set apart for my holiday trip. So much for the Old Fashioned Hotels, and hosts "of the Old School."

A large old-fashioned sash-window gives on to the thoroughfare, and commands a view of a fine building, which at first sight strikes me as so like the British Museum that I begin to think that establishment must have been taken bodily off its basement and steps and sent across the sea. Judging from first impressions, I conclude that it is either a Museum, or a Hospital.

I ask the Boots who has shown me to my room, "What is that place?"

Up to this moment the Boots has treated me for an *habitué*. I never saw a man more taken aback than that Boots when I asked him for the above information.

"What's *that*?" he almost shrieked, as though I had found a blackbeetle, or something smaller and more terrible.

"Yes," I say; "the building opposite."

"That, Sir," he explains proudly, "is Thrinity College."

Trinity College! Here's an illusion gone! Is this modern-looking building a College? Oh Trin. Coll. Cam.!--be mediæval!--be happy! The only College that I can recollect in an English University at all resembling Trinity, Dublin, is Downing, Cambridge.

People are beginning to wake up. There are signs of life in the street. But—I can't help it—whether it is that, contrary to my custom, I was quite well but very sleepy after the sea voyage, or whether it is the dulness of the weather, or the keenness of the East wind, or the "faded flower" air about MORRISON'S, I don't know, in fact, what it is,—but I am melancholy—I am *désillusionné*—I am sad. I begin to meditate on the wrongs of Ireland. I lie down to do so, purposing to get up again in ten minutes exactly, and on no account to go to sleep. It is now nine o'clock. I am experiencing a new and peculiar sensation—a consciousness of a gradual change of nationality which is coming over me—I am slowly casting off the slough of the Englishman, and entering upon an Irish phase of existence. I have been the worm, I am the chrysalis, or the cocoon . . . Both excellent Irish names—"MISTHER O'CHRYSLIS," and "The COCOON OF COCOON." . . . I drop off to doze . . . Less and less English . . . I am sleeping off my English drowsiness to awake to Irish liveliness . . . Shades of BURKE and GOLDSMITH (the only OLIVER that Ireland had any reason to love), Shade of CURRAN, Soul o' GRATTAN, Ghost of SWIFT, inspire my slumbers!

9.30.—I awake. Ready and willing. No longer The COCOON OF COCOON, no nor MISTHER O'CHRYSLIS—but the real genuine BARNEY O'BUTTERFLY!

Now to sip the dew off the Shamrock, and taste the sweets of the flowers of Irish Life!

I refer to KEPPEL BIRKETT's introductions, and commence my career. Away!

Electric Fluid Farming.

THE late storms of thunder and lightning may be regarded as at least not unseasonable. This, however, is more than can be said of the behaviour of atmospheric electricity as thus reported in the *Devon Evening Express*:—

"The flashes of lightning followed each other so quickly that it seemed one continuous glare, and the thunder which followed on the instant was like the simultaneous discharge of a whole park of artillery. A field close to Ballybeg House was ploughed up by the electric fluid."

Obviously a most inappropriate act on the electric fluid's part. "What," as a South-Western agriculturist asked, "was the good o' the lightning' a ploughman up a yield in harvest time? If so be 'a'd ha' took and rip'd a crop o' earn now, t'ood ha' ben zummut like."

A COCKNEY ON COCK-CROWING.



"The cock, indeed, is by many dwellers in town regarded as an unmitigated nuisance, to be abated or suppressed by any means that the law provides. . . . It is we who have degenerated when we cannot bear the sounds in which our ancestors took pleasure."—*Daily News*.

DEGENERATED? Man's a dolt!
Shindy makes a blood-horse bolt.
"Cocktail" doesn't care a mite.
Mortals must have sleep o' night;
Beastly fowl forbids it. Moral:
Exit Rooster! Districts rural
May delight in noise nocturnal;
Here in Town the bore's infernal;
Ergo, let the "tame villatic
Fowl," whose voice from base to attic
Fills the house and murders sleep,
To the rural districts keep.
Poets may protest perhaps;—
Never understand those chaps.
Gush on "Cock-a-doodle-doo"?
Rhapsodise and rave? Go to!
Bard apostrophise that bird? He
Might as well the hurdy-gurdy.
Bosh about the beast's "shrill clarion!"
Ought to hear the creatures carry on
Here at Highgate. Six in chorus
Every morn (12'20) bore us
With responsive charivari.
Wish their "clarions" at Old Harry.
What's to summon ghosts who roam?
Let the spirits stop at home!
Can't be bored with shrill-voiced Bantams
To accommodate the phantoms.
Bards seem awful fond of "shines."
Better keep them for their "lines."
Let them, if they like the same,
Play the Cock-a-doodle game;
One 'gainst t'other crow in crackjaw,
Till sound sense shall bid them slack jaw.
But loud Chanticleer in Town
Is a pest to be put down.
"Songs before sunrise" of that sort
Law should cut exceeding short.

PRIESTCRAFT AND PROG.

THE following "Want," extracted from the *Universe*, should be explained:—

SITUATION WANTED, by a respectable middle-aged PERSON as HOUSEKEEPER to a Priest, who can cook well.—MRS. —, &c.

Does the advertiser, then, presume that Priests, as such, are also, from professional training or peculiar bias, in general apt to be cooks? She might; for mental as well as bodily health would be much promoted by due ministrations to the stomach. Still, as a rule, it seems too much to expect a Priest to cook for his Housekeeper. The only cookery, however, that has ever been heard of as a special element in Priestcraft is that cooking of scientific and historical fact in the preparation and supply of food for the mind, which in order that they may be enabled to practise, Priests are many of them so anxious to get the control of education.

"RAILWAY COUPLING."—When the Porter marries the Young Lady in the Refreshment Department.



A DAMPER.

Boniface Brasenose (an amiable but aesthetic youth, exhibiting his Art-treasures). "THAT'S—A—A—MOTHER AND CHILD, A—A—FIFTEENTH CENTURY—"

Fashionable Lady. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT EARLIER!"

Boniface Brasenose. "A—MAY I ASK WHY?"

Fashionable Lady. "OH, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THEY COULD PAINT BETTER THAN THAT, SO LATE AS THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY!"

AN EARL ON A WOODMAN.

BEHOLD, how blest yon rural Swain!
He thrives on healthy toil.
Around his cot where smiles the plain
He tills paternal soil.
His bosom void of anxious care,
His heart from envy free,
Behind the plough his simple air
He whistles o'er the lea.

One while he guards the fleecy flock,
Or tends the lowing kine;
Another, serves the sty's fat stock,
And feeds the squealing swine.
Now in his garden deftly plies
The mattock or the spade;
Then quick to cutting timber hies
Along the forest glade.

When work and pastime both he lacks,
Some Tree which long hath stood,
He loves to fell with levelling axe,
Some Magnate of the Wood.
Methinks in harmless type I view
A Statesman of renown,
Whose humour, likewise, 'twas to hew
Old institutions down.

No coronet loads LUBIN'S brow;
No robes his gait restrain.
Light garb, light step, light heart hast thou,
O far too happy Swain!
Alas, in pensive mood, whilst I
Compare thy lot with mine,
I can but heave a gentle sigh!—
But let me not repine.

A QUESTION OF CLEANLINESS.

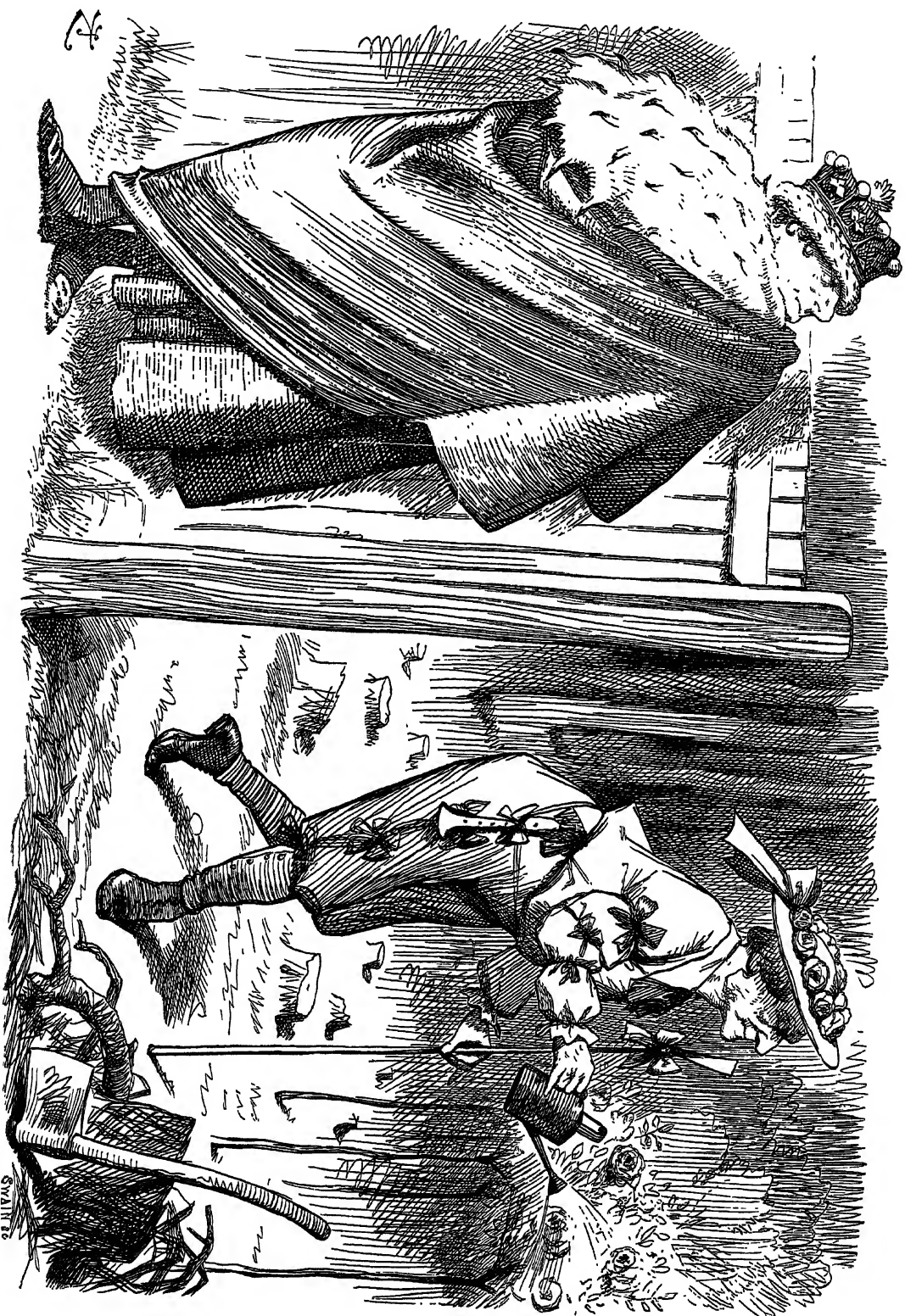
"CLERICUS," in a letter to the *Times*, enumerating the particulars of the "Cost of a Tour" economically managed by himself and a couple of Ladies, sets down at a remarkably low figure the special item of "washing." Commenting thereon, another *Times* correspondent, "RUSTICUS," replies by asking for the details of their washing bills, and offering suggestions which provoke from "CLERICUS" the somewhat angry rejoinder:—"We neither vegetated in attics, nor washed our own linen, as is so elegantly insinuated." Very possibly; but then the question to be answered for the benefit of people who want to know about tourists' washing bills, is how much of their linen had "CLERICUS" and his fair companions washed by anybody? If they did not do their own washing abroad, perhaps neither are they themselves accustomed to wash their dirty linen at home. In that case, what quantity of it is usually washed at all? And as to washing whilst upon their peregrination, the information required is, how far did the travellers go without?

POTATOES IN PERIL!

"A RECENT TRAVELLER" from Canada reports that the Potato Beetle weathers the winter there, and does great mischief. Attention is due to his reminder and warning that—

"American potatoes are now largely imported, and, as this pest yearly travels nearer the sea coast, we are certain to import the eggs, or the impregnated females, and, once established, we shall never get rid of them."

However, he thinks that, with due precaution, it may be possible "to postpone the evil day." Importers of the American potato, therefore, mind your (potato's) eye. A destroyer making potatoes as dear as meat would be an agreeable companion to the foot-and-mouth disease. The Rinderpest, indeed, was stamped out, but, by all accounts, there is no stamping out the Potato Beetle.

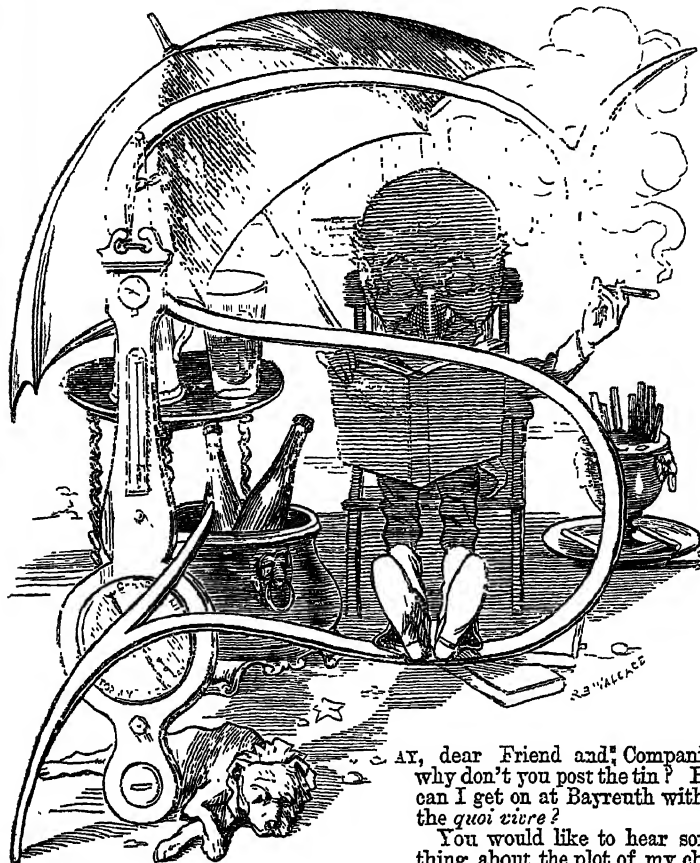


THE EARL AND THE WOODMAN.

LORD B. (*with emotion*). "HOW BLISSFUL IS THIS HAPPY PEASANT, WHILST I, ALAS!—"

[Dissembles.]

OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE GREAT WAGNER FESTIVAL, BAYREUTH.



AY, dear Friend and Companion, why don't you post the tin? How can I get on at Bayreuth without the *quoi vivre*?

You would like to hear something about the plot of my chum DICK WAGNER'S Stage-play, of

course. Well, it's all about *Nothing*; but "*Nothing*" is *Sumthung*, as it is a magic sword. "*Voici le Sabre de mon Herr!*" as I sang, just to irritate R. W. a bit. It did.

There is a true *Ring* about the *Nibelungen*, for which the Herr Hero-com-

poser at Bayreuth should be crowned with a Bay-wreath. All these *fummimentos*, as the *Hidalgos* say, or *jokkhoz*, as my friend the Russian Prince, IVANOTS FORDORSOFF, has it, I am sending to you, and yet no quarter given!

Until I receive a satisfactory letter from you, my dear Sir, through an agent of mine, who will call at your office, I must decline to continue my invaluable correspondence, though hoping for the very best. I beg to sign myself now, as always,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Note.—There has been clearly some error somewhere. We have been out of Town, and have made use of the time at our disposal to search the Conversation Books in three languages, to read all the news from Bayreuth, to receive information from certain sources, and, finally, to consult our Solicitor. It is with the deepest regret that we confess our inability to avoid the conclusions at which we have been compelled to arrive; i.e., (a) That Our Representative does not understand anything about Music, or, if he does, that nobody else does; (b) That if Our Representative is really acquainted with the *dialects*, he does not know German as spoken; (c) That he is no arithmetician, and not a man of business; (d) That he is not at Bayreuth at all, and never has been.

*** (3.30 P.M.) The above was in print, and (we regret to say) *unretractable*, when a most respectable Gentleman called on us from a most eminent firm of Solicitors, employed by our esteemed and most trustworthy Correspondent. We never retreat before a threat, but we are open to conviction, and this Gentleman has convinced us of Our Representative's veracity. Being empowered to receive for our excellent Contributor, our visitor has given us a receipt for a big cheque, and has undertaken to forward—

4.30 p.m. same day (*last moment*). . . . We thought so! A Policeman has called to inquire if a respectable looking person, passing himself off as connected with a most eminent firm of Solicitors, has been with us, and extorted . . .

5.30.—The Policeman is still with us. We are concerting a plan of action. He is now putting on a disguise. MESSRS. MAY and CLARKSON, the well-known theatrical costumiers and per-ruquiers, are here . . . and we ourselves are going to Bayreuth with the Policeman, *in disguise*. We are men of action, and not to be trifled with. Besides, we want a holiday.—Ed.

THE "FORCE" AT PLAY.

At the annual *Fête*, at the Alexandra Palace, of that useful institution, the Police Orphanage, the "general attractions were augmented by the competition of constables in athletic sports." The historian does not state whether anybody tried to "out-run the Constable."

CHEAP SHOPPING.

(A Tragic Farce in Two Scenes.)

SCENE I.—The Exterior of SNOOKS'S Shop. Several Carts labelled "SNOOKS & Co." waiting to carry away goods. Men carrying immense bags of expensively got-up Circulars (from SNOOKS & Co.) to the Post. Several Attendants, dressed in a uniform, something between those worn by the Police and the Park-keepers, hovering about the doors of the establishment.

Enter EDWIN and ANGELINA.

Angelina. Look, my darling! This is SNOOKS'S. Is it not a large place? See the carts, and the men carrying circulars (like the one we got yesterday—a mass of blue and gold); and the Commissionnaires are so civil. It's the cheapest place in the world, too.

Edwin. It should not be. To the value of the goods must be added the price of the carts, the cost of the horses, their stabling, and their food, the wages of the drivers, the expense of printing, binding, and advertising, and the liveries and stipends of those much-be-medalled loungers over yonder.

Angelina (with feminine logic). For all that, darling, it is the cheapest shop in the world.

Edwin. Then I suppose the establishment is conducted on ready-money principles. What you buy you pay for on the spot, and SNOOKS & Co. have never to wait the settlement of an unrecouped bill.

Angelina. If you mean, dear, that you must pay for everything you get at once, you are quite wrong. Mr. SNOOKS is most obliging, and never thinks of sending in a bill for three months—he will wait a year or longer. You can't imagine what a cheap shop it is.

Edwin. No, I cannot. Heavy expenses and long credit! SNOOKS must either be a philanthropist squandering a large fortune away upon the Public, or else must have an insane desire to bring himself

and his Co. into the Court of Bankruptcy! You follow me, darling, do you not?

Angelina (who has not been listening, as she has been giving her undivided attention to the contents of the shop window). Of course, darling. Oh, isn't that Matelassé cheap and sweet? Only two shillings a yard. Why, I saw one the other day not a bit better than this at three shillings.

Edwin. My darling, I fear that you must be growing short-sighted. Angelina (rather anxiously). My dearest, you are joking, are you not?

Edwin. What else can I think when you describe that wall-paper-looking thing at two shillings a yard, when the price only wants another halfpenny to become three shillings. Certainly the two shillings is marked in ink, but the elevenpence-halfpenny has its proper place in pencil.

Angelina. Oh, do let us come in.

[EDWIN is dragged into the shop.]

SCENE II.—The Interior of SNOOKS'S Shop. A very long and narrow building. On either side of the counters "bargains" are displayed. A great many Shopmen waiting upon a few customers. The unemployed "young men" assisting their comrades by piling up articles for the customers' inspection. EDWIN and ANGELINA enter, and are met by a White-haired Manager.

Angelina. Oh, please, there is a very sweet and pretty Matelassé at two-and-elevenpence-halfpenny a yard, in the window—

White-haired Manager. Certainly, Madam. This way, if you please. (Leads them to the very end of the shop, and offers them chairs.) I think you said a Matelassé at five-and-elevenpence-three-farthings a yard. A great bargain, indeed. (To Shopman.) Show the Lady the article.

Edwin (firmly). This Lady said nothing of the sort. The price she mentioned was two-and-elevenpence-halfpenny. There can be no mistake. The dress, with its price-card, is in the window.



CANNY!

Sportsman. "THAT'S A TOUGH OLD FELLOW, JEMMY!"

Keeper. "AYE, SIR, A GRAND BIRD TO SEND TO YOUR FREEN'S!"

White-haired Manager (much pained). This person (alluding to Confidential Shopman) will attend to you.

[Retires, and brings, after a pause of five minutes, another Customer to the end of the shop.]

Angelina (on the White-haired Manager's retreat). My darling, you should not be so cross. I am sure you made him go.

Edwin (with savage triumph). I am sure I did.

Confidential Shopman (placing goods on the counter). These are the dresses you want, Madam. I do not mind telling you that we got them by the greatest luck. The Bankrupt had taken his passage to America. The Detectives stopped the ship, and got the goods away.

Edwin. And the Bankrupt?

Confidential Shopman (taken aback). I think he escaped. But (coming to the point) that is why we can sell them at six-and-sixpence a yard.

Angelina. Oh, but the one I saw in the window was—

Confidential Shopman. Of vastly inferior quality to this, Madam. In fact I don't mind telling you that we cannot guarantee our goods in the window.

Edwin. Very well, then we will go.

Confidential Shopman. Pray resume your seat, Madam. Of course we guarantee all our goods. Here are the dresses you mean. You see they are not of the same quality as this. (Taking up another material.) It was ordered by the late SULTAN OF TURKEY for his favourite Sultana, and of course was not wanted. We are thus able to offer it at eight-and-tenpence-three-farthings. May I cut you off a dress?

Angelina. It is really very sweet. Only eight shillings a yard!

Confidential Shopman. Twenty-six yards will be enough, Madam, I think?

Edwin (firmly). If you cannot show us the dresses marked three shillings a yard (all save one halfpenny), we will trouble you no further.

Angelina (timidly). Yes, the Sultana's cotton is very beautiful, but I think I should like to see the Matelassé at two-and-elevenpence-halfpenny.

Confidential Shopman (contemptuously). They are here. They will not wash.

Edwin. Oh, very well; we will not buy them.

Confidential Shopman. At least they will not wash quite so well as this magnificent affair, which was made for the coronation of the POPE. It has taken fifteen years in its manufacture; and as, of course, it is not wanted now, we can cut you off enough for a dress for six pounds twelve shillings and tenpence-three-farthings.

Edwin. You had better keep it for the next Pope—we don't want it.

Angelina (having selected a dress). This, please. I like the large pattern.

Confidential Shopman. The large patterns are dearer. The one you have chosen is four-and-sevenpence-halfpenny.

Edwin (losing his temper). Don't beat about the bush any longer. Which are the dresses you pretend to sell at three shillings a yard?

Confidential Shopman (startled, and hurriedly). These. *Edwin (to Angelina).* My own, choose one. (One is chosen.) And now put it up, and bring the bill.

Confidential Shopman (recovering himself). While I cut off the necessary length, Madam, will you look at this grand silk? It was made for the President of the United States when he thought of taking office for the third time. As he has retired, we can now offer it (as it is left upon our hands) for nineteen-and-elevenpence-three-farthings, a remnant.

Edwin (seeing that the parcel is at last made up). Now let us go.

Confidential Shopman. The bill, Madam. And while this Gentleman is paying it, will you permit me to show you this glorious velvet? It was ordered by DON CARLOS—

Edwin (hurriedly). Let us go.

[Drags his loving but reluctant wife away. As they pass down the long shop, "young men" (like mermaids) try to tempt ANGELINA with bargains.]

White-haired Manager (meeting them at the door). One moment, Madam. Have you seen these gaze de chambray? We have got them a bargain. They were recovered from a wreck, and—

Edwin. We don't want them.

[The White-haired Manager recognises EDWIN, and retires in confusion.]

Angelina (on leaving SNOOKS'S, pointing to another shop-window). Oh, EDWIN, darling, there's exactly the same thing we have just bought!

Edwin (with malicious pleasure). Yes; and just a shilling the yard cheaper! [Scene closes in.]

INCREDIBLE INTELLIGENCE.

WHAT the French call "*faits divers*," which are anything but facts, are sprinkled pretty freely in our own provincial press, especially when Parliament has risen for the recess. Clearly some of our contemporaries give their constant readers credit for enormous powers of credence, when they fill so many columns with such paragraphs as these:—

SINGULAR FREAK OF LIGHTNING.—A curious instance of the versatility of the electric fluid occurred the other day in Longbowtown, Connecticut. During a tempest, which had raged above a week in that vicinity, a flash of lightning was observed, by a reporter who happened to be present, ascending the third lamp-post from the corner of the market-place. After turning off the gas, it descended to the ground again, and quickly crossed the pavement; then rang the area bell, and gave a thundering double knock at the door of Number Nine, the residence of DR. CRAMMER, to whom we owe a record of the subsequent proceedings. Entering through the key-hole, the lightning briskly ran upstairs, lit all the candles in the drawing-room, split the looking-glass in two, and played a waltz on the piano. Next it went into the smoking-room, and burned a box of choice Havannahs; then, dropping to the cellar, it drew the corks of six champagne bottles, without unfastening the wires; and, after cutting up a cucumber and a roast goose in the kitchen, it made its exit up the chimney, which it swept most carefully, consuming in its progress every particle of soot.

REMARKABLE VORACITY OF A PIKE.—A fact has come under our notice which we fancy has escaped the watchful eye of MR. BUCKLAND, MR. LEE, and other famous pisciculturists, to whom we would commend it as an incident well worthy of their investigating scrutiny. We are informed on what we take to be quite trustworthy (as Englishmen, we scorn to say reliable) authority, that somewhere on the road between Birmingham and Bangor there has been taken an old pike, by a man who means to keep it, and we are given to understand that as many as five pounds of current copper currency has in one day been found deposited in its capacious maw.



CLUB TALK.

"YOU'VE HEARD BROWNE'S MARRIED AGAIN?"

"NO! HAS HE? STUPID ASS! HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO LOSE HIS FIRST WIFE!"

TOO OLD?

Enthusiastic Excursionist (at Hawarden). "We hope to see MR. GLADSTONE as Leader again."

Mr. Gladstone. "He's too old, Sir!"

"You too old, my dear WILLIAM?" *Punch* cheerfully cried.

"Though your locks be a little bit grey,
In your glance there is fire, in your port there is pride,
You appear full of 'go' and of 'stay.'
When last you the House with your eloquence woke,
You bethumped that Blue Book in a style
Which gave proof of a biceps yet stout for a stroke.
Are you quite 'on the shelf' yet awhile?"

"Too old, my dear WILLIAM? You're game for a go
With your axe or at Upas or elm,
You can strike, 'gainst the POPE, a right stark, swashing
blow,

Giant Gog with invective o'erwhelm.

Speech, pamphlet, or paper you run off the reel

In as facile a 'form' as of yore.

You have done some stiff work, yet one cannot but feel
You are good for a goodish bit more.

"Too old, my dear WILLIAM? You seem quite at home
Whether Woodman you play at Hawarden,
Hurl eloquent thunder 'gainst Turkey or Rome,
Or enlarge on a Cottager's garden.
Polemio or pastoral, lecture or jest,

Who can say from your lips which comes patter?"

Too old, my dear Sir? Well, perhaps you know best;
But I scarcely think *that's* what's the matter.

"Too old, my dear WILLIAM? 'Tis pleasant, no doubt,
With the Muses, at ease, to turn roamer;
To forget the rude bray of the rabblement's shout
In the long rolling music of HOMER.

But what if the clarion should call to the front?

If good cause, needing champion or pleader,
Should summon our WILLIAM to bear battle's brunt—
Would it find him 'too old' for a Leader?

"Too old? We remember stout evergreen PAM;
You're a youngster, you know, in comparison;
BEN—pardon!—LORD BEACONSFIELD—scarcely a
lamb—

In the vanguard the contest yet carries on.

That you're battle-fit yet, and in fettle right rare,
There's full many a fact stands attestor.

While Achilles has thews, he's a chief we can't spare
To pose—prematurely—as Nestor."

FROM PILLAR TO POST;
OR, THE ORGANISED PHILANTHROPISTS.

(Period 1876.)

[See *Times* Police Report, Worship Street, August 23.]

SCENE I.—*A Town Hall.* Enter Distressed Woman, hurriedly.

Woman. Oh, if you please, I've had this ticket given me and this letter of recommendation, and the Gentleman told me you would assist me. I'm in great, great distress!

Well-Fed Official (after reading letter). Umph—yes—a sad case, indeed. (Cheerfully.) Very sad. I can't do better than give you a letter to one of the Organised Philanthropists (who is at the seaside). His Town residence is only five miles from here. It's a pleasant walk. (Gives letter.) Good day.

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Town Residence of First Organised Philanthropist.*

Burly Butler (to Distressed Woman, who has walked the five miles). No, he's hout o' Town. Yes, I see it's hurgent; so you'd better go down to No. 720, Stucco Villas, to the Clergyman, he's one of the Philanthropists, an' he'll attend to you. Mind the dawg!

SCENE III.—*Exterior of No. 720, Stucco Villas.*

Enter Distressed Woman.

Distressed Woman. Oh dear, dear! what shall I do if he's not here? I'm so tired. What a long road! My poor children! they'll wonder what has become of me. [Knocks one knock.

Door opened by comfortable-looking Housekeeper.

Housekeeper. No, not to-day; and don't come knocking at people's doors like—Oh, you've got a letter. Dear, dear! you must have been suffering! How sad! Six children, too! Well, MR. SERAPH

is not here just now; but when he's not here, MR. SCREWBY, who's one of the Society, always attends to his business. It's about a mile and a half down the road. Good morning. [Shuts door.]

SCENE IV.—*Exterior of House of third Organised Philanthropist.*

Enter Distressed Woman, who is informed that MR. SCREWBY is on the Continent, but that the Doctor, three squares off, will attend to her.

N.B.—To save time and space, it may be added that the Doctor can do nothing but refer her to the Relieving Officer, who was "also out." She then calls upon another Organised Philanthropist, who tells her to get a letter certifying her respectability and poverty. For this purpose she reverts to the Clergyman.

SCENE V.—*Stucco Villas.*

Clergyman. What, no food? Humph! Six children? Walked seventeen miles? Dear, dear! Well, you must live till Monday, and then you must go before the Organised Philanthropists. Let's see, there's seven of you altogether. Well, there's twopence-halfpenny a-piece for you, and a halfpenny over. Mind, you'll have to show you're thoroughly respectable.

N.B.—In the meantime the Distressed Woman is arrested for doing what she had no right to do, i.e. pawning illegally to pay out a distress for rent. The Organised Philanthropists cast her off with horror. The Magistrate says it is a "painful case, and deserves the deepest sympathy," but he must fine her one shilling, and order her to pay six shillings, the value of the pledged articles.

SCENE VI. AND LAST.—*Interior of Police-Court.* Woman being led to the Cells in default of payment.

Un-Organised Philanthropist. Here! look here! I'll pay the money. Let the poor creature go!

(Applause. Curtain.)



OUR MILITARY MANŒUVRES!

Irish Drill-Sergeant (to Squad of Militiamen). "PE'S'NT 'REMS!"—(Astonishing result.)—"HIV'NS! WHAT A 'PRISINT'! JIST STIP OUT HERE NOW, AN' LOOK AT YERSILVES!!"

SOME ABSTRUSE CALCULATIONS.

THE Exhibition of Scientific apparatus, now open at South Kensington, includes several Calculating Machines. These will render an inestimable service to Statistical Science, and increase their utility a thousandfold, if they can work out some of the following interesting problems:—

How many persons of position in Society, supposed at the present time to be on the Continent, or at the Sea-side, or in Scotland, are all the while in London, leading a sequestered life in the back rooms of their apparently deserted mansions?

Of all those who are now away in expensive and unsatisfactory lodgings at places of fashionable resort, what per-centage are, at this moment, heartily wishing themselves back in their comfortable homes?

How many persons within the last six weeks have discovered that they are afflicted with some ailment, for which they (or their medical advisers) consider an immediate and thorough change imperatively requisite?

How many Englishmen and Englishwomen are now lavishing their money and their raptures on France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Iceland, &c., who have the most meagre acquaintance with the beauties and attractions of their own country?

How many yards of material are comprehended in a silk dress for evening wear?

How many families will return home from abroad or the sea-side, and find everything as it ought to be—the papering and painting done to their satisfaction, the house clean, the furniture in nice order, and the conduct of the servants left in charge irreproachable?

How many Conservative speeches will be delivered in the recess, maintaining the last Session to have been everything that could be wished; and how many Liberal addresses will be devoted to proving the exact contrary?

How many anxious reflections will SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE have between now and next February, when he thinks of the Leadership

of the House of Commons, with MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE sitting very attentive on the opposite benches?

How many times next Session will his party wish the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD back in the House of Commons?

How many Meetings, Congresses, Exhibitions, Shows, and Dinners will be held at home this autumn?

How many persons of ripe age can say, without dissembling, that they thoroughly enjoy a game of Lawn Tennis on a hot afternoon with the sun full in their eyes?

How many years have yet to elapse before London will be properly governed, and brought into a satisfactory state as to the condition of its streets, its gas and water supply, its smoke, its vehicles plying for hire, &c.?

How many persons moving in a respectable sphere of society can show a tolerable acquaintance with the geography of that quarter of Europe in which war is now going on?

How many passengers will cross the Channel these holidays, to whom the wish will not suggest itself with vivid intensity that the submarine tunnel between England and France was complete and in full activity?

How many novels have been published this last season which have the smallest chance of being remembered next year?

How many foreigners visit London without making an early call at MADAME TUSSAUD'S?

Since the commencement of exhibitions of fireworks at the Crystal and Alexandra palaces, how many evenings have been fine and how many wet?

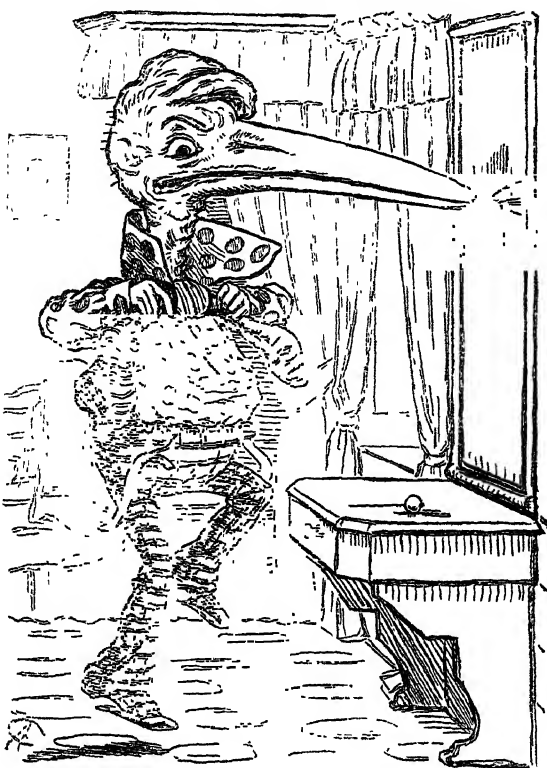
How many partridges will be shot on the first of September, and how many will be missed?

THE GOOD GREEN OYSTER.

Oyster (as MOROCCO in the Merchant of Venice). Mislike me not for my complexion.

A LONDONER'S RURAL REFLECTION.—The Hayfield is better than the Haymarket.

BIRDS FOR SEPTEMBER.



The Billiard Rook.—Found in large numbers at Scarborough, Boulogne, and other sea-side places. Plumage: Suits of "loud" patterns, and much artificial jewellery. Habits: Smoking, drinking, and gambling. Favourite companion, the Army Pigeon.

The Army Pigeon.—Found chiefly in fashionable watering-places, both coast and inland. Plumage very similar to the Billiard Rook, but not quite so gorgeous. Jewellery genuine. Habits: Intemperance, wild betting, and money-paying. Favourite companion, the Billiard Rook.

The Tame Dove.—Found in country-houses all over England and Scotland. Plumage: Sober-coloured clothes of the best make. Habits: Chatting, piano-playing, tenor-song singing, and five o'clock tea-taking. Favourite companion, the County Canary.

The County Canary.—Found generally in her father's country-seat. Plumage supplied entirely by WORTH. Habits: Flirting, money-spending, riding, and dancing. Favourite companion, the Scarlet Soldier-Bird.

The Scarlet Soldier-Bird.—Found chiefly in small country towns where a garrison is maintained. Plumage varies with the time of day; in the morning bright red, in the evening black and white. Habits: Soda-and-brandy drinking, smoking, strutting, and flirtation. Favourite companion, the County Canary.

The Provincial Peacock.—Found chiefly in his own nest (Peacock Court) or by the covert-side. Plumage: Shooting-coat with leather on the shoulders, knickerbockers, and hob-nailed boots. Habits: Shooting, farming, and laying down the law. Favourite companion, the Eagle-Eyed Sharpshooter.

The Eagle-Eyed Sharpshooter.—Found in most places where guns are held in high esteem. Plumage: Suit of tweed ditto, gaiters, and strong boots. Habits: Shooting, eating, and sleeping. Favourite companion, the Provincial Peacock.

The Histrionic Mocking-Bird.—Found chiefly in country houses where the young ladies like "dressing up." Plumage: Eccentric costume, suggestive of the farces of MR. MADISON MORTON. No whiskers nor moustache. Habits: Lecturing, swaggering, and giving weak imitations of popular metropolitan actors. Favourite companion, the Melancholy Magpie.

The Melancholy Magpie.—Found generally in houses given over to the delights of amateur theatricals. Plumage of the simplest description; clothes old-fashioned and unbecoming. Habits: Making attempts to act, sneering, and raising objections. Favourite companion, the Business-like Parrot.

The Business-like Parrot.—Found occasionally in houses where the services of a professional stage-manager are required. Plumage: Black clothes, with coloured cotton shirts. Habits: Repeating the same directions twenty times an hour, keeping his temper, and

exercising forbearance under very trying circumstances. Favourite companions, his family.

The Human Bird of Paradise.—Found in the most poverty-stricken neighbourhoods. Plumage neat and prettifying. Habits: Succouring the sick, feeding the hungry, and teaching the ignorant. Favourite companions, poor and suffering beings, wherever she can find them.

The Steamboat Vulture.—Found in large numbers on the ocean. Plumage: Blue serge suit, with a gold-braided cap. Habits: Collecting tickets. Favourite companion, the First-Class Cabin Hawk.

The First-Class Cabin Hawk.—Found in steamboats plying between England and abroad. Plumage same as the Steamboat Vulture. Habits: Announcing dinner at unpleasant moments, avoiding passengers in the hours of their anguish, and joking when the waves are washing over the paddle-boxes. Favourite companion, the Steamboat Vulture.

The Foreign Cormorant.—Found in every town known to the compilers of MURRAY'S Handbooks. Plumage varying with its nationality. Habits: Carriage-letting and hotel-keeping. Favourite companion, the Courier Swallow.

The Courier Swallow.—Frequently discovered in attendance upon a family of distinction. Plumage according to the taste of his employers. Habits: Dispensing guide-book information and receiving tips. Favourite companion, the Foreign Cormorant.

The Foolish Bird of Passage.—Invariably found at this season of the year in France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Plumage: Bright yellow tourist suit, and cloth hat of peculiar construction. Habits: Decidedly British. Favourite companion, his wife.

The Bird of Wisdom.—Full particulars of this marvellous creature (bequeathed by Minerva to the most celebrated sage of this or any other age) can only be obtained at 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

PUNCH'S COUNTRY COUSINS' GUIDE.

THE METROPOLIS IN THE MORTE SAISON.

8 A.M.—Rise, as in the country, and stroll round the Squares before breakfast, to see the turn out of Cooks and Charwomen. Ask your way back of the first Policeman you meet.

9 A.M.—Breakfast. First taste of London Milk and Butter. Analyse, if not in a hurry. Any Policeman will show you the nearest Chemist.

10 A.M.—To Battersea Park to see Carpets beaten. Curious atmospheric effects observable in the clouds of dust and the language of the beaters. Inquire your road of any Policeman.

11 A.M.—Take Penny Steamer up to Westminster Bridge, in time to arrive at Scotland Yard, and inspect the Police as they start on their various beats. For any information, inquire of the Inspector.

12 A.M.—Hansom Cab Races. These can be viewed at any hour by standing still at a hundred yards from any Cabstand and holding up a shilling. An amusing sequel may be enjoyed by referring all the drivers to the nearest Policeman.

1 P.M.—Observe the beauties of solitude among the flowers in Hyde Park. Lunch at the Lodge on Curds and Whey. Ask the whey of the Park Keeper.

2 P.M.—Visit the Exhibitions of Painting on the various scaffolds in Belgravia. Ask the next Policeman if the House Painters are Royal Academicians. Note what he says.

3 P.M.—Look at the shops in Bond Street and Regent Street, and purchase the dummy goods disposed of at an awful sacrifice.

4 P.M.—See the Stickleback fed at the Westminster Aquarium. If nervous at being alone, ask the Policeman in waiting to accompany you over the building.

5 P.M.—Find a friend still in Town to give you five o'clock tea in her back drawing-room—the front of the house being shut up.

6 P.M.—Back to the Park. Imagine the imposing cavalcades in Rotten Row (now invisible), with the aid of one exercising groom and the two daughters of a riding-master in full procession.

7 P.M.—Wake up the Waiters at the Triclinium Restaurant, and persuade them to warm up dinner for your benefit.

8 P.M.—Perambulate the Strand, and visit the closed doors of the various Theatres. Ask the nearest Policeman for his opinion on London Actors. You will find it as good as a play.

9 P.M.—A Turkish Bath may be had in Covent Garden Theatre. Towels or Programmes are supplied by the Policeman at the doors.

10 P.M.—Converse, before turning in, with the Policeman on duty or the Fireman in charge of the fire-escape. Much interesting information may be obtained in this way.

11 P.M.—Supper at the Cabman's Shelter, or the Coffee Stall corner of Hyde Park. Get a Policeman to take you home to Bed.

WATERING THE PORT.

MR. PUNCH being asked what river Boulogne was on? promptly replied (remembering the bouquet of its fine old Port), "The Odour."

JOHN BULL AND HIS GUIDES.



THE pilgrim of Britain,
His track fain to fit
in
Rule spoken or writ-
ten,
Learns to like and to
look
By his Guide or his
Book,
Be it MURRAY or COOK;

The same thing's left undone,
The same by each one done,
'Twixt Thule and London.

All their "selves" glad to merge,
Through the same gap must surge,
Like the sheep of Panurge,

As Cook bids, on they scurry;
Or tractably hurry
At the order of MURRAY.

JOHN BULL once had a "willy,"
And also a "nilly;"
Loved to dally or dilly—

With his own eyes once looked:
Now he likes his routes Cooked,
His opinions Red-booked,

His thoughts run in a mould—
Calf's-foot jelly-like, cold—
Laughs or sighs, as he's told

To be grave or rejoice;
Till his voice is Cook's voice,
And his choice is Cook's choice.

Cook's tariff his steady care:
His taste ruled by ready care
Of MURRAY or BAEDER.

Trots and halts in a band,
Likes, dislikes, second hand,
At the word of command.

And regains his own shore,
His travelling o'er,
The same BULL as before.

WHAT NO ONE SHOULD FORGET, IN CROSSING THE CHANNEL.

To place his Rugs, Carpet-bags, and Umbrellas on the six best seats on the Boat.

To worry the Captain with remarks about the state of the weather and the performance of the Steamer: to observe to the Steward that there is a change in the weather, and that there were more Passengers the last time he crossed.

To speak to the Man at the Wheel, and ask him whether there was much sea on last trip.

To change his last half-crown into French money, and squabble with the Steward as to the rate of exchange.

To stare at his neighbours, read aloud their names on their luggage, and remark audibly that he'll lay anything the Lady with the slight twang is an American.

To repeat the ancient Joke on "Back her! stop her!"

If the passage is rough, to put his feet on his neighbour's head, after appropriating all the cushions in the cabin.

To call for Crockery in time. N.B.—Most important.

To groan furiously for an hour and a half, if a sufferer; or, if utterly callous to waves and their commotions, to eat beef and ham, and drink porter and brandy-and-water, during the entire voyage, with as much clattering of forks and noise of mastication as is compatible with enjoyment.

To kiss his hand, on entering the harbour, to the *matelottes* on the quays, or send his love in bad French to the Prefect of Police.

To struggle for a front place, in crowding off the Steamer, as if the ship was on fire. And finally—

To answer every one who addresses him in good English in the worst possible French.

SS. Patrick and Partridge.

"Now at the Birds, me Boy, let dhrive!"

Says MIKE, exhorting DAN.

"That's how we'll keep the game alive,
By killing all we can!"



ALL OUT SHOOTING.

PATERFAMILIAS TAKES HIS FAMILY TO EXMOOR THIS YEAR, THINKING TO HAVE A DAY'S SHOOTING ON THE FIRST. BUT SO THOUGHT THEY AS WELL; AND HERE THEY COME!

First. "BASANT," OUR COLLEY (as Retriever). Second. UNCLE PHIL, WITH UMBRELLA (as Beater). Third. "PA."
Fourth. MASTER GEORGE, WITH LONG BOW AND "QUIVER FULL OF ARROWS!" Fifth. MASTER CLARE (S), CROSS-BOW AND DITTO!
[And a very pleasant day they had.]

OUR CAT SHOW.

ONE of these fine days (if we are lucky in the weather) we mean to start a Cat Show, for the purpose of displaying certain interesting specimens which have not yet been admitted to feline exhibitions. For instance, we imagine that the No-tailed Cat of Manxland is not much of a novelty, although there may be sceptics who question its existence. But the British Nine-tailed Cat has not been shown lately, excepting to those favoured with a private view of it in Newgate. We may conceive, then, that a specimen will be regarded with considerable interest by the public, and, if a few professional garotters or ruffianly wife-beaters can be induced to come, they perhaps may learn a highly beneficial lesson.

Another most attractive novelty will be the Voiceless Cat (*Felis silens*), a breed which we shall take great pride in introducing. So many people are annoyed by the Clamour-making Cat (*Felis catter-waulans*), which is well known to all Londoners, more especially at nightfall, that we expect the Voiceless Cat will be much petted by the public, and we doubt not that a first prize will be readily awarded to it. Indeed, we think it likely that its merits will obtain the Gold Medal of the Show, and, if this should be the case, we would suggest as a fit motto, to be stamped upon the medal, "*Sans purr et sans reproche.*"

Perhaps, however, the most curious of all the Cats exhibited will be the *Felis omnivora*, or Common Lodging-House-Keeper's Cat. Of this extraordinary species we are expecting to collect some vastly interesting specimens, from Brighton, Ramsgate, Margate, Scarborough, Llandudno, and many other sea-side popular resorts. The principal peculiarities of the Lodging-House-Keeper's Cat are its voracious appetite and unparalleled capacity for consuming or destroying everything within its reach. There are cases upon record wherein abundant evidence has been furnished as to this, and we fancy few zoologists

will venture to dispute the truth of our assertion that few creatures are more costly than the *Felis omnivora*, if we regard merely the damage it is daily said to do. If we may credit oral testimony, it would appear that in one single night a Cat of this destructive breed has broken a decanter, three wine glasses, and the handle of a water-jug, besides emptying a cigar-case, a jam-pot, and a tea-caddy, and more than half consuming a stick of barley-sugar and a tin of maccaroons. There would seem to be no limit to the powers of its appetite, or the variety of its tastes. Eatables and drinkables disappear, when in its neighbourhood, with marvellous rapidity; and things which would be scarcely digested by an Ostrich are stomachached with facility by this all-consuming Cat. From soap to soda-water, from hair-oil to postage-stamps, everything will vanish that comes into its claws. Bolts and bars will fly asunder; closets, cellars, cheffoniers will readily reveal their treasures to this creature, and be gutted in a twinkling of their manifold contents. According to one Landlady, whose evidence was fortified by that of her own servant, the absence of two hours on the part of a Lodger has afforded ample time for a Cat of this description to steal a quire of note-paper, swallow three-fourths of an apple-pie and half a leg of mutton, besides drinking very nearly a whole bottle of Scotch whiskey, kept under lock and key.

Striking Allusion.

MR. PUNCH has been requested to explain what the Directors of a certain Railway Company mean by announcing that passengers taking return tickets to Belfast are required to have their tickets Punched on board the steamboats—to prevent fraud. Some sort of reference to himself, apparently, has been suggested by the word "Punched" with a large P. Perhaps it is expected that this suggestion will be taken for a capital joke.

NASAL REFORM.



MADE OF SLAWKENBERGIUS, here is an advertisement, extracted, with unimportant and nominal alterations, from the *Daily News*.—

A.—ITS nose is . . . Send me number of SMITH BROWN's, Blank Highway, that I may get a NOSE MACHINE to alter it. Will BROWN send machine by post for 10s. 6d. in stamps? Write soon.

What an engine, if really available to modify noses, and if you, SLAWKENBERGIUS and MR. SHANDY, are right, this Nose Machine must be for good or evil! For evil, as enabling a capricious or unnatural parent to twist and alter perhaps the leading family feature of his child. For good, when instrumental to a scientific physiognomist in elongating a stunted nose, rectifying a misshapen one, or even perhaps so moulding the nose

as with it to mould also the character. Of course the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, but for his nose, would never have won Waterloo. Convert a nose into such another as WELLINGTON's, and constitute another WELLINGTON. Or suppose a Hebrew converted by a Missionary, his nose, by means of the Nose Machine, could, if he wished it, be converted too. Talk of TALLIACOTUS, and his rhinoplastic operation, what is that to SMITH BROWN, and MR. BROWN's rhinoplastic apparatus? Think what wonders of moral and social improvement it is capable of being, and, let us hope, in good hands will be, employed to work! And all at the comparatively small sum of ten and sixpence! To be sure, the name of BROWN is a substitute for the one that appears in the original advertisement, which, purporting to signify a want of the Nose Machine, may just possibly be mistaken for a dodge to promote its sale.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

At MORRISON's—Tied by the Leg—Dulness—Anticipations unrealised—Irishmen wanted—Cricket at Trinity—Nothing doing—Resolution—Cheering up—Hospitality—A Promise—Jokes on Bray—Railway Officials—Irish Fatalism—A new Philosophy.

I HAVE only one disturbing thought on awaking to the pleasant fact that I am in Dublin, and that is the legal memorandum now lying before me, dating from PLUMPTON AND SPREY's, which, speaking for HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY and her trusty and well-beloved SIR PETER PYPER, Lord Chief Justice of England, in effect, says, "My dear friend, don't go too far: be as quick as you can: for, at any time, and at any place, you may be wanted." Why, even *Dr. Faust's* bargain with *Il Diavolo's* agent, *Mephistopheles*, was better than this. He knew the length of his tether: I don't. Evidently, I must make the best use of my time. With which moral sentiment I sit down to make my arrangements, and take breakfast, in the grand but cheerless Coffee-Room.

I cannot, as yet, shake off the flat champagne feeling which has fallen upon me. There is no Rollicking. I have been all along expecting Rollicking everywhere, and I can't see a sign of it.

I had expected the Waiters to be brimming over with fun. I anticipated mistakes at my meals which would be immediately redeemed by such a sally of wit as would set the table, that is, myself at the table, in a roar.

Not a bit of it. The Waiters are obliging, but melancholy. The exemplary and polite Manager speaks with an accent, which, being in Ireland, I attribute to some provinciality. I address him as an Irishman. He is flattered by my compliment to his pronunciation of English, but he is a Frenchman.

After this I am more cautious. Clearly, all is not Irish that is in Ireland. The Head Waiter speaks English perfectly. He is, at all events, not an Irishman. I ask him how long he has been here. Oh, any number of years. I wonder he has not picked up the brogue. He smiles: he thinks I am satirical . . . as he happens to be an Irishman.

One more shot. A bright-haired, broad-shouldered Waiter, close shaven, with a bright complexion. A North Country Irishman, I'll

be bound. He certainly *has* a brogue. Wrong again. He is a Swede.

As far as Waiters are concerned, I give up all guessing at nationality.

"Ireland for the Irish"? Nonsense. Ireland for the Englishmen, the Frenchmen, and the Swedes. Already I feel I must be a Home-Ruler, or something which means Ireland for the Irish, and the Irish for Ireland.

Humming the "*Wearing of the Green*," I take my way down to Westland Row Station. The only "*Wearing of the Green*" I can see comes from the shoes of the cricketers engaged in a match on the Trinity College ground. The sports of the Collegians are visible to the public through the railings, very much as the sports of the Blue Coat Boys are witnessed with delight by the passers-by, to and fro, before that depressing debtors'-prison sort of grille.

I join the spectators at the railings. No; I cannot associate the appearance of these Collegians, nor the exterior of the College itself, with anything academic!—that is, as I understand academical. I see no accidental caps and gowns, which give the local colouring to the streets, to the College grounds, and even the neighbourhood, of the old Universities, Oxford and Cambridge. I see nothing which calls to mind the Students' club caps of Heidelberg and Bonn, or the Polytechnic of Aachen. It is all too modern, too unacademical, for a College, and after this I should not be surprised if I saw the Judges and Barristers in the Law Courts without their wigs and bands.

From all along the line of lookers-on outside I hear no sharp remarks, no telling observations, in fact, nothing humorous or funny whatever. I sigh and pass on. Have I arrived in Dublin at a time when, as they say in the City, "things are uncommonly flat, and nothing doing"? I walk on, "speculating for a rise," as I pass the Carmen on their stand. There are no rises, there are no sells. I have come on Dublin at a bad moment.

I will go to Bray. Were I to announce this intention in the presence of some foolish jesters, whose aim in life is never to let a word pass that can be played upon, they would immediately retort, "Are you going to Bray? Nothing more natural, my dear fellow." It is a kind of pun that makes one sad.

Happy Thought.—Call on a friend of KEPPEL BIRKETT's, who "knows the ropes," or, rather, "the lines," and ask about going to Bray, and what to see when I get there. He is so delighted to see me, and I am so heartily received that I begin to cheer up.

My excellent acquaintance is sorry to part with me for a moment. Have I breakfasted? Yes? Then, will I take anything? No? Then won't I come and lunch? Won't I dine? Won't I stay with them? Surely I am not going away so soon? Why, there are at least fifty people who would never forgive him (the speaker) if he allowed me to quit Dublin.

Happy Thought.—The Irish are evidently a most hospitable people.

I explain. Legal business (meaning PLUMPTON AND SPREY) necessitates a short stay.

DALEY's distress is really genuine. If he could only improvise a dinner-party on the spot, there and then, in his office, he would do so. He hardly can bring himself to part with me. He has his doubts about my ever coming back again, if once I am allowed to leave Dublin. He is overflowing with genial regret that he cannot travel with me, keeping a guard over me as though I were a hospitality-prisoner, for whose appearance at the dinner hour he, DALEY, had made himself responsible. But if I go now I shall return? Certainly.

"I must get DR. PHORDE McMULLEN and SIR RICHARD LOFTUS to meet you," says my new friend, DALEY, pondering. "Ye'll know PHORDE and LOFTUS?"

Will I? I mean, do I? No, I regret to say I don't. I feel, somehow, I ought to.

"PHORDE writes for the Magazines, and his book on *The Dithyrambic of Slogan*,—maybe ye'll have heard of that? It made a good deal of stir lately, and neither TENNYSON nor BROWNING could reply to it."

I feel that I'm "not in it," as the sporting men say.

Happy Thought.—Of course I know DR.—er—er—(I have forgotten his name, and DALEY kindly supplies it)—yes, DR. PHORDE, by reputation, but I've never had the pleasure of meeting him.

"You shall then," says DALEY, heartily. "I'll get together all the boys I can, and we'll have a night of it."

I am delighted at the prospect. Yet my joy is tinged with fear. Who are "the boys"? What does a "night of it" mean? Whiskey punch and smoking, and every one, being accustomed to "nights of it," all right except myself? *And is it myself that'll be ill for at least a week afterwards?* If so—then the best thing will be to see the country first and enjoy my *days*, then return to Dublin "to make nights of it."

Yet I feel that I have PLUMPTON AND SPREY after me. Before starting for Bray I write to them, "*Sirs, I shall be at Bray before you get this, and after that probably 'Post Office, Dublin,' will find*

me; I mean, I shall find a letter or a telegram, if you send one, at Post Office, Dublin. Is this clear? How's the case getting on?"

A Real Happy Thought for a Postscript.—"Try and do without my evidence, as what I know of the matter will be dead against your side. Yours ever, &c."

Evidently that will stagger PLUMPTON and bother SERY. It means, in effect, "Don't call me as your witness, or you'll lose."

Now to Bray. Most unfortunate name as falling unavoidably into the form of expression. I suppose the elegant witticism of pointing to a passenger and saying "There's a donkey going to Bray" must have long ago been exhausted in every form. Thank goodness for that.

It is impossible to help remarking at all Stations on the Irish lines, the charmingly careless manner of the officials. They are all peculiarly polite, but they seem to be taking their duty as a pleasure, and not to be after botherin' themselves about the punctuality of the trains. An Irish porter never knows *exactly* when the next train is going, nor *where* it is going to. But, clearly, this concerns the passenger, not him. Yet, on the whole, in spite of this carelessness of manner, this utter absence of all fussiness—for no one ever yet saw any Irishman in a hurry—is only characteristic of the people, and not any evidence of unpunctuality on the part of the trains. On the contrary, my experience is—if called as a witness in a committee-room on a question of Irish lines—that they do keep time admirably. Their careless manner is rather suggestive of a kind of cheerful fatalism,—that is, an "all-right-in-the-end" view,—than of any want of confidence in the railways, and those who manage them.

The Irish, in respect of conduct at Railway Stations all along the line—for I am reviewing them all along the line—

Happy Thought.—A first-rate subject for MISS THOMPSON, when

tired of the Military, would be—"The Old (Railway) Guard—A Review all along the Line." I make this a present to the justly celebrated artist whose motto should be from the song of the *Grande Duchesse*, "*Ah, que j'aime les Militaires!*"

But, "Proceed? Your story interests me much."

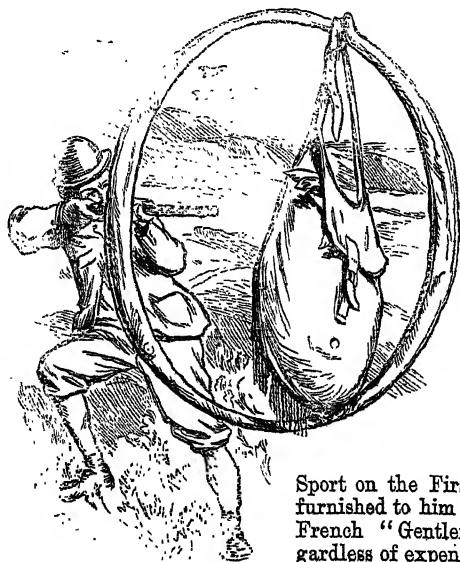
As I was saying, when I was interrupted, the conduct of the Irish at Railway Stations reminds me of the French and Belgian country people at their *gares* on *fête* days, when trains run anyhow, at any time and at all times, on any lines and on all lines, when peasants, ladies, gentlemen, soldiers, ecclesiastics, police, officials, porters, women with flags, or bells, or horns (in their hands, *bien entendu*—horns to blow as signal for the train to start—or bells in their horny hands—suggestion for a joke for HORNE TOOKE, or SHERIDAN, or SYDNEY SMITH), all wander about the lines quite calmly and most happily, occasionally drawing aside to allow an engine to pass, and helping their friends to descend from the compartments, which are at some distance from the ground, and to reach a platform is out of the question.

Once get into your head that "There's no occasion to hurry," and travelling in Ireland becomes a pleasure: only you must enter into this peculiar phase of Irish humour. And, above all things, you must adopt the "all-right-in-the-end" philosophy of Dr. O'KISSER.

The Tourist in Ireland should not have any clear idea of where he is going to next. He may, just for the sake of the Clerk at the ticket-office, and of his luggage—if any to speak of—name a destination, but it will be more in keeping with the tone of the people if he is prepared to stop at some unexpectedly attractive spot on the road, have his luggage out, and remain there until he has had enough of it.

In this spirit I "go for" Bray.

THE FRENCH ON THE FIRST.



ONLY the other day a new French paper was established in Paris, under the suggestive title of *Le Sportsman*, which, doubtless, will soon become as popular amongst our neighbours as *Bell's Life* is with us. As the journal is a new one, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in presenting its proprietors with a report of

Sport on the First which has been furnished to him by an experienced French "*Gentlemen-Ridère*," regardless of expense:—

Hôtel de France et Les Deux Mondes, W.C.,
September 1, 1876.

MY DEAR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,

You have asked me am I Sportsman? It was an insult! A Frenchman is always brave. To be Sportsman one must also be brave. Therefore a Frenchman is always Sportsman. Why? Because he is brave. "This may not be truth," you say. No. It is something better—it is logic!

I am Sportsman, and I have many friends of distinction who are also Sportsmen. They are French. On August 31st we met at your grandest London square—your square where WILLIAM SHAKESPIERE (the Immortal WILLIAMS! Ah! he was a great man, a very great man—nearly as great as our own ALEXANDRE DUMAS) points to a fountain which plays but seldom, and we discussed—you ask what? What should "*Gentlemen-Ridères*" discuss? Why, the Sport. Long live the Sport! We decided, we three "*Gentlemen-Ridères*," to go and shoot your partridges, your swallows, your pheasants, your rabbits, your sea-gull! Ah! you think we French do not know your Sport—your 1st September! You are mistaken! Miserables, you are all mistaken! We know the Sport very well.

We dressed in full costume; we were prepared for the terrors of the Chase. The MARQUIS DE CHATEAU ORDINAIRE wore green velvet, the VICOMTE DE POMMES FRITES blue satin, and I red cloth, for I love to chase the artful hare. We all had large horns worn

round the body, and our hunting swords dangled at our sides. The Marquis, as our leader, wore a plume of feathers in his jocké hat—our jocké hats were only trimmed with gold. You see, we French Sportsmen know how to dress.

We took our places in the train, and soon reached the wood we had fixed on. It belonged to a gentleman who had advertised. I quote his communication; it has appeared in your *Times*:—

SHOOTING over 1500 Acres for Two Months.—A Gentleman, having been prevented from shooting his well-preserved Manor, is desirous of having two or three Gentlemen to shoot.

This Sportsman he could not shoot his manor! Then could he shoot us? We would put him to the test, and prove your boasted "crack shots" was a nonsense. France would then triumph, as she has always triumphed. Is she not Civilisation? And is not Civilisation another name for Triumph? If you do not believe me, ask VICTOR HUGO. It is his affair.

When we reached this assassin "*Gentlemen-Ridère*" he explained himself to us. He did not wish to shoot us. It was not to be a duel, but a bargain. A bargain! You are *miserables*, you are touts, you are a nation of shopkeepers! The advertising assassin wished to let his shooting at so much a month! The advertisement was an insult, a nonsense!

But were we to be baulked? We had come to brave danger—to be baptised with fire. We made up our minds. We could undergo something more dreadful, more dangerous, than a duel. *We would go out shooting with one another!* Had we not all been provided with shot-proof under-waistcoats, who would have lived? We fired at everything? And the result? We made a "bags"! Ah! you see we know your terms of sport! We have a "*Tattersall's Français*," we have also a "bags"! This was the contents of our "bags":—

One Plume of Green Feathers, shot off the jocké hat of M. le Marquis.

Two Pigs. The Viscount aimed at a stack of hay and killed the "porkères."

One Dog. He got in my way as I was shooting at a Cow.

One Finger, belonging to M. le Vicomte. M. le Marquis was the marksman.

One Sheep. He walked up to my gun to taste it as I was letting it off.

And one Fox! We all killed him! Hurrah! Hip, hip, hip!

But you insolent islanders are unsympathetic! Instead of carrying us home in triumph, the villagers (whom we had summoned to our sides with a long solo on our horns) heaped upon our heads reproaches. Nay, it was worse. M. le Marquis was actually bathed in the pond of horses! But we will be avenged! Our children shall avenge us! You hear, our children shall avenge us! Beware and tremble!

We left the country amidst great "reclamations," and travelled home. When we got to Leicester Square the 1st of September was over!

Receive my salutations the most distinguished.

(Signed)

LE CHEVALIER CANARD.



SOCIAL BEINGS.

WEARIED BY LONDON DISSIPATION, THE MARJORIBANKS BROWNS GO, FOR THE SAKE OF PERFECT QUIET, TO THAT PICTURESQUE LITTLE WATERING-PLACE, SHRIMPINGTON-SUPER-MARE, WHERE THEY TRUST THAT THEY WILL NOT MEET A SINGLE SOUL THEY KNOW.

ODDLY ENOUGH, THE CHOLMONDELEY JONESES GO TO THE SAME SPOT WITH THE SAME PURPOSE.

NOW, THESE JONESES AND BROWNS CORDIALLY DETEST EACH OTHER IN LONDON, AND ARE NOT EVEN ON SPEAKING TERMS; YET SUCH IS THE DEPRESSING EFFECT OF "PERFECT QUIET" THAT, AS SOON AS THEY MEET AT SHRIMPINGTON-SUPER-MARE, THEY RUSH INTO EACH OTHER'S ARMS WITH A WILD SENSE OF RELIEF!

THE BRITON ABROAD.

(A few useful Sentences, to be translated into French and German, for the use of all true Britons.)

Be good enough to show me a Room furnished in [the English fashion.

Please get me some Brandy and Soda Water.

I want some Eggs and Bacon and three cups of Tea for my Breakfast.

Will you show me a Shop where I can get Buns for my Wife's lunch, and Muffins and Crumpets for the Children's tea.

I shall require a Beefsteak and a bottle of Bass's Ale at one o'clock.

Get me a Cab—a Hansom, if possible.

Where is the English Church?

Where does the English Doctor live?

Is there an English Lawyer in this town?

Where can I see all the English papers?

Where can my Wife get English dresses?

Where can I get English cigars?

For dinner I shall want some Oxtail Soup, a Cod's head and Oyster Sauce, and a Sirloin.

I should like half a dozen bottles of Ginger-beer.

Do you know how to mix Shandy-gaff?

Have you a copy of *Bradshaw*?

Where can I get *Murray's Guide*?

I see that there is a "*Jardin Anglais*" in this town. Be good enough to direct me to it.

Bring me the *Times* and this week's *Punch*.

What do they think here of the Prisons Bill, the Education Act, and the new Statue to the late Prince Consort at Edinburgh?

I suppose you were all surprised to find "*Dizzy*" accepting a call to the Upper House?

I shall want a Tub in the morning.

Not know what a "Tub" is! Why a Bath, to be sure.

No Bath in this town!

What! you don't think I shall be able to get a Bath in the whole country!

Order my traps to be put back into the Omnibus. I shall leave for England by the next train!

THE BULGARIAN STATUS QUO.

THE *status quo*? As 'twas before?

The state of bondage to the Turk?

Mahometan misrule restore?

Confirm the Moslem's fiendish work?

Oh devilry, that far and wide

Has ruin o'er Bulgaria spread,

And blood, by Summer scarcely dried

Upon the half-unburied dead!

Think of Batak made Moloch's den,

That Tophet, and its putrid mire;

Heaped with the skulls and bones of men;

The charnel-relics marked with fire;

Those blackened walls, and those remains,

Women's and babes—the worst that tell!

The *status quo*? Bulgaria's plains

Relinquished to the hordes of hell?

Unless the British Lion's roar

Is mere bombast, ye Statesmen, No!

Diplomacy shall not restore

That execrable *status quo*!

LITERARY.—An article in a daily, entitled *The Political History of Bucks*, is to be followed up by *Social Memorials of Swells*.

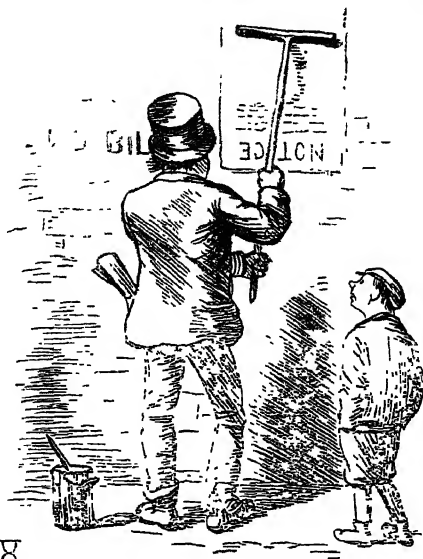


THE STATUS QUO.

TURKEY. "WILL YOU NOT STILL BEFRIEND ME?"

BRITANNIA. "BEFRIEND YOU?—NOT WITH YOUR HANDS OF *THAT COLOUR!*"

THE CLERICAL DRAMA.



HE subjoined advertisement is no parody. It was cut bodily out of a newspaper:—

WANTED, an ASSISTANT CHOIR-MASTER for Holy Trinity, Bordesley. Duties, to attend two Sunday services and to conduct two rehearsals weekly. Tenor voice preferred. Salary £20. Chorister Boys are also required. To those who possess good voices, and have a fair knowledge of music, £4 a year can be offered. The Organist would also be glad to receive applications from Amateur Gentlemen desirous of joining the Choir.—Address, &c., &c.

Nor is there any reason to suppose

this notification to have been the hoax of a wag. But had the "Theatre Royal" been substituted for "Holy Trinity," "Weekly Performances" for "Sunday services," "Conductor" for "Organist," "Chorus" for "Choir," and if "dress" had been inserted before "rehearsals," would it not have passed for a genuine announcement from the Management of a set of operatic performances? If, however, Holy Trinity is a Ritualist Church, there is candour, as far at least as its musical direction is concerned, in advertising for "Amateur Gentlemen" who may be "desirous of joining the Choir." But is not this partial? To be perfectly straightforward, ought not the controllers of the whole concern to advertise also for Amateur Roman Catholic Priests to assist their Clergy?

BEN-CHIRON'S COUNSELS.

A Paraphrase for the Period.

BEN-CHIRON to his pupil thus began
(STAFFORDUS, plumed to pose in battle's van):—
"Aspiring youth, well worthy of my pains,
You now are free. Now grasp yourself the reins;
The Commons' Chariot all alone control.
I drive no more, for I have gained the goal:
A Crown—of strawberry leaves, not parsley—calls.
My wearied footsteps seek serener Halls,
Where, far from press of Party's fiercer frays,
I trust in dignity to end my days.
Yet hear, STAFFORDUS, hear, before we part,
A few 'cute wrinkles on the Leader's art!
Not now the day of demigods indeed,
Yet may you find my maxims worth your heed:
Though HARTINGTONIUS no HECTOR be,
You no ACHILLES, some shrewd fights you'll see.
So listen, ere the embattled hosts approach,
To the experienced counsels of your "Coach."
These are the arms which smote PEELEDIDES proud,
And whose mere menace meaner warriors cowed.
This is the sword oft crossed with PAM's sly steel,
And whose keen point made e'en GLADSTONIUS feel.
No Titan thews,—yet lithier limbs are few;
No ponderous glaive,—but then its temper's true.
'Tis not from length of limb all victories flow,
Not to sheer biceps all our force we owe;
Long odds by art we lessen or remove,
And skill and patience poorest plights improve.
So have I fought, so 'gainst defeat made head,
And so my hosts to slow, sure victory led.
Think not, STAFFORDUS, that your happier fate,
Forces less few, less faint, and foes less great,
Can fix your rule. New "CAVES" may yet be found,
Your serried ranks with discord may resound.
Heed your Gymnasiarch, therefore. He goes hence,
And may not leave you all his skill of fence,

His tricks of feint and parry; yet you've seen
His style, STAFFORDUS,—and you're scarcely green.
Your sword-arm slight, trust not to swashing fierce,
But cool dexterity of *carte et tierce*.
GLADSTONIUS, iron-thewed, like THOR may smite—
I've stood, or stayed, his strokes in many a fight;—
BOBUS the trenchant cuts and thrusts like flame—
Full oft he's matched me at the Swordsman's game;—
But, though they fall in thunder, flash as fire,
Cool fence the doughtiest blades may foil or tire.
Yet watch those twain, GLADSTONIUS chiefly. He
Now fells his oaks or tills his glebe with glee;
Music and verse and lettered ease control
His ancient ardour, and make soft his soul:
But 'ware ACHILLES waking! His the stroke
That my most cunning guard too often broke;
And his the strenuous foining, fine though fierce,
Through which my point might prick, but scarce might pierce.
BRUMMIUS's stark sword-play now is seldom shown,
But dodge his onset, would you hold your own.
The rest I pass. No youthful Champion yet
Recalls the daring days I half regret:
I fought young heroes; equal war you'll wage
With mediocrities of middle age.
At least, *pro tem.*, and after—who can say?
'Tis yours to arm for the immediate fray.
Aim not at tasks too arduously great,
Choose those where tact and patience wait on fate.
GLADSTONIUS overleaped himself, and fell,
And well you know his blunder served me well.
That third stiff Irish wall, with Bungdom-Dyke,
Brought even him a cropper. Shun the like!
In the long race lash not too soon, nor lag,
But watch the going of the rival nag;
Hang at his withers, let him force the pace,
Then, if he swerve, spur on and win the race!
STAFFORDUS, learn, what's little understood,
To play the waiting game—it's goal is good.
At once yourself and Party you will bless,
And crown your course, as I do, with—Success!
The highest? That let casuists decide;
At least we win the stakes for which we ride.
Which won, that man's a muff who *owns* remorse
Not to have entered for another course.

TRAVEL TWADDLE.

MODERN Travellers seem to find such ready sale for the rubbish they call "Notes," that we may expect very soon to hear of—

An Afternoon in Amsterdam, with an exhaustive analysis of the Dutch character.

A Morning in Mesopotamia, giving the Author's reasons for believing in the non-existence of NIMROD as a historical personage.

A Night in Nigritia, with an account of the most obvious phenomena of its Flora and Fauna.

Half-an-Hour in New York, with an exhaustive consideration of American financial and political prospects.

Five Minutes in the Crater of Vesuvius, with a description of its effect on the Author's circulation.

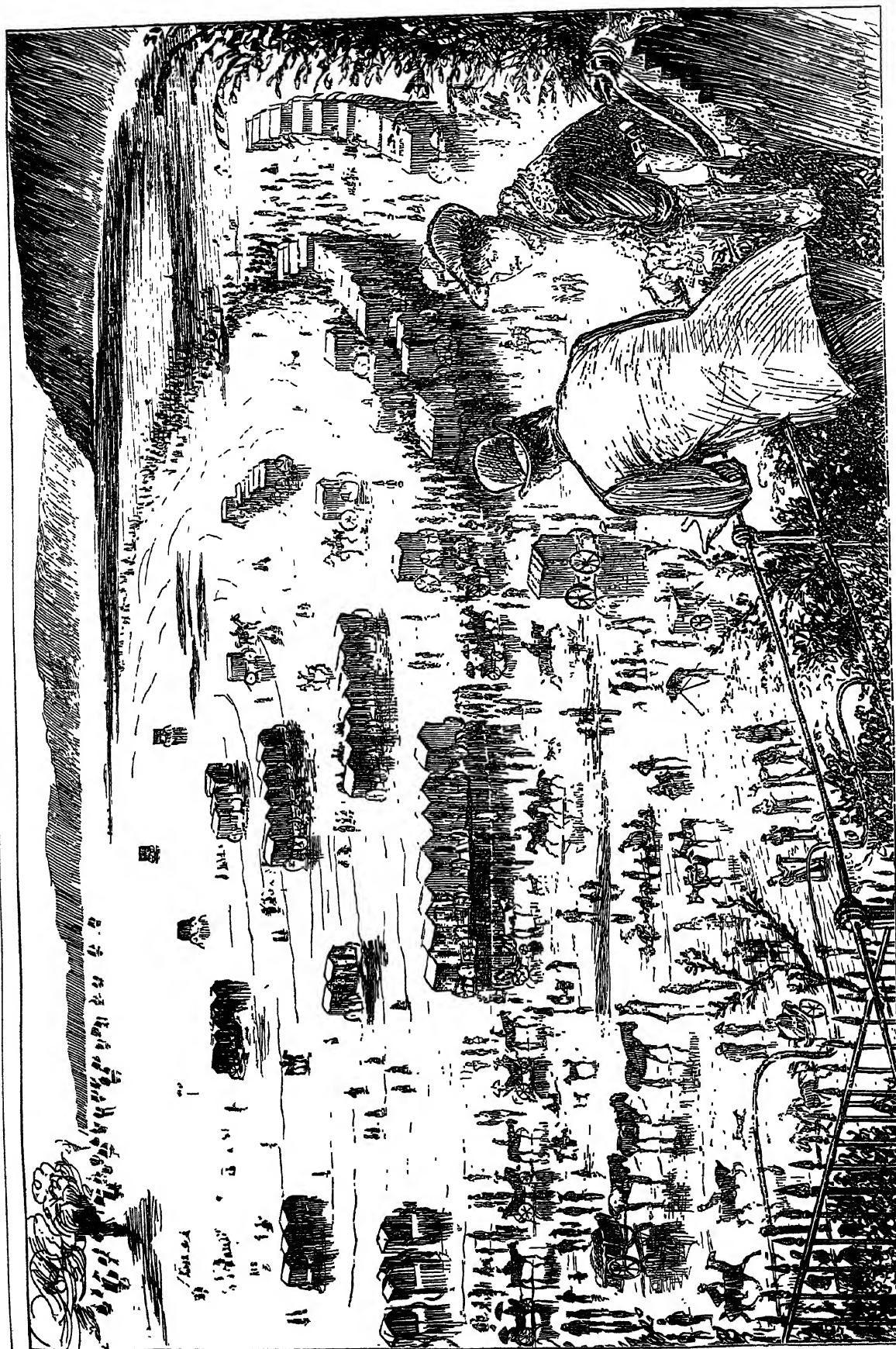
Truly SYDNEY SMITH was right when he said, modern travellers were much like a man who professed to tell you all that happened inside a house because he had had time to count its windows.

WHO CAN TELL?

"TITLE of Earl to descend to heirs male,
Merely a nominal form of entail?"
How do you know? Still, as ever, alive,
Again mayn't a Widower possibly wife?
And know you no cases of evergreen men
Who were made happy fathers past three-score-and-ten?
If strong enough yet for the State vessel's steerage,
May not a Nobleman hand down a peerage?
Did not a COKE, EARL of LEICESTER, late wed,
Leaving a son to be Earl in his stead?
What may or may not happen, 'twere senseless to say,
But then don't assume 'tis too late in the day,
Nor conclude, with undue and unthinking temerity,
That the Beaconsfield Earldom won't pass to posterity.

CONF. FROM CONNAUGHT.

Av ye plaze, Sorr, when ought a Monk to sit by a fire?
Shure, when he's cowl'd.



LOW TIDE ON SCARBOROUGH SANDS.—BATHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE CAPTAIN, WHO IS WELL UP IN HIS CLASSICS, TRANSLATES, FOR HIS FARTY'S BENEFIT, A CELEBRATED LATIN POEM (BY ONE LUCRETIUS) TO THE EFFECT THAT IT IS SWEET TO GAZE FROM THE CLIFF AT THE BATHING MACHINES VAINGLY STRUGGLING TO TAKE THE UNFORTUNATE BATHERS INTO DEEP WATER.



“OFFICERS’ GRIEVANCES.”

Red-Nosed Captain of Twenty-five Years’ Service (to Stout ditto). “BEASTLY SHAME TO ‘RETIRE’ US JUST AS WE’RE GETTING USEFUL!”

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE PROTECTION OF SEAMEN.

(By an Indignant Anti-Plimsollite.)

1. THAT no Officer shall address a Sailor with his head covered.
2. That all vessels shall be provided with spring-beds and hair-mattresses for the use of Sailors.
3. That no Sailor shall be required to do duty when it rains, or when the deck is wet.
4. That no Sailor shall be prevented from taking his wife to sea, and, if he desires it, his family.
5. That the Captain shall always have in stock not less than twelve bassinets and twelve infants’ bottles.
6. That no Sailor shall be required to stand at the wheel in summer without a parasol, or in winter without a hot-water tin. Parasols and hot-water tins to be supplied by the Captain.
7. That there shall be one portrait of MR. PLIMSOLL, not less than 2 ft. x 1 ft. 6 in., in all forecables, and that the Captain shall always have not less than three in stock.
8. That no Sailor shall be required to go aloft after sunset, unless provided with lanterns, which one of the Officers shall hold for him.

Any breach of the above Regulations shall be punishable by a fine not exceeding £200 for the first offence, and for the second, £500, together with suspension of certificate.

By Order of the Committee,
(Signed)—for the Board of Trade,
THOS. GRAY, Secretary.

COSTUME IN KEEPING.

“Of all sweet things,” said BERTHA, “for the sea-side, give me a serge.”
The Ancient Mariner shook his head. He didn’t see the joke.

HOME AND FOREIGN.

MRS. MALAPROP has of course expressed herself as particularly horrified by the “Atrocities in Belgravia.”

THE ASCENT OF THE APE.

“The servant of the future is found. M. VICTOR MEUNIER has solved the domestic servant question; the Monkey is to replace the Man. . . In his opinion the larger species of Monkey, when duly trained and taught, would be quite capable of replacing our JOHNS and MARYS.”—*Standard*.

“The Monkey has been taught to work in the tea-gardens of China, just as an experienced Chinaman works, picking the suitable leaves and letting the others be. . . In the ancient Arabian myths the Ape was first described in writing as *the servant*—though an unwilling one, and by craft—of Man.”—*The World*.

SIMIA (SATYRUS) loquitur—

THE Servant of the Future! Oh, confound it!

At last then they have found it,
The Open Secret. Furlblind potters’ Men!
Hit on a truth by chance, though, now and then.
Utilisation of the Ape? Good gracious!
Their *savants* sage and voyagers veracious,
Their DARWINS and DU CHAILLUS, not a few,
Their travellers and theorists old and new,
From MARCO POLO to MONBODDO, ought—

A Monkey would have thought—
To have suggested, ere need urged their wits on,
The notion which at last this MEUNIER hits on.
By HANUMAN, ’tis ominous! Cheap labour
Is what the boobies call their “burning question.”
Will they not hail it as a bright suggestion
To utilise their hairy next-door neighbour?
Who in intelligence and tact may rival
Dame Nature’s last “survival;”
Who needs no dress, for liquor has no liking,
And knows not the philosophy of “striking”?

Civilised Apes? Beshrew the degradation
Of what these mortals call Civilisation!
Hard work and worry, wickedness and pleasure—
Worst curse of all!—No liberty, no leisure!
Better the woods, where life is free and jolly,
Free from the bonds of School-Boards and *Le Follet*.

Who would not rather be a free-born Monkey
Than a poor Clerk, a Statesman, or a flunkey?
DARWIN’s a duffer. Anyhow, no Ape
Has an ambition to take human shape
Closer than cruel Nature
Has fashioned some of us in make and stature.
We are not flattered—vastly the reverse!—
By family likeness like to be our curse.

A Monkey on a board,
Decked out with coat, and cap, and broom, and sword,
Is a poor parody of the “man and brudder”
Which makes wise *Simia* shudder.

And now this MEUNIER—may his game be stayed—
Would universalise the masquerade!
It seems AH SING, the cunning Chinaman,
Has hit upon a plan
To undercut himself for labour cheap,
Found in the lowest depth a lower deep,
And, for himself at nothing sticking,
Caps all by setting Monkeys tea-leaf picking!
Bah! have we duped proud man for ages past,
But to be made a cat’s paw of at last?
Never!

At least if *Simia* from Peru to Siam
Of the same way of thinking are as I am.
They flatter us, and call us deft and clever,
But to betray us to the proletariat.

That MEUNIER’s an Iscariot!
No doubt they’d like to utilise poor Jacko.
A labourer whom beer and bad tobacco
Had no attractions for, a household drudge
Whom “followers” and finery failed to spoil,
Were such auxilliar to the tribes of toil
As muddled Man most needs. But if I’m judge
Of Monkey-Mind, my tribe has no affection
For this particular species of “selection.”
Men claim us as their ancestors—poor creatures!

Ape parentage is scarce apparent now,
Descent has sadly marred their form and features.
Where is the graceful tail, the family brow?—
But Servants! Hang it! no egregious Frenchman
Shall make this Ape his henchman!

COMMON OBJECTS ON THE SEA-SHORE.

(As I see them every day, and all day long, from my Marine View Lodgings.)



A GERMAN Band, consisting of a cornet, a clarinet, two horns, and a trombone—all dreadfully out of tune. This orchestra is sometimes reduced to a duet between the trombone and the junior horn; the remainder of the *artistes* deserting their instruments to iorage for half-pence.

An Old Woman, with Cakes of an indigestible character. This person is in the habit of forcing her pernicious wares upon children, and then appealing to their parents for payment.

An Organ-grinder, with an instrument playing five old comic songs. The front of his organ is ornamented with a panorama of nothing in particular, which moves slowly, and has a tendency to stick.

Another Organ-grinder, with a very inferior instrument indeed. His entertainment is strengthened by the

presence (in a cosmopolitan uniform) of a deeply-aggrieved Monkey. The Monkey is conscientious in the discharge of his official duties, but evidently (from his demeanour) allows his thoughts to stray far away from the scene of his labours.

Yet a third Organ-grinder, who howls to his own accompaniment. His favourite air is "*Santa Lucia*," which he delivers as if it were a dirge suitable to the wake of a Hottentot Chieftain. After 11 A.M. this person is generally under the influence of liquor.

Two Foreigners (dirty and blasphemous), with a wiry Pianoforte mounted on a truck. Whilst one of them grinds out (in eccentric time) "*The Conspirators' Chorus*" from *La Fille de Madame Angot*, the other fiercely demands money from nervous-looking old Ladies.

A very dirty Swiss Boy, with a heart-broken guinea-pig. This young scamp is importunate, and has the habit of thrusting his animal before the faces of easily-frightened Ladies and children. He receives your angriest remonstrances with an impudent grin, and only moves off on the appearance of a Policeman.

A thick-set, loud-voiced, illiterate person, in a rusty suit of black, who delivers what he is pleased to consider "*Sermons*" to a satirical crowd of holiday makers. His "*discourses*" are frequently profane, generally ill-considered, and invariably vulgar.

A Maiden Lady, of an uncertain, or rather of a very certain age, with "*a Mission*." In the pursuit of what she considers to be her duty, she is unduly familiar with young men, rude to old men, and a nuisance to the rest of the creation.

A Punch and Judy Show, with what the French would call "*risqué*" dialogue, and an exceedingly melancholy Dog *Toby*.

A Music-Hall Singer, with a choice selection of music-hall persons. This person generally puts up at the best hotel and frequently in the afternoon drives down the High Street in a pony carriage.

Three Foreigners (nationality vague) with a bagpipes and a penny whistle. They are clad in sheepskins and leg bandages, and are much given to shrieking and howling in the neighbourhood of rival entertainers.

A Highland Piper, evidently from the glens of Shoreditch. He wears the McMOSES tartan, and discourses in broad Cockney slang.

Negro Serenaders of every hue. Those conducted by persons wearing the garb of *Punch* should be more avoided than the rest. As a rule, these troupes are less refined than the others. It must be clearly understood that this is not saying very much for "*the others*."

A Woman with a Tray, containing a stock of imitation jewellery and useless articles ornamented with shells. When this harpy puts in an appearance, care should be taken to keep an eye upon any stray articles of apparel that may be lying about.

Some sentry-boxes upon wheels, called bathing-machines. These vehicles are generally sandy, and are invariably fitted up with nails so placed that the clothes of the bathers may be caught and destroyed. They have no springs, and are, therefore, well adapted for the perpetration of practical jokes on the part of the horse-drivers.

And, lastly, the commonest object on the Seashore is a liquid very frequently little less impure than our own *Be the River the Thames*, a liquid that is the attraction of all the poor health-seekers who flock to its adulterated borders—in other words, the Sea!

THE LATEST BAGS.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. G.—E. A hatchet, a hoe, a watering-pot, and two thousand jocular excursionists.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF B.—D. Eight hundred and seventy-five leading articles, a couple of addresses, one patent of nobility, and a coronet.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR S.—D N.—E. Two thousand seven hundred and sixty-five additional cares, a few months of reprieve, and the Leadership of the House of Commons.

THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF H.—N. A couple of hundred congratulations from the Liberal benches, and the claim to an increase in popularity.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL G.—E. One new opponent.

THE RIGHT HON. MR. PUNCH. Two million tons of paper, containing jokes about "*Dizzy*" and the "*field*" for "*beacons*."

FASHION'S DRAM.

LEAVE to grosser natures sunk
Deep in vice, the Demon Gin,
Tempting wretched creatures drunk
Onwards in the paths of sin!
Ladies, wreath the grateful bowl
With adornments floral,
While we steep the cultured soul
In a draught of Chloral!
Sing Chloral-oral-oral-ly—
Sing Chloral-oral-ly-do!

Sleeping off its heavenly dreams,
Lovely visions steep the soul,
While *del. trem.* raves, and shakes, and
screams,

In fusil oil and alcohol.
Horrors that we only know
Through our channels aural.
What care we for others' woe,
Wreathed in fumes of Chloral?
Sing Chloral, &c.

Wives there are, so scandal cries,
Born with vicious men to flirt;
Others worse, unless she lies,—
Even homes and kin desert.
If we seek oblivion, still
We at least are moral.
To the brim a bumper fill!
Fashion soaks in Chloral!
Sing Chloral, &c.

PEERAGE AND POST.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Belfast News Letter*, reporting current rumours, says:—

"I have also heard since my last communication on this subject that the QUEEN has offered the Earldom, with remainder, to MR. RALPH DISRAELI (the brother of LORD BEACONSFIELD, and to whom he is much attached), with descent in the mail line."

The *Belfast News Letter* announces news indeed. The Earldom of Beaconsfield may be considered as an honour awarded as well to literary as to political eminence; but were it really true that the QUEEN had offered that dignity to the Premier's brother, with descent in the mail line, Her Majesty's subjects would certainly think that their Most Gracious Sovereign entertained a very peculiar idea of the kind of person who is meant by the description of "*a man of letters*."

European Want.

WANTED, for the settlement of the Eastern Question, to govern the Turkish Provinces, and control populations of different races and religions, an able, energetic, and honest Man, of any persuasion, who believes everything that all reasonable men believe, but keeps all other dogmas and opinions which he may hold to himself, or, at any rate, would not allow them in the slightest degree to influence his conduct in dealing with the subjects over whom somebody or other is required to preside who could keep them in order.

Of course Mr. *Punch* knows of such a person, whom modesty forbids him to name, and besides who is otherwise engaged.



AN ACCEPTED ATTENTION.

Refreshment-Bar Swell. "NOW, MISS, WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?"

Barmaid. "NOTHING, SIR, THANK YOU!"

Swell. "OH, HAVE SOMETHING! COME—ANYTHING YOU LIKE!"

Barmaid. "WELL, SIR"—(presents Pen, Ink, and Subscription List)—"GIVE ME SOMETHING FOR THE HOSPITAL FUND!!"

LEAVING HOME.

(A Social Contrast of Two Ways.)

THE WRONG WAY.

Edwin. Well, I suppose we must go somewhere.

Angelina. You have been such a long time making up your mind that the summer has quite gone.

Edwin. Well, I see you have packed up your box. What a heap of useless things you are taking. You've got enough to set up an old clothes shop.

Angelina. I have left half of them out to go into your portmanteau. You know you will have room for them—your scanty wardrobe would scarcely provide a change for a scarecrow.

Edwin. Let us drop the luggage for a while, and consider where we shall go. What do you say to Switzerland?

Angelina. I have always hated mountains; but, if you want to go to Sapon, I suppose I shall be dragged there.

Edwin. Sapon! When I want to gamble I generally manage to do it at the Club.

Angelina. You needn't remind me of your folly—robbing the home that you may show your brother members that you don't understand whist.

Edwin. Not understand whist, indeed! Well, never mind, I shall go there to-night.

Angelina (laughing nervously). No, no, you silly fellow, I didn't mean what I said. But about this trip?

Edwin. What do you say to Italy?

Angelina. I detest pictures and mosquitos, and am never well when I am living under a cloudless sky.

Edwin. Oh hang it! Let's go to Paris.

Angelina (with the air of a martyr). Of course I will do anything you please. [And off they go to enjoy their holiday.]

SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.

YOU have seen, dear *Mr. Punch*, that the venerable EARL RUSSELL has added to his reputation for epistolary writing by a letter about the Bulgarian horrors, to the *Times*, wherein he says:—

"It is necessary to stop the atrocities in Turkey with a strong hand, and if the Minister for Foreign Affairs does not do this, Parliament must interfere. It is for this reason that I consider an Autumnal Session of Parliament to be necessary."

And, dear Sir, note in the communication above-quoted a charm in general supposed to be peculiar to youth, directly contrary to that mistrust and suspicion commonly thought to characterise advanced years. That is, the charm of innocence. I wonder what LORD BEACONSFIELD said and did when he read the foregoing proposal for an Autumnal Session? He now is an Earl too, and bound to deport himself as such, therefore cannot condescend to undignified language or gestures. But must he not have taken a mental sight, and inwardly asked whether his noble friend saw any green in his eye? The Premier's stars have been fortunate, and especially in the coincidence between the storm aroused by the Turkish barbarities and the Vacation. There is no Opposition now to extort avowals or admissions, or inconvenient disclosures, and to move a vote of censure, or a resolution for the recall of SIR HENRY ELLIOT. But this is what EARL RUSSELL would advise EARL BEACONSFIELD to have. In five months' time the storm will probably have blown over, and something lucky have turned up. An Autumnal Session! Doesn't the fine old Whig Veteran wish he may get it? The idea, still more the proposal, of such a thing, betokens a heart indeed incapable of guile. *O sancta simplicitas* of a green old age, and a mind untainted, with all its experience of what MRS. MALAPROP calls Downey Street! It transcends even the simplicity of a babe and

SUCKLING.

P.S.—And fancy the possibility of an Autumnal Session in the height of the shooting-season!

Mem. for the Month.

REMEMBER, Remember,
The month of September,
And jury lists hung on church door,
If exemption you claim;
And struck off get your name,
If to serve, you account it a bore.

THE RIGHT WAY.

Edwin. Well, I suppose we must go somewhere.

Angelina. You could not have chosen a better moment for the suggestion. London is quite empty, and the Continent will be simply charming at this season of the year.

Edwin. Well, I see you have packed up your box. Now are you quite sure you have enough. Mind, you will want something nice for the *tables d'hôte*, and plenty of warm things for the evening.

Angelina. My dear, I have got almost too many things, but, in spite of that, I shall have plenty of room for your wardrobe. One box between us will save a lot of trouble.

Edwin. Let us drop the luggage for a while and consider where we shall go. What do you say to Switzerland?

Angelina. I have always delighted in mountains. It will be simply charming. And mind we must go to Sapon.

Edwin. Sapon! Oh no, I have given up gambling. The home, my love, has been a far stronger attraction than the Club.

Angelina. And yet you, I have always understood, are one of the very best whist-players in London.

Edwin. If you flatter me like that I shall go off to the Club to-night to test my cleverness.

Angelina (laughing heartily). No, no, you silly fellow, I didn't mean what I said. But about this trip?

Edwin. What do you say to Italy?

Angelina. I revel in pictures. And you know that I am never so well and happy as when I am living under a cloudless sky.

Edwin. Well, my darling, we will have a little Switzerland, a little Italy, and a good long bit of Paris.

Angelina (with the air of an angel). Of course, dearest, I will do anything you please. [And off they go to enjoy their holiday.]

THE MILITARY STATUS QUO.—"As you were!"

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

A Companion—On Home-Rule—Disappointment—Arrival—Bray—The Confidential Carman—A Ruse—Out of it—A New Development—Notes on Types—My Carman—About Bray—The Promenade—Its Views and its Prospects—The Mysterious Letter-box—Mount and away—To the Hills!



APPLY it is a very pretty line from Dublin to Bray: short and sweet.

A Country Gentleman gets into the carriage with me, and talks of the London season, of the Operas, of the Zoo, of Skating Rinks—of London topics generally. I turn his attention to Ireland. He ignores Ireland. I take for granted that he is, at heart, a Home-Ruler. He is neither at heart, or head, anything of the sort. He hopes that "we" (he is speaking of himself and country) "never shall have Home-Rule."

"Not a Parliament," I ask, "on Stephen's Green?"

I hazard the mention of "Stephen's Green," being entirely unacquainted with its locality. Nor do I ever remember having met with any account of the particular STEPHEN from whom the Green originally took its name. However, I need not trouble myself as to the history of Stephen's Green, as my companion scorns the idea of an Irish Parliament, either on Stephen's or anybody else's Green.

"What 'ud we do with a Parliament? We're not a people to govern ourselves at all."

I am silenced. As an Englishman in Ireland, I compassionate my companion, just as I should a French Anglophobist, who will insist on degrading all his own institutions, praising ours, and refusing to speak the language of his own native country.

I want to meet a genuine Home-Ruler, or a hot-headed, warm-hearted Fenian. My notion of Ireland has been, up to now (thanks to a course of novels, and English newspapers), that all Irish were, *au fond*, the deadly foes of England; that they were pining for their liberty—pining to repeal the Union, and to demonstrate, actively, that they, equally with the rest of BRITANNIA's family, "never, never, never would be Slaves"—and certainly not "hereditary bondsmen" to their brother Britons.

My fellow-traveller points out what a pretty country this is, with the villas dotted about among the trees, and the view of the Bay on our left. I am obliged to him for the attention. Then he speaks of Bray. "A charming place," he says, "but 'tis a pity 'tis in Ireland. We do nothing with it. No, Sir, we're behind Time."

His last remark refers to his country, not to the train.

He gets out before I can pursue the conversation.

If this is a specimen of a genuine son of Old Ireland, then I am disappointed.

I had expected to meet with patriotism everywhere. I had expected that sympathy from a Saxon would have been like the proverbial "praise from SIR HUBERT STANLEY." It might have been received by Irishmen suspiciously at first, but, after a while, it would have been welcomed with effusion. No; if I come to Ireland inclined to be more Irish than the Irish, I shall return to England to be more English than the English; unless I succeed in finding the realisation of my ideal of an Irishman in Ireland, that is, a thorough-going, warm-hearted, impulsive, anti-English-rule, old-fashioned landlord, residing on his own estate, and, being content to chance his rents, beloved by his tenantry. If I do not come across this typical Irishman, I shall regretfully note down that, like the gods of the heathen, they are all gone out of the way, and there is none that is good for anything—no, not one.

Bright, cheerful, and pleasant is Bray (where the train now stops),

both landward and seaward. "Ho! there! an outside car!" Or, stay! First let me consider. I want to see all of the country I can this afternoon, 'twixt one and six, before going on to Rathdrum—a first flying visit (all through PLUMPTON AND SPRAY, who may be, even now, telegraphing to me at Dublin to come up and be examined), just to prospect a route for the second.

For such a drive as I require, an outside carman might ask me an "outside price."

Happy Thought.—Consult the Station-Master. He knows. I look round to ascertain where his office is, or if anybody is there of whom I can say at once, "This is the Station-Master!"

I am the solitary arrival at Bray; and all the cardrivers outside are doing their best to arrest my attention, by winking, waving their whips, and touching their hats.

"A cy-arr, your Honour?"

"This way, Sorr! An outside cyarr?"

"Want a cyarr, Sorr?"

A red-haired, red-whiskered, red-faced 'man in a dirty' white overcoat, slips in, cautiously, through the station-gate. Evidently he is risking something in passing the boundary of the railings. He has a whip in one hand, while with the other he touches a weather-beaten, shapeless wide-awake. He is bowing, and sidling up to me, addressing me in an insinuating whisper, as if he were really putting me up to a good thing, "Me cyarr's there, Sorr!" he says, pointing with his whip over his shoulder; "ye'll be wanting a cyarr, maybe, for the Dargle and Po'rscourt. Ye'll take me, Sorr?"

"I must see the Station-Master first," I reply, somewhat sternly, thinking that this will settle him.

He whispers, anxiously—as though he were tempting me to some horrible crime—uncommonly like *Danny Mann* proposing the murder of the *Covent Bunch* to Mr. *Hardress Cregan*,—"Ah, then, Sorr, ye'll promise ye'll take me, Sorr, when ye've seen him?"

"I don't know. Where is he?"

"Sure, Sorr, he'll be forenenst there, Sorr, somewheres," pointing out vaguely up the line; "but I think he was on the thrain that's gone down this minit." Then, having, as he considers, demonstrated to me the comparative improbability of an interview with the Station-Master, he resumes his most insinuating tone, and whispers, "I'll drive yer Honour out to the Dargle and Po'rscourt, and ye'll see him whin we come back."

A porter, passing, directs me to the Station-Master, standing by a gate. For the moment my confidential Carman appears considerably disconcerted.

I walk towards him, followed by my insinuating friend, whose confidential manner now changes to one of earnest entreaty: "Ye'll not forget me, Sorr! mine's the cyarr, Sorr! I'll take yer as chape as anny of 'em, Sorr!" Then, as I leave him behind—for, evidently, he doesn't like to venture too near the Station-Master—he says, in an imploring whisper, "Ye'll mind, Sorr, ye've promised me ye'll take my cyarr, Sorr. Ye will, Sorr?" Then being compelled to retire by my advance towards the Station-Master, he concludes with a master-stroke, as though a bargain had been struck between us, "Ah, then, God bless yer Honour! 'Tis me cyarr ye'll take, God bless yer Honour!" he says, with an air of pious gratitude, that seems to overwhelm me with thanks for having saved him and his family from starvation by employing his car for the afternoon. My heart, which is soft, and remarkably impressionable, is touched, and I am just on the point of turning, and telling him that I *will* avail myself of his services, when I fancy I hear the rippling of an imperfectly suppressed titter, among his fellow-carman at the rails outside, who, it appears, have been watching the scene with intense enjoyment, ready to pounce on me, as a victim, should their more adventurous companion fail in his object.

Happy Thought.—An incident in a "Sentimental Journey."

Civil Station-Master introduces me to a most respectable Carman of a most decidedly Hebraic cast of countenance. Did I not know him to be an Irishman, I should describe him, offhand, as a respectable Jew-farmer. I am certain I could find his counterpart in any flower-shop in Covent Garden Market, or in any ready-made tailor establishment, or in a West-End auction-mart, or old furniture-shop. His costume only is Irish. His old-fashioned dark-blue, tight-sleeved coat, with big side-pockets, his red pocket-handkerchief neektie, his proud prodigality of shirt (wherein lies the essential secret of his respectability), and his low-crowned, broad-brimmed ancient beaver—which he has, apparently, been at some pains to brush the wrong way—are all characteristic accessories of a picture most decidedly Irish. Yet I have seen a duplicate of this man—clothes and all—in Cornwall. Only, his nose (I mean as the Ollendorf system would explain it, "the nose of the man in Cornwall") was not so Judaically developed. Perhaps the man wasn't quite finished. At a ripe age, his nose would be quite a piece of Mosaic work in itself. (This I should note as a genuine, if rare, instance of "Typical Development.")

Happy Thought (for "Typical Developments").—Nature, like History, repeats herself.

I feel inclined to address my friend as "Mr. O'SOLOMONS." I am not, as it happens, far out. His name, he informs me is Mr. O'SULLIVAN; and, as I hear him answer pleasantly to the name of "JERRY," I fairly conclude that on his card would be inscribed "Mr. JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN." Now, if ever there were a genuine Hebraic prænomen, it is "JEREMIAH." It is grand, it is lofty. "JEREMIAH the Prophet" is lofty, noble, grand. But reduce it to "JERRY," and it is at once Irish and familiar. To the words of JEREMIAH the Prophet (I mean apart from our traditional knowledge of such a person) you would listen with profound reverence. To JERRY the Prophet you would send six stamps to his office at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and request his list of good things for the next Spring Meeting, by return of post. This is indeed a subject which may give quite a new turn to my work on *Typical Developments*, which is to be not for an age, but for all time.

Happy Thought.—Does O'SULLIVAN (or O'SULEIMAN or O'SOLOMONS) belong to what LORD BEACONSFIELD would (years ago) have called "the Hebrew Caucasian Race," or, rather, "the Hebrew Cork-Asian Race"?

MR. O'SULLIVAN's car is a model of what a car should be: harness and plated rail highly polished; a tiger-skin rug thrown over the seat for the passenger's comfort when cold; and a fast cob that can face a hill bravely, and descend safely.

Bray.—Just one word. My companion in the train was right. I regret being obliged to admit it. As regards Bray, he was right. Why, if Londoners could only have such a little marine Paradise as Bray, within thirty-five minutes' rail of the Metropolis—which is the time occupied in the journey between this and Dublin—what a Brighton it would be!! If such a place were the same distance from Paris, would Trouville have a ghost of a chance? But here at Bray, which, for colour and situation, is an Irish Dawlish, with Dublin for its Exeter, hardly anything—i.e., nothing "to speak of"—has been done.

An intelligent gentleman, with whom I got into conversation while taking a turn on what *one of these days will, perhaps, be "the Promenade by the Sea,"* tells me, in reply to my enthusiastic praise (for I have fallen in love with Bray at first sight), that "the drainage . . . ahem!" Impossible! Is it the old, old sea-side story once again? Or have I come across the only cynic in Bray? If indeed it be so, then I tear myself from thee, my pride of the Sea! Beautiful Bray, I must away!

Happy Thought. (*Hamlet at Bray.*)—"Break, break my heart; for I must hold my"—nose.

But for scenery, for excursions by land and by sea, for champagne, exhilarating air, for "local colour" as rich as the coast of Devon, and for *country quiet*, with town life within three-quarters of an hour's rail, commend me to Bray. Were I an Irishman and a millionaire—say, for example, MISTER O'ROTHSCHILD—I would buy Bray, and entrust the management of it to those distinguished for liveliness, even among "our lively neighbours," who have brought to such a pitch of perfection the amusements of Boulogne, Dieppe, and Trouville. I would send for the new Race game, from Dieppe (an enormous success this season), and at the end of five years MR. O'ROTHSCHILD, of Big Bray, would buy up all the other Rothschildren in Europe.

But MR. JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN is flourishing his whip.

The only object of interest that positively strikes my eye, and impresses itself on my memory, is a large box, fixed to the wall, about four feet from the ground, labelled in very large type, "MR. O'TOOLE'S LETTERS."

It is impossible to avoid standing in front of this letter-box, and meditating on Mr. O'TOOLE's letters." Of course Mr. O'TOOLE must live far away among the mountains, in perhaps some glorious ruin of an ancient palace (for the O'TOOLES were Kings of Ireland, as were several other people as well), and making a descent on Bray, to take a sniff of civilisation (I am not thinking even of the drainage question, which would not interest MR. O'TOOLE), and pick up his letters. Does he come for his letters himself, in all the pride of his ancient royalty, or are there any reasons why the O'TOOLE should not come in person? Has he never yet bowed his proud head before the Tyrant Saxon, and consequently does the great O'TOOLE send DAN, the faithful piper of the clan into the station to fetch the letters, while his Chief awaits him at the hill-side, out of the town, and then retires to the fastnesses of his native mountains to decipher his correspondence? Methinks I see . . .

"There'll not be time, Sorr, for the Dargle, the Waterfall, an' Po'rcourt, an' be back here again by sivin, barr'n ye come now, Sorr," says MR. O'SULLIVAN, who has left his car, in order to arouse me to action.

In a crack of the whip we are away.

PLANT AND PARASITE.

WHEN would you think of looking for a flea in a Kentish field? Whenever you go to catch it on the hop.

SUICIDE IN THE SOLENT.



GENTLEMEN and others taking an Autumnal or occasional holiday are hereby cautioned to discontinue the dangerous practice of yachting or rowing about in the vicinity of Portsmouth. Shots from the adjacent batteries at Brown-down are continually flying over the heads or plunging into the water close alongside of those foolhardy persons who do not take especial pains to steer clear and get out of the line of fire. No attention whatever can be paid by the firing party to any request conveyed to them through a look-out man who may possibly be at hand, to desist from firing until the idlers who have strayed into danger shall have got out of it, for the former have their own business to mind, and not the latter's safety. Should any boat, from neglect of due precaution on the part

of those on board her, get knocked to pieces in consequence of happening to sail too near the batteries on the coast of the Solent whilst the artillery are practising, the survivors, if any, should be liable to be taken before a Magistrate and heavily fined; and, as for the rest, their bodies having been recovered and an inquest held upon them, the Coroner's jury ought to return a verdict of *felo de se*. For now everybody is aware that firing-parties do not take cognisance of any vessels even if notified to them to be within their aim; it is fair to conclude that all people they may kill must be persons who have wilfully sought their own salvation. In their case it must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else with anyone who may be killed by a cannot-shot, in the Solent.

DIRECTION TO CABDRIVERS.

(See Daily News.)

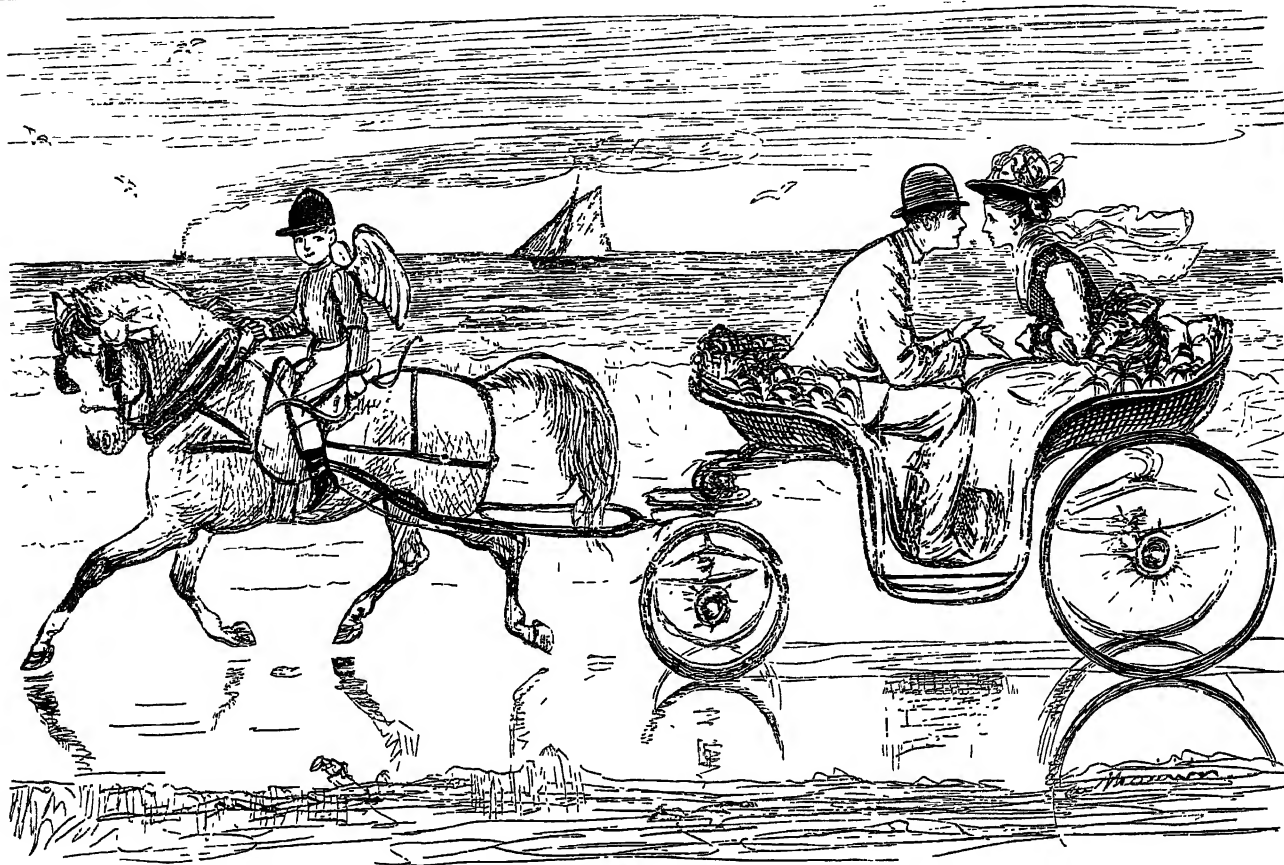
CRAWLING along the side of a thoroughfare (say the Strand) in want of a fare, if you happen to see an innocent-looking party walking in your direction, pull up and inquire if he is going, for instance, to such and such a Railway (say the Charing Cross) Station. If he says yes, then ask him if he would mind getting into your vehicle, because you want to drive that way, but, unless you are carrying a fare, will not be able to get past the Policeman. Should he, good-naturedly thinking to assist you, jump into your trap, convey him as far as it suits you, when suddenly draw up, get down, and, grasping the cab-door handle, request him to pay you a fare of one shilling. Most likely, in order to avoid being involved in trouble and loss of time through resisting your extortion, he will submit to it and pay you the money; or, should he refuse, you can summon him to a Police Court, where it will be easy for you to swear that he called you off your stand.

WHAT THEY TAKE ABROAD.

What She takes.—Three black silk Dresses (Princesse, Watteau, and Duchesse); one green satin Robe, with bows; one fancy Silk, with embroidered apron; two black Grenadines (one square cut); two white Grenadines, with lace trimmings; four white Tops (two warranted to wash); one violet Skirt, with apron and jacket; four Dinner Dresses (violet, pink, pink and black, and blue); three Polonaises (yellow, green, and red); one white worked Top, with Cardinal bows; two seal-skin, one black silk, and three black cloth Jackets; long fur Cloak, Ulster, and grey travelling Polonaise; four Hats (Gainsborough, Brigand, Shovel, and Pork-pie); four Bonnets (black, blue, violet, and red); Linen (14 cwt.); Boots, Slippers, &c. (1 cwt.); extras, toilet, &c. (76 lbs.).

What He takes.—Linen (10 lb.); two flannel Shirts; an extra pair of Boots; his Sponge, Combs, and Brushes; and a wideawake Hat.

APOLOGY FOR SOME YOUNG LADIES.—Girls will be Boys.



HOW WE MANAGE OUR LITTLE AFFAIRS OF THE HEART IN SCARBOROUGH.

MARVELS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

THAT people should put up with a miserable conveyance called a Cab to take them to the Station, when, by a little agitation, they might secure carriages as comfortable as the *coupé* of Paris or the *carrozza* of Milan.

That travelled Englishmen, knowing the buffets of the Continent, should tolerate the miserable Refreshment Rooms to be found at nearly all the English Stations.

That persons who know the Swiss Railways should rest satisfied with the miserable accommodation afforded in England to second and third-class passengers.

That men habituated to Club Dinners should never murmur at the well-peppered soup, the venerable fish, and the tough meat of first-class Hotels.

That Family Parties, accustomed to the attention of their servants at home, should never object to paying a mob of Hotel harpies extravagantly for imaginary services.

That sea-goers, who have heard of the boats of the P. and O., and the steamers running between England and Ireland, should patronise the miserable vessels plying between Dover and Calais, and Folkestone and Boulogne.

That any sane person, knowing the horrors of a rough two hours, should ignore the fact that the *Castalia* starts four times a week from Dover.

That Englishmen, accustomed to the freedom of their birthright, should submit to be examined, as if they were the boldest type of smugglers, on the frontiers of every country in Europe.

That English Ladies, used to the comforts of home, should submit so patiently to the privations of Hotels in the Mountains, and Inns in Brittany and other wild parts of France.

That Londoners, who would never walk about Town in anything but broad cloth and a chimney-pot hat, should perambulate Paris, Berlin, and Vienna in cheap suits of dittos and wideawake hats.

That Church-goers, who are most devout at home, should treat foreign Cathedrals as if they were Museums, and regard the worshippers therein as so many wild beasts.

That JOHN BULL, who hates or pretends to hate everything foreign, should ever go abroad.

Lastly, greatest Marvel of all, that Britons, with the finest scenery in the world in their own land, should brave all the dirt and discomfort of a foreign tour to secure a glimpse of the picturesque.

ENGLAND AROUSED.

WELL do we to be wroth! Turks still are seen
To be the Turks they were in former times:
We wake, and find we unawares have been
Their sleeping partners in their hideous crimes.

But let impetuous wrath not bear away
Indignant Britons. Keep resolved and cool,
Lest into crafty foreign hands we play,
And suffer tricksters Britain to befool.

The nations well may cease to taunt us, now,
With sordid policy and selfish aim.
Take care, with too impulsive clamour how
You do but further their insidious game.

"Perfidious Albion" is a bygone phrase.
That once familiar cant we hear no more.
Are neighbours who forbear that cry to raise,
More conscious or less spiteful than of yore?

Serene they see how Turkish outrage works!
In generous British minds unbounded rage.
Let not o'ermastering ire against the Turks,
Ourselves, unwise, in alien toils engage.

This William and That.

THE commemoration of WILLIAM, Prince of Orange, in connection with the Pacification of Ghent, coincided with the appearance of MR. GLADSTONE's pamphlet, denouncing the Turks. In one respect the two WILLIAMs stand contrasted. WILLIAM OF ORANGE was celebrated as WILLIAM THE SILENT, whereas WILLIAM OF HAWARDEN is distinguished by speaking out.



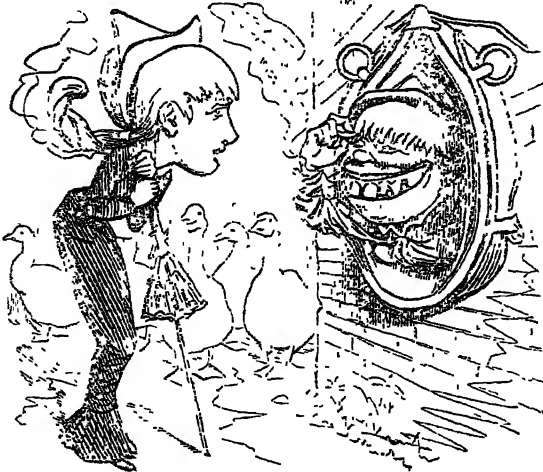
THE DROWSY POINTSMAN.

JOHN BULL. "COME, WAKE UP! WAKE UP! THERE'S BEEN A FRIGHTFUL COLLISION DOWN THE LINE, AND WE LOOK TO YOU TO PREVENT ANOTHER AND A *BIGGER SMASH!*"

PUTTING IT PLAINLY.

From a Point of View somewhat too little considered.

Poor Pot-Lover, loquitur.



H, I know werry well I'm a fool,
And a brute, and a beast,
and all that;
Jest a drink-sodden Slave,
'neath the rule
Of the Lords of the Barrel
and Vat:
But I don't see my way to no better, and no one can't show me—that's flat!

"Don't drink" is yer tip? Werry well,
Jest supposin' I drops it to-day,
When I've done my next nine hours' spell
Of hard work, and wants summut like play,
What good little game can I turn to? Will any one pint me the way?

You see, I ain't got no book-larning,
Nor much in the way of a "taste."
The Parson's long lingoish yarning
To me is jest wearisome waste.
I want summut easy and handy. Where is it? Show up!—and make haste.

Pot-pleasure, says you, ain't the best.
Werry like, but it's handy and cheap.
It don't cost, like a-goin' fine-drest,
A scavenger, cooster, or sweep:
You can have it in pennorths and anywheres—long as yer able to creep.

It's comfort, good cheer, and gay chat,
And forgetfulness, too,—for a spell.
"There is Death in the Pot"? Wot of that?
Where *isn't* he? P'raps you can tell.
But, seen through the froth of a pewter, he cheats yer remarkable well.

Drink's pleasure—*our* pleasure. No stuff
Reeled off from a stool or a tub
Nicks that. Do yer think it's enough
To jobate us, or shut up the Pub?
If yer cuts off our only enjoyment, we *might* take to wuss,—there's the rub!

The likes o' me can't do the swell;
Don't cotton to tramping a mile
'Midst the Nobs to the tune of a bell.
Museums? Can't say they're *my* style.
But I'm game to go in for good fun on the cheap, if yer makes it worth while.

Who speaks? Ah! jest so! Ne'er a one.
That's a poser as floors yer, I think.
Where's this cheap and respectable fun
To be spotted by me? There's the kink!
Don't drink? All serene, if you'll pint me to summut that's better than drink!

EASTERN QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Lord B. The Bulgarian atrocities are past recall.
Mr. P. Yes; but your Ambassador isn't.

HINTS TO SPORTSMEN.

If the birds are wild, endeavour to allay their fears by whistling to them, scattering barley or bread-crumbs in their track, taking off your boots, blindfolding the dogs, speaking in an under-tone to the Under-Keeper, and carefully screening your gun from observation. If their shyness does not wear off, you must either crawl on your hands and feet through the wet turnips, or pursue the covey on horseback until you are near enough to single out the young birds. A lasso is of no use, and a net might lay you open to suspicion.

Thick shooting-boots are a mistake. If the ground is wet, your progress is liable to be impeded by the tenacious adhesion of the soil; and if it is dry, there is no occasion for such extraordinary protection to the feet. Patent leather shoes are not without their disadvantages, but, on the whole, perhaps they are the best.

The process of granting game certificates has been very much simplified of late years, indeed ever since the Gunpowder Plot. They are no longer required to be issued under the Great Seal, and no preliminary questions are now asked—perhaps with a mistaken leniency—as to the skill and experience of the applicant. In feudal times, when the laws of this country were Draconian in their severity, if a Sportsman had shot his dog or his friend, he ran a great risk of having his certificate suspended, without benefit of clergy.

Noblemen and Gentlemen, and others who enjoy the right of shooting over many thousands of acres, may always obtain competent and obliging Keepers by applying at the Zoological Gardens, or at the British and South Kensington Museums. Uniform not objected to, if the pay is good.

The hare is a creature possessed of an excellent appetite, but singular to relate, it will not touch currant jelly. The experiment has often been tried by the naturalist and psychologist, but in no one instance, not even in the severest winter, has the bait been found tasted. Rabbits it might be expected would show the same antipathy to onions, but such is not the case, at least within the recollection of any person now living.

Partridges may be lawfully taken and eaten from the 1st of September to the 1st of February, and pheasants from the 1st of October to the same date; but no penalty attaches to eating bread-sauce all the year round.

The Game Laws do not apply to poached eggs and Welsh rabbits, and hare-brained people are not under their protection.

Sporting dogs, such as pointers, spaniels, retrievers, and setters, require a particular diet during the season. Sponge cakes soaked in

old Madeira, and an egg beaten up with brandy, about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, are recommended by the best authorities. Also a little old cheese is considered good for the scent.

Be content with a moderate bag. A few pheasants, six couple of woodcocks, three or four brace of black game, and capercaillie, with some snipe, wild fowl, and golden plover, ought to satisfy the most exacting sportsman.

If the scent is indifferent, sprinkle the ground with a little Eau de Cologne or lavender water, and burn some pastilles.

The best thing to drink when out Shooting is some cold tea, or a little oatmeal and water, or whey, or, in extreme cases, gingerade, taken in moderation.

"Deal in game" liberally. Few people are so overdone with presents of this kind as to be driven to cry out "*Toujours perdrix!*" Next to an unexpected legacy, perhaps, there is nothing so welcome as an unlooked-for hamper. Send your friends all the young birds, keeping the old ones for yourself. Never omit to pay the carriage. You might almost as well omit to pay your Income-tax.

Much depends on the names you give your dogs. In the good old double-barrel and port-wine days *Di, Don, Dash, Carlo, and Venus* did very well; but the march of intellect has reached the stubbles and plantations, and demands something more enlightened and useful. Try how your dogs will answer to *School Board, Circumlocution, Centralisation, Cosmopolitan, Evolution, or Instinct*. If these names do not prove satisfactory, you can but fall back on the old ones.

What a snare poaching is to the poor and the idle who are caught therein!

Shun battues. If you must be a Butcher, go and join the Turks.

Ghost for Groom.

THERE is, we are informed, by a local journal,—

WANTED a SITUATION as GROOM.—Can make himself generally useful. Left last situation through death. Ten and a half and four years' character. Apply at —, Hill Street, Ryde.

The foregoing advertisement appeared in the *Isle of Wight Times*, which is at least not generally known to be a Spiritualist organ. Where can a Groom, in want of a situation, who left his last through death, hail from, unless from the happy hunting-grounds? Spiritualism must be progressing indeed, if servants who want places can now advertise for them from the other world.



GALLOPING SNOBS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

THEY ARE OF TWO KINDS: THOSE WHO, LIKE 'ARRY AND HIS JEMMER ANY, TAKE THEIR GALLOP AT THE RATE OF TWO SHILLINGS AN HOUR, AND FOR WHOM SOME EXCUSE IS TO BE MADE; AND THOSE WHO RIDE ON GALLOPING HACKS OF THEIR OWN, WITH GALLOPING GROOMS BEHIND THEM, AND WHO OUGHT CERTAINLY TO KNOW BETTER.



AMATEUR COACHING.

JENKINS 'CAN'T THINK WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HIS WHIP!

NOWHERE!

A NEW ANSWER TO AN OLD QUESTION.

(Commended to the many whom "Turks" have indisposed for Touring.)

WHERE shall we go? Why wander? Let us lie
And dream the days away in this old garden.
Bloom sweeter flowers beneath a southern sky?
Towered nobler trees in Tempe or in Arden?
We'll shirk the eternal Autumn question, urged
By Fashion's flocks, bell-wethered hither, thither.
Why need we in the hurrying mob be merged?
Where go? Nowhither!

Where shall we go? Observe that Poppy poised
On yonder ridge amidst the golden stubble.
Let that hint answer. Fame has widely noised
The joys of journeying; tired ones dread its trouble.
If touched by "Turks" fagged by the Season's toil,
We long for *far niente*, full, if fleeting;
May we not find, for once, on English soil
Cheap Lotus-eating?

Where shall we go? "To sleep—perchance to dream,"
Such restful day-dreams as to sense are soothing;
World-worries whelming in a Lethe-stream,
Calming the pulse, care-gendered wrinkles smoothing.
Ozone anon; an opiate now we'll try—
Free talk, long lounges, leaf-sounds, fragrance floral,
Which cannot harm, since Nature's lullaby
Smacks not of Chloral!

Where shall we go? A hammock 'neath yon trees
Is this tired traveller's present bourne. Returning,
He'll beat the copse for filberts, if you please,
Or cast a fly where the mill-wheel is churning.
Slow wanderings in our woods suit wakening dawn,
And when eve's lengthening shadows bring their benison,
We'll have, for lazy labour on the lawn,
Tennis, or TENNYSON.

Where shall we go? Nay, be the *status quo*
Our policy at present, *à la Dizzy*.
Let geese gregarious flock, flit to and fro,
Restlessly seeking rest, most idly busy.
Cit-haunted sands and tourist-thronged resorts
Shall tempt us not. The modish and the shoppy
For once we'll shun, and linger where disports
Peace crowned with Poppy.

PASSENGERS IN HALVES.

THE *Whitby Gazette* has exercised some readers by a fraction in the following paragraph:—

"TRIP TO LEEDS.—There was a cheap excursion to Leeds on Monday last, by which 291½ passengers from this place availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting that ancient and thriving town."

They who do not know what to make of half a passenger, have no children perhaps, and have never had to take a representative half-ticket. Of course, nobody but a fool would suggest that a man's better half might be half a passenger. Nor can half a passenger be imagined a likely result of a railway collision, by which passengers are usually more than halved, as in the case of a remarkable old woman which was lately reported by a contemporary to have occurred on the North Eastern, when—

"An old woman who had been riding on the buffer of one of the sets was found cut to pieces."

In railway collisions things are not generally done by halves, but those accidents for the most part arise from things being so done in railway management.

MARCH AND MUSIC.

At recent public meetings it has been judiciously remarked that in dealing with the Eastern Question we must mind how we facilitate the march of Russia. Phrase for The March of Russia—*The Rogue's March*.



"THE MEAT SUPPLY."

Bathing-Man. "YES, MUM, HE'S A GOOD OLD 'ORSE YET. AND HE'S BEEN IN THE SALT WATER SO LONG, HE'LL MAKE CAPITAL BILED BEEF WHEN WE'RE DONE WITH HIM!!!"

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

Wonder when a Paris Cabman will accept his proper fare without begging for a *pour-boire*?

Wonder why it is that foreign railway carriages so furiously shake, when they happen for a wonder to be going at a rate of more than twenty miles an hour?

Wonder how many dainty dishes a French *chef* could concoct out of what an English Cook would either throw away as waste, or else steal and sell as dripping?

Wonder how many letters of indignant remonstrance would be written to the *Times*, supposing that our railways introduced the foreign system of imprisoning their travellers in stuffy, stifling *salles d'attente*?

Wonder whether Tubbing ever will be acclimatised abroad, and when, for lavatory purposes, bath towels will then be used instead of little napkins?

Wonder why French Ladies, who are so trained in all the delicate *nuances* of etiquette, do not think it worth their while to close their lips when eating?

Wonder if a British Tourist ever met a foreign Priest out walking in the country, who was not studying his prayer-book and carrying an umbrella?

Wonder if French Students, enjoying their vacation, ever indulge in any exercise more muscular than the athletic sports of dominoes and billiards?

Wonder what a London Alderman would say, when invited to the Mansion House, if, instead of luscious turtle, he were provided with a plateful of *Potage crouste au pot*, or lukewarm toast-and-water soup, such as is so frequently supplied at *tables d'hôte* for the refectation of the traveller?

Wonder if a Coachman could be found in any part of France of sufficient self-restraint to drive for half a mile without making his whip crack?

Wonder why it is that Foreigners in general, and fat Germans in particular, like to travel with the windows shut, and breathing such an atmosphere of smoke as would suffocate a chimney-sweep?

Wonder if, in spite of all his grumbling when abroad, a man could anywhere in England spend a holiday so cheaply, or cram so much amusement into it?

Wonder why it is that Frenchmen put such monstrous collars on their cart-horses, and what the horses, could they speak, would have

to say about them, and about the little bells which continually jingle on them?

Wonder in what coming century of progress it will be possible, in any English county-town hotel, to get so good a dinner, served with such alacrity, and at so little cost, as may be found at wellnigh any paltry inn upon the Continent?

Wonder when a Tourist will be able to take his walks abroad, without being expected to look at all the lions there?

Wonder when sea-bathing will in England be as decent as it everywhere is out of it?

Wonder if French polish, when displayed to the fair sex, will stand such social wear and tear as common British politeness?

Finally. Wonder if a Paris Tourist as much rejoices to return to the asphalt of his Boulevards, as an Englishman delights to put his foot once more upon his clean, soft Turkey carpet?

Butchers in Belgium.

THE *Times* Correspondent, in his account of the rejoicings on the anniversary of the "Pacification of Ghent," mentions, with reference to the religious party spirit rampant in Belgium, that, besides "Clerical washerwomen" (who wash the Ultramontanes' dirty linen), and "laundresses employed by those of an opposite way of thinking," there are likewise "Liberal Butchers" and "Catholic Butchers." Happily, the butchery of the butchers on both sides is now-a-days confined to quadrupeds; and no meat whatever is roasted until dead.

Maladies and Martyrs.

THE "Martyrs to Gout," so called, are indeed, in a sense, martyrs to the cause of gout—good living. The Anti-Vaccinationist Keighley Guardians, imprisoned in York Castle, however, have suffered as enthusiasts for the cause of contagion, and may, with the strictest accuracy, be styled martyrs to Smallpox.

GEOGRAPHICAL CATECHISM.

Q. WHAT do we now call the Isle of Patmos?
A. Ireland.

THE BEER-KINGS OF BURTON.

(See Newspapers.)



HOSE Twain—a narrow escape they had
When we, by their bereavement sad,
At once well nigh were left to wail;
The two great Brewers of Burton Ale!
Lo, BASS and ALLSOPP in a boat,
Together fishing, both afloat;
ALLSOPP his brother brewer's guest:
Upon Lochquoich's pellucid breast.
Behold, BASS hooks a splendid trout.
Eager to see him get it out,
ALLSOPP, as though in boats untried,
Steps over to the other side.
His weight no longer equalises
The little bark, and it cap-sizes.
There was the boat turned upside down,
With BASS and ALLSOPP like to drown

Together with a brace of others,
Attendant on the brewer-brothers,
A Gillie of the Frasers' Clan,
And ANDERSON, a Fisherman.
They strove to right the boat in vain;
For o'er and o'er it turned again,
All four of them to one side clinging,
Themselves to grief so nearly bringing.
Till ANDERSON, with strength of hand,
Presence of mind, and self-command,
At length contrived the boat to right,
By scrambling over opposite.
Meanwhile, a strong breeze landward bore
The lot, and drifted them ashore,
Some distance more than half a mile,
On dounce MCPHEE's adjacent isle.

MCPHEE, thou famous Highland Leech,
The surge was heavy on thy beach,
Hard to get through—but safe they got;
And ANDERSON was tipped we wot.

But think what woe had come to pass,
Had we both ALLSOPP lost and BASS!
If BASS and ALLSOPP too were drowned
A double gloom would reign around.
'Twere like our Premier's perdition
With Leader of our Opposition;
Save that those other men of note
Were sailing both in one same boat.
Oh, what a joyful thing to see
Two of a trade so well agree!
Long live they, whilst we linger here
To drink both BASS and ALLSOPP's beer.

SPRING SPORTS.

WE have all heard of a "Spring Chicken," but the "Spring Hare"—unless, indeed, he be some relation to the proverbial lunatic appearing in March—is something quite new. An innkeeper at Hendon has started one. It is coursed by greyhounds; and for the spectators, betters, and backers there is all the excitement of the real thing, with the additional charm of novelty. What an admirable invention for the delicate sentimentality of this rose-water age!

But why stop at Hares apparent—but unreal? Why not, with the aid of some of the leading "Property-men" from the theatres, and Toy-mechanicians, and a few other ingenious persons, develop the idea into something really big?

We begin with a trifle light as Hare: we may end with the noble Deer in Scotland, or even the Elephant in India.

At all events, from the Hare to the Fox is a small step.

The country would have to be intersected with small lines (at first, at all events, until the invention was so perfect that these could be

dispensed with), on which the Mechanical Fox, having been first properly wound up in covert, would run with just so much "law" given him as would allow him to be viewed all the way for a good rattling burst of forty minutes, after which the Field would trot off to another covert, and be treated to a fresh Mechanical Fox over a different line of country. Only, of course, this Fox would have to be hunted by greyhounds. Everybody, who was so minded, could call out "Tallyho!" and "Yoicks!" and "Gone away!" just as usual, and make all that amount of noise which goes for so much in the happiness of Foxhunters. Every M.F.H. who chose to adopt the "Mechanical Fox" could guarantee his subscribers a run, weather permitting, for every day in the week. Nay more, he could name the place, hour of start, and exact duration of the run, so that those Gentlemen who are fond of simply coming out to flash their pink in the sunlight, and then tail home again early, would be able to ensure themselves a run for their money—a certainty that would keep many of the "all pink and no-go" school away from the field.

A "Property Man," or Toyshop keeper, might do well to advertise—

TO M.F.H.'S AND SPORTSMEN.

NO MORE BLANK DAYS!!

TRY OUR "MECHANICAL FOX."

*** Warranted to run for one Season, if used with care.*

MESSRS. DOLL, DRY, & Co., undertake to send a Man regularly every week to see to the Works and keep the Mechanical Fox in order.

Then again, in our preserves, why not the Mechanical Pheasant, the Mechanical Partridge, the Mechanical Woodcock, and the Spring Rabbit? With what a whirr of springs the Pheasant might rise! And what a good shot it would require to bring him down! The coverts of Partridges would be wound up all at once and left in a turnip-field. Their mechanism would be so delicate that the slightest movement near them would disturb it, and off they'd all go at once; or there would be a detention spring, to last for, say, twenty minutes, until the Sportsman had time to get within shot, when it would "go" punctually, and the birds would fly off, in whatever direction they had been set. Then they would be picked up in the next field and started again.

No pain, no loss of life, no wanton cruelty, the Sportsman could at worst only break the mainspring, and be obliged to send the bird up to Town to be refitted.

We confidently recommend the whole subject to the consideration of the sporting world at large, and, as also interested, to our Theatrical "Property" makers and Toy-mechanicians.

Why not, while about it, all sorts of Mechanical Singing Birds? Why not Mechanical Fish? How lovely our rivers would look with these bright-coloured metallic fish swimming about, only waiting for the disciple of IZAAK WALTON to drop his line in with—not a wriggling worm at the end, oh dear no!—but with a small hook-shaped magnet to attract and catch the fish, as in the old toy of our nursery days. According to the power of the magnet and the strength of the rod, so would be the size of the fish caught.

However, it is for us only to hint. Let those deeply interested carry out the idea.

THE RAILWAY IDOL.

MODERN Chapels are going the way of those ancient temples, which were superseded by other places of worship. This, the *Leeds Mercury* informs us, is about to be the case with a chapel obstructing the—

"EXTENSION OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY TO DERBY.—The Great Northern Railway's progress into Derby has received a temporary check. The trustees of a Baptist Chapel in Agard Street bargained, without the consent of the congregation, to sell the chapel and burial-ground attached to the railway company for the sum of £3000. The congregation now argue that, not having their consent, the deed is null and void. The matter will be taken into the law courts."

But who shall resist Railway Extension? Of course the Baptist Chapel in Agard Street will have to disappear before the Great Northern Railway. After due litigation, its site and the adjacent burial-ground must be traversed by the line to Derby. But see how the whirligig of Time brings about its revenges; for here a chapel is to be replaced by a line of rail, and railway sleepers of another description than those in the burial-ground will be laid down over them; the whole place thus being consecrated to the service of a revived Paganism. For the ancients worshipped the god Terminus, and so does the present generation, but more also. It does not stop at Terminus worship, but worships the whole Railway. Churches and everything else are sacrificed if necessary to Railway Extension. The worst of it all is the wholesale sacrifice of human lives which occurs in collisions.

A LAY OF LAWN-TENNIS.

By a Looker-On.

Now, young people, the fine weather
Will soon be gone.
Go and Tennis play together
Upon the Lawn!
While the sun shines make your hay
Between the showers.
Improve, like busy bees, to-day,
The shining hours.
Time flies. For instance, look at me,
And at your Aunt!
As you are now so once were we.
But now we can't

Dance all night long till break of day,
Nor, if we knew
How, at Lawn-Tennis could we play,
Young folks, like you.
Already on the turf you tread
The toadstool springs,
Which, when the Summer's drought has
fled,
Damp Autumn brings.
The grass will soon have got too wet;
Too moist the mould.

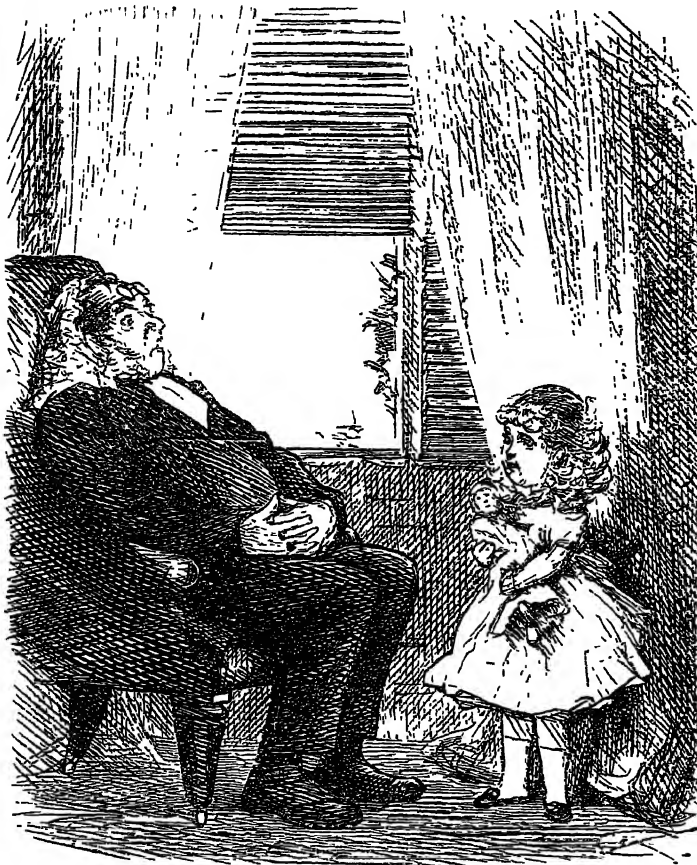
Play whilst you can—don't play to get
Your death of cold.
Play whilst those limbs you yet can
use
Free play allow,
Which they will by-and-by refuse;
As mine do now.
Yet, on the sports of youth to gaze,
One still enjoys;
As you may too, in future days,
You, girls and boys.

SHAKSPEARIAN SAYING.

"THE man that hath no music in his soul," is a wretch who would not hesitate to buy a creaking boot.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

NAME FOR A NEW NEWSPAPER (to be on the Breakfast Table every day).—*The Morning Appetiser.*



TESTAMENTARY OBLIGATIONS.

'Oute Little Girl (who has heard Conversations between her Parents of the like import). "UNCLE, HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?"

Uncle (startled). "EH!"

'Oute Little Girl. "'CAUSE I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN MY DOLLS!"

BAD THING FOR THE BRAIN.

HERE'S a go—that is, here is in effect a go, or measure, of brandy, gin, whiskey, or other ardent spirit, habitually imbibed! MR. T. C. KINZETT, at the British Association, discoursing on "The Action of Alcohol on the Brain," said—

"Physiologists claimed to have proved that alcohol absorbed into the system not only affected the brain, but also located itself temporarily there. He had investigated the action of solutions containing varying per-centages of alcohol upon brain-matter after death, and found that this action consisted in a hardening not only of the dura mater, but of the whole brain tissue."

If he had only stopped there, what a specious argument would our philosopher have supplied for alcohol! From his statement it would appear that spirits, so far from tending to cause softening of the brain, do just the reverse. Habitual dram-drinking, therefore, would make tipplers hard-headed. But MR. KINZETT went on to say—

"And in very large per-centages, small quantities of the principles of the brain were dissolved."

By the action of alcohol upon the cerebral tissue. So that, after all, we are compelled to cry, with *Cassio*, "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" The spirit of wine washes away the substance of wit.

LAW FOR LADIES.

SOME people may be a little puzzled by the following information in the *Times*:—

"FORFEITED SUITORS' MONEY.—The amount of forfeited suitors' money in the County Courts last year was £1485 11s."

The only suitors generally understood to have been subjected to forfeit are those who have broken off their suits, and consequently become suitors sued. And the sums they have forfeited are in Ladies' pockets. Besides, actions for Breach of Promise of Marriage are not tried in County Courts; the only remedy against defection of hymeneal courtship being *Nisi Prius* courtship. British justice affords no amends for the broken hearts, blasted hopes, and blighted affections of servant-maids and widowed washerwomen, unable to afford more than the County Court limit of legal expenses. *De minimis non curat lex*.

TONGUES FOR TOURISTS.

THE Long Vacation is drawing to a close, and Parents and Guardians may like to know how Reading Tours have aided in advancing the education of their respective scions. Should any doting fathers be interested in the absorption of foreign languages into their sons' systems, the following Mems from the Diary of a University Man, who has just returned from a tour abroad, whither he had gone expressly to perfect himself in European tongues, may be productive of some reflection.

July.

Left Dover for our Tour. Met American COLONEL X. Y. ZACHARY at Calais. Glorious brick. Knew French, and talked for us all. Gave us quite a twang, and left us devoted to Yankees.

Put up at Grand Hotel. English Waiter. Saved us lots of trouble. Went to English Tavern. Excellent Beefsteak for dinner. Cheese direct from Cheshire. Went to Open-Air Music Hall in the Shongs Eliza, what they call a Coffee Concert. Two English Clowns and a man who sang "Tommy, make Room for your Uncle." English family on both sides of us. Dropped their H's freely. Met two College chums in the yard of the Grand when we came back.

Went out to buy German Dictionary, French Grammar, and Italian Dialogues. Bought a copy of *Punch* instead—great fun.

Started for Italy. Capital Guard with the Train; knew English thoroughly. Queen's Messenger in the carriage; splendid linguist. What's the use of trying to speak a foreign language, if you don't begin in your cradle!

Arrived at Turin. Met the LARKSPUR girls at the Station. Went everywhere with them. They are all awfully jolly. Quite gorgeous at slang. Must buy that Italian Grammar and Dialogues. Learnt the Italian for "Yes" to-day.

On to Venice. How well our Gondolier talks English. Lovely weather for Cricket or Lawn Tennis. Nothing so jolly here. Old bricks, and dirty punts they call Gondowlers.

August.

Start for Rome. Fancy a Roman train. What was it? All Gaul, or all the train, was divided in *tres partes*. Sang comic songs all the way. Bother Rome! it reminds one of VIRGIL and HORACE, and all those nuisances. By the way, we must not forget the Italian Dialogues. Hotel Commissioner, such a good fellow. Has lived in the Langham for the last six years. Told us a capital American story. Left the others to go round the monuments while I played a game of billiards with CAPTAIN CRAWLEY. By Jingo! he does play well. He never learnt Italian or French, but I have heard he is a Greek. Speaks English like a Briton.

Meant to have begun Italian to-day; but too hot, really. Go back by Vienna and Trieste. Better buy a German Dictionary. CHARLIE's voice downstairs, by Jove! Hurrah! Off to Vienna. Go over the Tyrol by night. Sleep all the way.

Vienna. Awfully good beer. English Parson in same hotel. Knows the Governor. Wants me to take him round, and as he hears I am studying German, will I interpret for him? See him further first.

September.

Leave Vienna, to escape Parson. The German tongue most attractive when made into sausages. Lingo simply horrible. Couldn't learn it if I tried.

Arrived at Munich. Drove round the English Garden. Nothing English in it except weeds and ourselves. Saw *Richard the Third* played at the theatre. Call that SHAKESPEARE? Well! I am particularly etcetrad. And in German, too! Why don't they learn English?

Home in time for some Partridges. By the way, wonder what became of the "Coach" who went out with me? Never bought the Grammars and Dictionaries, after all. There's nothing like English if you want to be understood.

THE PATRON SAINT OF RAILWAYS.—St. Pancrash.

A FISH WITH A FAMILY.



FRIENDS, we are all acquainted with the poetical allusion to "fishes that tinkle in the deep." There are readers who may imagine the interesting creature below named by a contemporary to be a fish of more than commonly bibacious habits:—

"One of the large topes (or British sharks) in the Brighton Aquarium has given birth to eleven healthy young ones. This is stated to be the only instance on record of a tope breeding when in confinement. The mother and young ones are doing well."

The tope, a fish not perhaps generally known by that name, may, as a species of or nearly akin to the dog-fish (*Scyllium catulus*), be conceived of as a drunken dog-fish by the class of readers above referred to. Some of these are possibly even capable of saying that the tope, though common on the British Coasts, is at the same time apt to be found half seas over. From the foregoing announcement in the *Evening Standard*, it will be seen that the tope, like other sharks, is viviparous, and therefore a female; and is a very remarkable exception to the generality of her species if not sex. SIR WILFRID LAWSON should visit the Brighton Aquarium to inspect the tope, and ascertain whether, notwithstanding proclivities, bad enough for a male, but truly dreadful for a female, the mother and young ones are nevertheless doing well.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Bray—Discovery—Note—A Change—Humour—Saxon obtuseness—Carmen—MR. O'SULLIVAN'S Joke—Rathdrum—Cross Questions—Crooked Answers—The Old Story—Another Illusion destroyed.

Happy Thought.—Could there be a more enjoyable way of spending a summer than to have a house at Bray, MR. O'SULLIVAN'S car for excursions into the lovely country round about, and a small sailing-boat in the Bay?

The Dargle, Powerscourt, the Waterfall, all the "objects of interest" I have done, and am satisfied. I don't want to move on. Give me Bray, and that is enough. I do not believe, take it for all in all, that Bray can be beaten.

A Discovery! I find that the Gentleman whom I met in the train, and who said he didn't want a Parliament on Stephen's Green, and added that "We (the Irish) are not a people for self-government"—I say, I find that this Gentleman was an Englishman residing in Ireland. The Anglo-Irishman is a peculiarly objectionable person. Now I should like to reside in Ireland; only if I did, I must share the fate of my compatriots, and become a peculiarly objectionable person. Perhaps I am wrong. Think it out.

But I have no time to spare. I must on to Rathdrum, or PLUMPTON AND SPRY may telegraph to me "Come back!"

Psychological Note for basis of Article in Typical Developments.—I cannot help remarking how I am, gradually, losing sight of the Ireland which has hitherto existed in my imagination, in consequence of over-doses of Irish novels, Irish plays, and English journalistic representations. The novels and plays told me only of "Ireland as it was," or as they (the writers) chose to say it was. I had better study *Ireland since '98*, by JOHN MITCHELL, and D'ARCY M'GEE'S *History of Ireland*. Then perhaps I might be able to strike the balance between the two sides of the question.

Yes, I am becoming acclimatised. Of the process I have been unconscious. If I was disappointed, at first, because the landing at Kingstown, and the arrival at Dublin, did not, one after the other, burst upon me like two tableaux in a grand opera, now, at all events, I am beginning to understand how ignorant of the place and people I must have been to have expected anything like the *mise-en-scène* of a Grand Opera on a Landing Stage. I have a whole course of reading to unlearn, and a whole album of pictures to erase from the

tablets of my memory. But, as far as I've gone, if I never went any further than Bray and its environs, *I should be satisfied*. And here let me pause to recommend those, who another year would otherwise go abroad, to come from Holyhead to Kingstown, and thence to Bray.

The Carmen whom I have come across hitherto are always civil, never garrulous; ready to give every information in the pleasantest possible manner; and in my experience I never met with any one of them who wasn't willing to make a fair bargain for the day.

Of course, as every one declares these Carmen to be the readiest, and wittiest, of men, I am bound to give them credit for possessing a reserve fund of humour. Owing, perhaps, to my not yet being sufficiently acclimatised, I have not remarked the slightest sparkle from these Irish diamonds. I call to mind the proverb about Pearls before Porkers, and am aware that a Saxon pig must be educated up to the mark before he can discriminate between the pearl and the barley. However, here is one specimen. It *may* be a pearl.

At one place—no matter where—the Gatekeeper would not admit us unless I had "an order."

"Shure the Gentl'man has the order," said my Carman, winking to me, with this aside, "It's the *silver order* she manes, Sorr."

The next is not a pearl, but eminently characteristic.

I hinted at the probability of our being caught in a storm before the end of our drive.

"Ah, Sorr," replied the Carman. "We'll have fine weather, please God, from this out."

Imagine an English Cabman, or an English provincial Flyman, expressing himself in this way, which was all the more striking from its evident good-faith and absence of all affectation.

Not one of them anywhere but on parting touched his hat politely, without the slightest sign of servility or obsequiousness, and gave me more than my change out of the bargain with "Good-bye, Sorr, and thank ye, Sorr." And "May ye soon be comin' this way again, Sorr."

My Farewell to MR. O'SULLIVAN.—"I hope you'll have plenty of business in the Season."

"There'll be *lashins* to do, Sorr," replied MR. O'SULLIVAN, cracking his whip. Whether the pun—a genuine Irish one—was intentional or not, I put this down as "one to MR. O'SULLIVAN."

On to Rathdrum.—I arrive late. Hotel close at hand. I am shown into a neat but chilly-looking bed-room.

"Can I have dinner?" I ask, implying a doubt, on account of the lateness of the hour.

The Landlady, or Housekeeper, or whatever the illigant lady may be, smiles assent.

"Is it ready?"

"'Tis ready," she answers.

(As a matter of fact I had to wait, being ravenously hungry, for nearly an hour, but the kind Hostess evidently thought that to have said "it wasn't ready," would have been a most inhospitable way of receiving a guest. So she romanced a little. But hope deferred does not agree with me.)

She does not ask me what I wish to order, so I anticipate any difficulty by leaving it to her, and she thereupon leaves me to myself.

A small, shock-headed boy—the Boots, I fancy—whom I find on the landing, shows me into the Coffee-Room. There are some people finishing tea. When they have cleared out, my dinner is served, and I have the fire lighted.

I say as jovially as possible, "The wine card, please."

The Waiting-Maid stares at me. I repeat my request.

"Is it the wine *carte* you mane?" she inquires.

"Yes," I answer.

"Ah then," she returns, evidently much relieved by my explanation, "we haven't got one."

There's perhaps no wine—only whiskey?

"Oh, we have wine," she says, and wishes to be informed "what wine?" as I can choose from Port, Sherry, Claret, and Champagne, —and she finally recommends St. Julien.

After dinner I am joined by two Irish Commercial Travellers. They both call for tea, and I am the only one drinking whiskey.

Note.—I have noticed, as a novelty to me, that "Yes" is conspicuous by its absence from the Irish vocabulary. Also the method of obtaining information is, generally, as different as possible from an Englishman's. Now suppose an English "Commercial" wanted to know if his friend MR. SMITH were anywhere in the neighbourhood, he would probably ask MARY the Chambermaid in this fashion:—

"MARY, my dear, has MR. SMITH been here lately?"

And MARY would reply—

"No, Sir," or "Yes, Sir," or "He was here yesterday, Sir, but has gone on to Bath," as the case may be.

But take my worthy acquaintance the present Irish Commercial. This is how he manages it.

"MARY!"

"What is it, Sorr?"

"Is MISTHER O'BRIEN this way?"

"He was, Sorr."
 "He was?"
 "He was."
 "When?"
 "Yestherday."
 "Yestherday?"
 "Yestherday."
 "An' he's gone on?"
 "He did, Sorr."
 "He did?"
 "He did."
 "Where to?"
 "Arklow."
 "Waterford?"
 "No, Arklow."
 "Arklow?"
 "Arklow."

And so it goes on, in musical phrases as it were, with varied inflections for the affirmation, the interrogation, and the conclusive affirmation. It looks, in print, like a page from one of ALEXANDRE DUMAS' novels.

It is difficult to obtain a direct answer from an Irish servant.

The Master inquires, "BIDDY, who broke this dish?"

"That dish, Sorr?"

"Yes, this dish."

"That dish is it?"

"Yes, *this* dish. Did you break it?"

"An' what 'ud I be afther breaking that dish for?"

This fencing-match will continue for some time, until she devises a new parry for your thrust, in this way:—

"I'm speaking of *this* dish. Did you break it?"

"Sure, ye've a dish like that in the next room"—and so on. Of course the finishing touch, whether for Irish or English servants, will always be that the fractured article, which you can swear you saw whole yesterday afternoon, was "broken before I came into the house, Sir."

Servants, after all, whether English or Irish, are very much the same as they were when DEAN SWIFT gave them his admirable advice.

Rathdrum. At night.—One of my companions has gone to bed. I am alone for a pleasant evening with MR. O'BAGMAN, and Scotch (not Irish) whiskey.

MR. O'BAGMAN, as an Irishman, warns me against Irish Whiskey. Another illusion gone!

AUTUMN LEAVES.



OUR Senate leaves St.
 Stephen's Hall, and
 leaves
 Behind it Bills and
 bothers,
 The Swallow leaves his
 lodgings 'neath our
 eaves,
 And flits in search of
 others.
 M. P.-dom leaves long
 screeds of tangled talk
 Constituents to trouble;
 Then leaves them (in the
 dark) o'er moors to
 stalk,
 Or tramp amidst the
 stubble.
 BEN leaves the Commons,
 WILL, to slate the
 Turks,
 Leaves Trojans, trees,
 and axes;
 Criticist leaves the uncut
 leaves of works,
 Collector leaves fresh
 taxes.

Nous leaves newspapers, which appear bereft
 Of novelty and reason;
 Sense leaves the social sphere; Sensation's left
 Lord of the Silly Season.
 Love leaves his urban haunts, midst rocks and trees
 To practise Archery various,
 And Science leaves its cells, like other bees,
 To swarm and buzz gregarious.
 Art leaves swell studios and ornate walls,
 And ladies lank of stature,
 Midst genuine women, woods, and waterfalls
 To get new hints from Nature.

Wealth leaves its ledger, with one eye at least,
 Fashion leaves May Fair quiet,
 And the ghoul Scandal leaves its town-spread feast
 To glut on rural diet.
 Nob leaves the Row, for ease or enterprise,
 According as he's mettled;
 Snob leaves "the shop" for "Margit;" leaves likewise
 His tailor's bill unsettled.
 Railwaydom leaves along its ill-kept lines
 Openings for wreckage annual.
 Cad 'ARRY leaves on statues, seats, and shrines
 His scrawled or carved sign-manual.
 TOMMY leaves school, leaves home no moment's rest
 Till his long leave is over;
 And MARY (family out) leaves "work," with zest,
 To chat with casual lover.
 Cit leaves his Club (and maybe takes his spade
 Like ancient CINCINNATUS.
 Ton leaves the Town to "persons"—*not*!—in trade,
 And people of *no* "persons."
 But Toil leaves not the task, nor Pain the bed,
 Nor Death his dread dart-hurling:
 Autumn, at last, when all his leaves are shed,
 Leaves, with their last wild whirling,
Punch's perennial (printed) leaves still in,
 No wintry wind may shake one.
 Sibylline leaves that know no fall, he'll give
 Leaves many, but not take one.

A PLEA FOR BROMPTON.

To the Editor.

SIR,

You, like the ancient TIRESIAS, know everything. Tell me, Sir, *where has Brompton gone to?* Practically, it has vanished. Brompton Square and Brompton Crescent are now in South Kensington. Is the Brompton Road still the Brompton Road? A few years back we spoke of a friend living in Alexander Square, or Michael's Grove (a charmingly wooded retreat), as one residing in Brompton. In fact, *then* "we spoke of a man as we found him." But *now* the same friend returns me my envelope, requesting me to scratch out "Brompton," and substitute "South Kensington," which strikes me as being only "Brompton" writ large. Sir, where the white man has once set foot, he has exterminated the ancient coloured races. Where are the ancient coloured races that so recently dwelt in the groves, the squares, the crescents, and pleasant places of Brompton? Is there not one aboriginal tribe to make a last, noble, even if expiring, protest? Will the Brompton 'Busses vanish? Is there a blessing on those who remove the ancient landmarks? There may be modern gentility about the name of South Kensington, but it lacks the sturdiness of "Old Brompton," and the plain, straightforward, unblushing frankness of "Brompton." South Kensingtonites may answer, perhaps, and say, "We have never interfered with *Brompton proper*." This, Sir, is begging the question, and the retort will be so self-evident to your readers, that not another word on the subject will be required from me, who sign myself, in spite of the South Kensington Museum,

A BROMPTON BOILER.

SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION.

INASMUCH as the National Assembly of Sages met this year at Glasgow, it is wonderful that nobody has written thence to say that the Brightish Association (so called) was *nae* that bright. A rather dull gathering was, however, towards the close of its session, enlivened with a paper by PROFESSOR BARRETT, embracing the subjects of Mesmerism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism, whereon ensued a discussion between the Professor himself and others, including LORD RAYLEIGH, MR. CROOKES, MISS BECKER, MR. A. RUSSELL WALLACE, and DR. CARPENTER, and ending with an altercation about veracity misunderstood to have been impugned, sparkling with a brisk interchange of the reiterated assertion and denial, "I didn't" and "You did." Who that remembers stock paragraphs in newspapers respecting witchcraft and fortune-telling, or ghost-stories, headed "Superstition in the Nineteenth Century," ever dreamt of living to see philosophers, physiologists, and naturalists in a great Council of Science debating the reality of supernatural manifestations? Are there such things as they dispute about, or have they eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner? And in either case are they prepared seriously to consider the question whether it is possible in the nature of things for an old woman to fly over the roof (say) of the Royal Institution on a broomstick? What else would that be, levity apart, than "levitation"?



"MIXED COMPANY."

SCENE—The Ball-Room of a fashionable Sea-side Hotel.

Lady Godiva Highjinks (to her Partner, during a pause in the Valse). "A—I CAN'T HELP THINKING I'VE MET YOU BEFORE!"

The Partner. "YES, MY LADY, MANY'S THE PAIR OF WHITE SATIN SHOES I'VE 'AD THE PLEASURE OF FITTIN' ON YOUR LADYSHIP AT OUR 'OUSE IN THE BURLINGTON ARCADE! AND"—(sinking his Voice to a fascinating Whisper)—"I MUST SAY THAT A MORE HEX-QUISITE FOOT THAN YOURS, MY LADY, I NEVER YET 'ELD IN MY 'AND!"

THE GAY CITY.

NOTICE has been given that the Mansion House is again about to become the scene of various gaieties and hospitalities on the part of the LORD MAYOR and the LADY MAYORESS. But the published programme of the civic entertainments in prospect between now and the Ninth of November is manifestly incomplete, as a glance at the subjoined list of engagements will conclusively show:—

Dinner to Hospital Students, Gentlemen eating their Terms at the various Inns of Court, and Metropolitan Curates.

Ball to the Members of the Hop Exchange, their wives and daughters.

Dinner to all the London Vestrymen.

Dinner to the leading Members of the Dental Profession.

Juvenile Ball to the younger branches of the Corkscrew Makers', Scriveners', Greengrocers', Beadles', and Cheesemongers' Companies.

Dinner to the Royal Marines.

Grand Fancy Dress Ball. All the guests to be habited as famous City Personages of the Olden Time—for example, SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON (with his Cat), SIR WILLIAM WALSWORTH, WAT TYLER, JOHN WILKES, JANE SHORE, LORD MAYOR BECKFORD, KING LUD, MISTRESS QUICKLY, MARGARET RAMSAY, Beadles of the epoch of HENRY THE EIGHTH, Apprentices of the era of JAMES THE FIRST, and Gog and Magog.

Supper to the Boys of Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', and the other great City educational establishments.

Dinner to the Deans and Chapters and Chapter Clerks of England and Wales.

Luncheon to the Archdeacons and Rural Deans.

Dinner to the Hospital Sunday and Hospital Saturday Committees.

Grand Display of Fireworks and Illumination of the Mansion

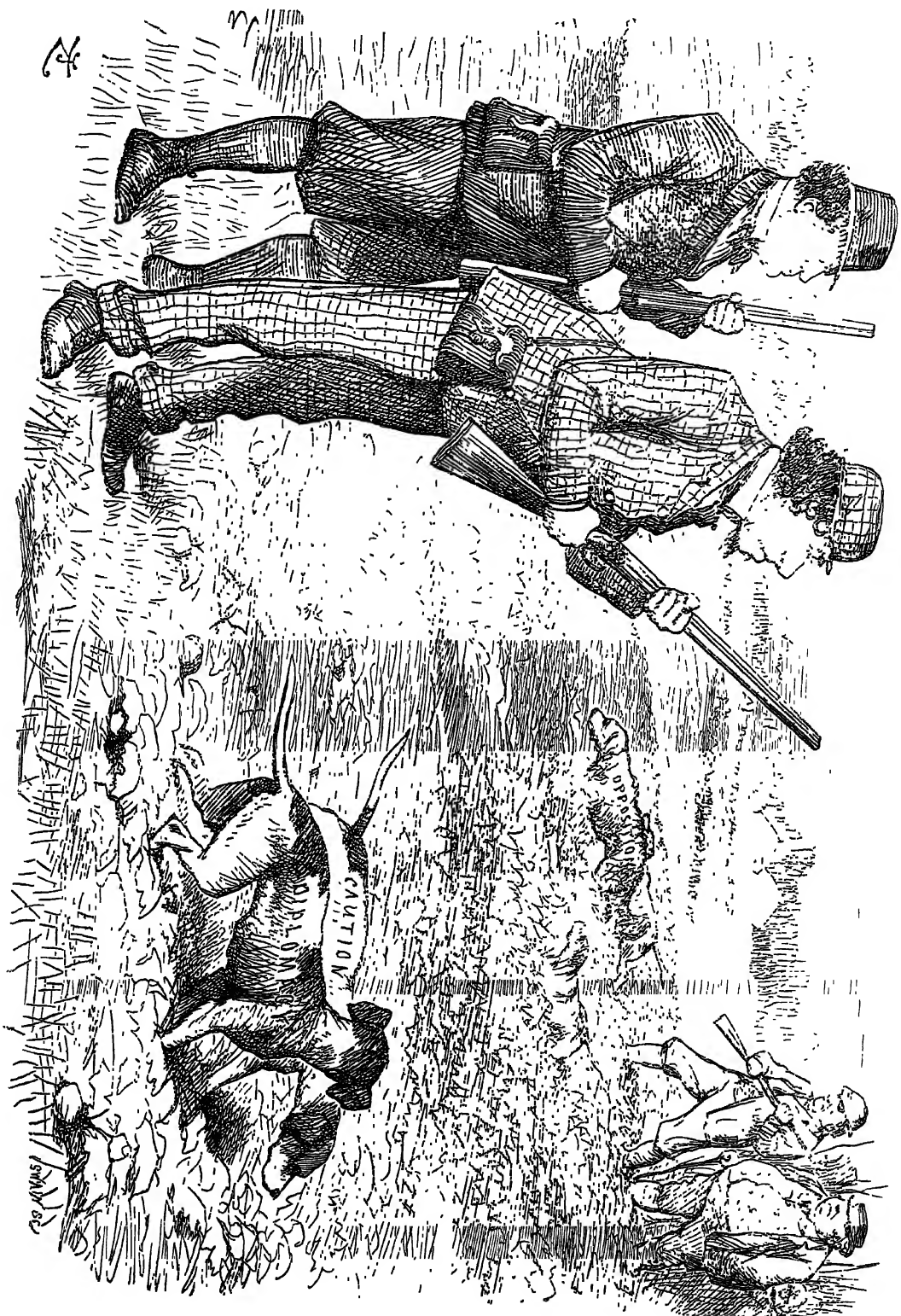
House on the Fifth of November. Supper afterwards to the London Fire Brigade.

Ball to the Mayoresses and Aldresses of England, Ireland, and Wales, and the Wives of the Provosts and Bailies of Scotland, of the Jurats of the Island of Jersey, and of the Deemsters of the Isle of Man; with their daughters.

Grand Banquet to the Ministers—of the various Dissenting persuasions.

THE WANTS OF THE NATION.

WANTED, a Skipper, who, voyaging faster
Than any one else, ne'er brings ship to disaster.
Wanted, Cheap Railways, which speed and precision
To the utmost combine without e'er a collision.
Wanted, a Surgeon, who risks operations
Which in fatal results ne'er attain terminations.
Wanted, Investment, with view to futurity,
Highest interest yielding on safest security.
Wanted, Directors, who capital use
In the boldest of ventures—to win and not lose.
Wanted, an Army and Fleet, by this Nation,
That yearly increase with decreasing taxation.
Wanted, instead of ignoble abstention
From Europe's disputes, and meek non-intervention
In foreign affairs—which we now to be folly see,
On the part of our Rulers, a "Spirited Policy."
Wanted, a Statesman, who'll play a high game
Abroad, and still keep us at peace all the same.
Wanted, Doers to dare bold exploits of utility
On mischance whilst we sternly enforce liability.
What else wanted? In brief, our requirements to tell,
Wanted, pudding to eat, and yet have it as well.



DISTURBING THE GAME.

LORD B. "CONFOUND THAT FELLOW! HE'LL BE PUTTING UP ALL OUR BIRDS!!"

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

For the Use of Young and Old Persons.

SECTION I.—THE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Part I. Introductory.



R. PUNCH had four military friends whom he took great pleasure in instructing. COL. CHARLES was a fierce soldier of the most pugnacious proclivities; he seemed to be over-ready to seek the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth. His patriotism was intense, and it was not his fault that his sword rusted in the scabbard eleven months out of every twelve. It was generally believed in his home circle that his talents would have been of the utmost value to

DON CARLOS, GARIBALDI, and MOLTEKE. In spite of this opinion he had never left his native land on foreign service, for the simple reason that his regimental duties had chained him to a spot bounded on the north by Berwick-on-Tweed, and on the south by Hounslow. He was, in fact, the Commanding Officer of the Royal East Mudborough Militia. Mr. Punch's second military friend was ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers; his third, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green; and his last a dear little fellow, scarcely seven-and-eighty years of age, called by the Horse Guards and his other intimates FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B.

When COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was about fifty years old, he became very inquisitive about the duties of his rank, and begged hard to be allowed to read the *Soldier's Pocket-Book* and the *Queen's Regulations*. Mr. Punch consented, and he began them accordingly; but he soon found in the volumes so many hard words and things he could not understand, that he was quite discouraged; and bringing the books back, said, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he had better give them up till he was older.

On this Mr. Punch laid by his work, and said, "My dear Colonel, rather than you should be disappointed in your ardent desire to learn something of your duties, I will try what I can do for you myself; and perhaps I may be able to compile from other military works one that you may find easier to comprehend than those supplied to you by MESSRS. MACMILLAN and Her Majesty's Stationery Office."

"Thank you, thank you, dear Mr. Punch," cried COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, in a transport of joy. "Will you begin it to-day?"

"You must not be too impatient," said Mr. Punch. "You must remember that I shall have a great deal to do. I must read over several books very carefully, and I must then select, as well as I can, what I think will entertain and instruct you. However, I promise to begin as soon as possible, and whenever I shall have finished a chapter, I will read it to you in the evening, and that will be better than listening to one of the Mess stories of our friend LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, which we have heard so often. After every Section, I will answer any questions you may ask concerning the subject of it; but you must not interrupt me while I am reading."

COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, ran to inform his brother officers of this kind promise; and as soon as the first Section was completed, and the welcome hour arrived for the coming of Mr. Punch into the ante-room, the three younger soldiers eagerly placed themselves by his side. Even FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., too, though he was very old, seated himself on a footstool at Mr. Punch's feet, and listened with great attention.

Part II. Of the Rise of the British Army.—When JULIUS CESAR (a General in the Italian Service) invaded England, several years before the Norman conquest, the British Army was in a very disorganised condition. The uniform was neither neat nor expensive, so neither the man of taste nor the manufacturing tailor were satisfied. The costume of the Infantry consisted of a coat of blue paint with facings of yellow. A few hundred years later, coats of mail were introduced, with the effect of enriching the celebrated family of SMITH. Even

in those far-distant days the English were fond of sight-seeing, and the Battle of Hastings may be said to have been lost by the soldiers of HAROLD, who would look up into the sky at the descending Norman arrows. In the Feudal ages, the British Army consisted chiefly of men-at-arms and yeomen, who had been supplied to the King by the Barons as a sort of substitute for the proper payment of the Income-tax and the Water-rates. In the reign of CHARLES THE SECOND, in consequence of the extinction of Feudal tenures, the British Army began to assume its modern shape. The 1st Royals is the oldest regiment in the Service. It was raised in 1633, and is now called the Royal Scots. In the scheme of LORD CARDWELL, for making the Militia the Reserve to the Line, it was proposed to attach the 1st Royal Tower Hamlets to the 1st Royal Scots. Had this plan been carried out, the distinguished Militia Regiment in question would doubtless have assumed the titles and uniform of the Royal King's Own Shoreditch Highlanders. The Coldstream Guards and the 3rd Buffs are the next senior regiments to the Royal Scots—they were raised in 1660. The Royal Horse Guards (Blue) in 1661. Their founder, the EARL OF OXFORD, was a nobleman fond of solitude and gloom. Hence, when a gentleman of military appearance seemed to be in low spirits, it was immediately reported that "he was in the Blues." It is amusing to notice how long-lived are regimental customs. Only the other day the officers of the Royal Horse Guards, true to the traditions of their glorious corps, actually attended a fancy dress ball, at Marlborough House, in the costume of Puritans! It is gratifying to hear, however, that they kept up the character they had assumed with as much credit to their heads as to their hearts. The 100th Canadian Regiment was added to the Establishment in 1858, and, in 1861 (just two hundred years after the raising of the Coldstreams and the Buffs), the 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, and 109th Regiments completed the muster roll of the British Army of modern days. And now, having told you, my dear Officers and Gentlemen, how the British Army arose, in my next section I shall have something to say about the duty one soldier owes to another. I shall attempt to prove that, though the haughty General may have no head, the humblest of our privates may yet have a heart full of the noblest thoughts and (to finish off the sentence neatly) the very highest of human aspirations.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION I.

Ensign Eugene. Please, Mr. Punch, what are the highest aspirations of the British private?

Mr. Punch. My dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, the highest aspirations of the British private are said to be (by the best authorities) for more food, stronger beer, and less sentry duty.

Colonel Charles. Surely, Mr. Punch, you do not allude to the Militia. I can assure you, my dear Sir, at mess every evening, during the training, the most popular toast after that of Her Majesty the QUEEN is "Wild Wars and Speedy Promotion." The Assistant-Surgeon of the Regiment almost cries with emotion when he proposes it.

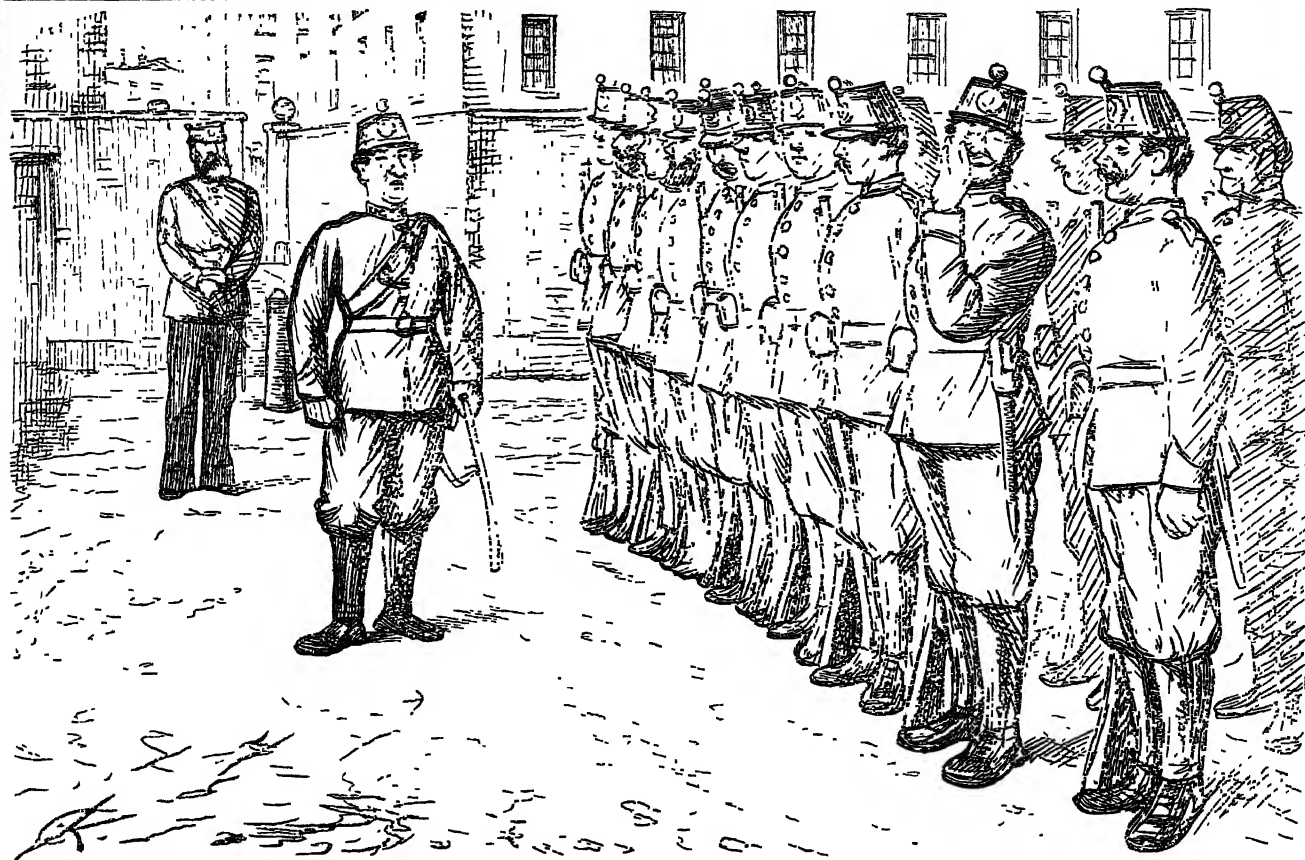
Mr. Punch. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, I feel that in your hands Herne Bay is safe, and Putney need never fear an invasion! But, before I commence my lectures, will you, all of you, tell me why you entered the British Army? Come, my dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., why did you join?

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geegee, K.C.B. Because little SIR FRANK was a good boy. His Mamma told him to join a Hussar Regiment when he was thirteen, and he has been doing what he has been bid ever since. He has gone up and up and up in the British Army list, until now he goes to reviews like a good boy, in top-boots, a cocked hat, spectacles, and a respirator.

Mr. Punch. Dear little fellow! And you, COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, why did you rush to defend your country?

Colonel Charles. Because, Sir, I felt that my country needed defending. Because, Sir, I felt that, unless I put on a blue patrol jacket twenty-seven days out of every three hundred and sixty-five, England would sink to rise no more, and the waves would have to advertise for a new directress!

Mr. Punch. Admirably answered! And you, ENSIGN



OUR RESERVES.

Captain Deronda (of the Volunteers). "BY YOUR LEFT—CLOSE!"

Comic Private (aside—to his left-hand Man). "NOT TO-DAY, THANKY! 'DISPOSED O' MINE LAST WEEK TO MOSS AND ABRA'MS!"

Captain Deronda (sternly). "I HEAR TALKING IN THE RANKS THERE!"

EUGENE, of the Volunteers, why have you joined the forces of your native land?

Ensign Eugene. Because, *Mr. Punch*, I was tired of going to Fancy Dress Balls in the costume of CHARLES THE SECOND.

Mr. Punch. Your reply is ingenious, frank, and manly. And you, *LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE*, of the Grenadiers Green, why are you in the Army?

Lieutenant and Captain George. Because, *Mr. Punch*, the Army happens to be my profession. I trust you will pardon me if I ask you a question. Why are you delivering lectures upon the Army?

Mr. Punch. Because, my dear *LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE*, of the Grenadiers Green, I am a civilian, and consequently know infinitely more about military matters than soldiers to the manner born.

Lieutenant and Captain George. Sir, your logic is unanswerable. I shall be delighted to listen to you with the utmost attention and courtesy.

Field-Marshal Sir Frank. And so will dear little *SIR FRANK GEEGEE*, K.C.B. Dear little *FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE*, K.C.B., loves *Mr. Punch*, and knows what *Mr. Punch* says to him will do him O such a deal of good! Won't it, dear *Mr. Punch*?

Mr. Punch. My dear little fellow, we will see.

A TASTE OF HOME-RULE.

A MEETING of Irish patriots who proved patriotic was held the other day in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to hear *MR. O'CONNOR POWER*, M.P., deliver a lecture on Irish Wit and Humour. Accordingly, *MR. BIGGAR*, M.P., in the Chair, several letters were read from *MAJOR O'GORMAN* and other Home-Rule Members of Parliament. In the letters of *MAJOR O'GORMAN*, Irish Wit and Humour might have been expected to be strongly exemplified, but apparently were not, for nobody laughed, but only "there was a good deal of whistling and shouting." *MR. POWER*, having then been asked by a Gentleman on the platform whether he held the views of *WOLFE TONE* and *EMMETT* as to Home-Rule for Ireland, was greeted on rising with prolonged shouts and hisses, on

the subsidence of which he answered he was there not to lecture on Home-Rule, but on Irish Wit and Humour. His hearers did not want to be taught what Irish Wit and Irish Humour were. They soon let him know that they knew.

"A signal was then apparently given from some of the men who had got upon the platform, and in response to it a free fight ensued between the two hostile factions composing the meeting. Some of the audience, it is said, had come armed with sticks and other missiles, which they freely used as weapons. Chairs were thrown about the platform, broken up, and used in the fight. For some time there was a general scrimmage throughout the Hall."

These were practical illustrations, and striking instances, of Irish Wit and Humour. But the best hit of them all remains to be told:—

"*MR. BIGGAR* remained in the Chair, and in the course of the fight he was struck on the head with some missile, and sustained a scalp wound from which he bled profusely. He vacated the Chair after receiving the blow, and was taken from the Hall to the door, towards which there was an immediate rush, and a scene of wild and indescribable confusion arose."

The blow which broke *MR. BIGGAR*'s head appears to have been nearly as effective a stroke of Irish Wit and Humour as he could have received. Somebody had him there. A head laid open is a splendid example of cutting Irish satire. He must have felt it.

These witty and humorous proceedings having ended, the results of them were found to be that—

"About three or four hundred chairs were smashed; the forms were heaped up in every direction, and a slight injury was done to the organ and parts of the building."

MR. POWER made a great mistake in representing Irish Wit and Humour and Irish Home-Rule as different things. The Home-Rulers quickly showed him they were all one. Home-Rule is manifestly nothing else than an Irish joke, expressing itself in home thrusts and home blows. But Irish jokes break bones—when the jokers hit hard enough. Theirs are the sort of jokes to make you scream, if you are duly sensitive; instead of only making you split your sides, they split your sides for you. The only objection to these sallies of Irish Wit and Humour is, that there is too much reason to fear they may be really the death of one.



BEWARE OF FALSE TEETH WITH GUTTA-PERCHA FIXINGS.

Master Alec (who is fond of Dogs). "THERE'S NO MISTAKE ABOUT YOUR BEING THOROUGH-BRED, MAJOR BUMBLEBEE!"

Major Bumblebee (not displeased). "AND HOW DID YOU FIND THAT OUT, MY BOY!"

Master Alec. "WHY, 'CAUSE YOU 'VE GOT A BLACK ROOF TO YOUR MOUTH!"

THE GREAT PIANO-PLAGUE.

KIND MR. PUNCH,

To please my wife and family, I am staying by the shore of the much-resounding sea. To please myself, I have selected what I thought a quiet watering-place, unmolested by excursionists, and remote both from the snobbish and the fashionable world. Here I fondly hoped to lead a quiet life, and to bask at leisure on the pebbly beach, undisturbed by bothering boatmen, or by black-faced banjoed bawlers, or by blatant German bands.

But though Shingleton is quieter than Starborough or Sheepsgate, I cannot say my life here is as tranquil as I hoped. I happen to be gifted with a good ear for music, and I suffer aural martyrdom by reason of the gift. I mention it as "a" good ear, for that phrase is usual; but the fact is, I have two good ears, neither one deaf. Were I for musical appreciation gifted with but one, I might stuff it well with cotton, and spare myself the torture to which I am exposed.

Pity, pray, the sorrows of an ill-starred man. From the moment when I wake, to midnight at the very least, pianos to right of me, pianos to left of me, pianos in front of me, jingle and jangle. Graphic as it may be, even this description falls short of the truth; for a pianist is playing underneath me while I write. When I engaged my lodgings, or "apartments," as she calls them, my landlady informed me, and with perfect accuracy, that there wasn't such a thing as a piano in the house. Tempted by this statement. I took her first-floor and two upper bedrooms for a month, and made no special bargain as to boot-cleaning and cruetts, which, with half-a-score more extras, have since proved rather costly additions to her bill. The ground-floor then was vacant, but, unluckily, was let the day after we came, and the next day a piano, upon hire, was introduced.

THE STATUS QUO.

MONTAGU and MAUD have quarrelled about MAUD's Cousin. The engagement is broken off. The letters and presents have been returned (by Parcels Delivery), and MAUD and MONTAGU have gone back to the *Status Quo*.

The BANKHOUSES have returned from the Sea-side to Camberwell. BANKHOUSE leaves home for the City in the morning with his usual punctuality. MRS. BANKHOUSE gives her orders and goes shopping with all her old regularity. The children and MISS DRILHAM have begun lessons again. So the *Status Quo* is resumed at 28 ("The Cheviots"), Cromwell Villas, Camberwell Grove.

TOPSELL, his wife, seven sons and daughters, and upper and under nurse, are at Baymouth. The weather is bad, the lodgings are uncomfortable, everything is dear, the children scream when they are bathed, the boys are always getting into scrapes, the girls flirt, and MRS. TOPSELL has taken a violent cold. TOPSELL sighs for the *Status Quo*, but he has yet three weeks of life at Baymouth before him ere he can enjoy home comforts at Surbiton again.

CAPTAIN and MRS. BEESWING, having gone through the Divorce Court, have receded to the *Status Quo*.

The holidays are over, the boys have gone back to school, and many happy households, tranquillity being restored, are rejoicing that the *Status Quo* will not be disturbed again till Christmas.

The REVEREND HENRY CHILLINGWELL, having returned to the family living from Norway, the Curate, who has been preaching twice every Sunday with flattering success, sees nothing before him but the old *Status Quo*.

A large number of tradesmen would like the *Status Quo* restored as it was prior to the establishment of the "Stores."

The Leader-elect of the House of Commons hopes it may continue the *Status Quo* which existed before MR. DISRAELI accepted an Earl's coronet.

The houses built for lodgings have uncommonly thin walls, and a piano in the parlour is heard well-nigh to the roof. Besides, the walls of modern dwellings are barely a brick thick; and a piano which is played at No. 5, Marine Parade, vibrates most unmercifully through Nos. 4 and 6. To these facts add the further one, that most young Ladies now-a-days can sing as well as play; and when I say "as well" I really mean "as ill." Moreover, at the sea-side they generally practise with the window open, and, having little else to do except to bathe and read a novel, they invariably practise some thirteen hours a day.

A heavy tax upon Pianos, to be doubled at all watering-places, might somewhat abate the nuisance, which grows each year worse and worse. Persons guilty of the misdemeanor of playing with the window open, should be indictable for wilful breaches of the peace. I am not by my nature of a revengeful temperament, but I own I feel inclined to punish with severity these feminine offenders, no matter how penitent or how pretty they may be.

In the hope that the Exchequer may be speedily enriched by the tax above suggested, I crave your leave to call myself

Yours,
A MAN WITH TWO GOOD EARS.

The Wrong County.

Not Buckinghamshire, but Lincolnshire ought to have enjoyed the distinction of giving the PRIME MINISTER a territorial title. In Lincolnshire there is a place called "Coningsby." MR. DISRAELI, as EARL OF CONINGSBY, would have been endeared to every reader of his sparkling novels.

MUSIC AT THE SULTAN'S INVESTITURE.—"Voici le Sabre."

CANZONET TO CORRESPONDENTS.



ING TO the piles of
verse and prose
The Postman daily
brings.
Punch can't pre-
serve, and there-
fore throws
Away rejected
things.

Turn up, he sends them all to burn;
None such can he restore.
Dear friends, they quit you to return—
As Youth returns—no more!

EXEMPLARY INTOLERANCE.

IN a Circular issued by the Spanish Cabinet, Europe is told that the Constitution establishes Religious Tolerance in the interior of places of worship and cemeteries, but formally interdicts all public manifestations of heterodoxy, and that:—

"The Government considers notices placarded on places outside the Church announcing the hours of service to be public manifestations, and interdicts them in consequence."

Suppose this notification, *mutatis mutandis*, that is, the places of worship which it relates to being Roman Catholic instead of Protestant, had been issued by PRINCE BISMARCK. What invectives would have been hurled from the Vatican at the head of the persecutor, with what unmeasured abuse he would have been everywhere denounced by the Roman Catholic Press, and how strongly he would have been censured in England even by the organs of Protestant Liberal opinion! The Ultramontanes may thank the Spanish Ministry for setting the Prussian Government, and every other, a very bad example of bigotry, which may be imitated to the vexation of the faithful.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

HERE is a precious little piece of kitchen stuff:—

AS PROFESSED COOK AND HOUSEKEEPER. Wages £40.
Unexceptionable character. A private (not professional) family preferred.

That a Cook should state her preference to serve a private family is a fact that well may exercise the meditative mind. The condition of the labour market may be clearly guessed therefrom; and the opinion may be formed that the supply of Cooks at present hardly equals the demand. The parenthesis may likewise incite some further thought. Why should a Cook restrict her preference in this way, and object to serve a dinner for a Doctor or a Lawyer, or any one whose income is professionally earned? We have smoked three cigarettes in deep reflection on the matter, and confess ourselves incompetent to solve the weighty point. If the precedent be followed, we may hear of Housemaids advertising that they have a

preference to serve in titled families; and Scullerymaids, in want of situations, may announce, with all the emphasis of italics or big print, that "*Nobody connected with the City need apply.*"

TERRA TO THOMSON.

(A Protest from a Perturbed Planet. Received in "Reason's ear," and Reported by the Owner of that Ear—Mr. Punch.)

"SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, working from a solution of FOURIER's, found that one hundred millions of years have elapsed since the earth grew cool enough for animal existence."—*Daily Telegraph* on SIR WILLIAM THOMSON's Opening Address to the "Physical Section" of the British Association at Glasgow.

Terra. Only one hundred million years? Pooh, pooh!

THOMSON would make me a mere *parvenu*!

Luna. And me a mushroom orb. What next, I wonder?

Won't TYNDALL's lot be down on him like thunder?

One hundred million years! The merest speck

In Evolution's sweep.

Terra.

How little reck

These fumblers of a Planet's family feelings!

They blurt out all their blundering revealings

About our antecedents—nothing shirk:

I wish we had a sort of heavenly BURKE

To put things right. And yet, for all their pother,

The mannikins quite contradict each other.

Cosmical theories?—Emmets next, no doubt,

Will call their ant-hill doctrines so.

Luna.

You flout

The pismires righteously. I have my fears

The fools may set us Planets by the ears.

Terra.

"Us Planets"? I like that. A satellite

Like you, with Planets does not rank. Not quite!

Luna.

Beg pardon! But, by Jupiter—

Terra.

Oh blow it!

Size is not everything!

Luna.

Nor shape—I know it,—

Or you and I might wish we could take pattern

From that most stuck-up of the Spheres, smart Saturn,

So vain of his big ring!

Terra.

I'd just as soon

Possess my single solitary Moon.

I'm sure she's very lovely, if she's lonely.

Luna.

Thanks, Terra!

Terra.

But one hundred millions only!

SIR WILLIAM might have spared that incivility.

Next he'll be taxing Sol with juvenility.

There's not a sphere that won't be shocked.

Luna.

I think the notion may be "nuts" to Venus.

Terra.

A giddy-pated creature! Strange obliquity!—

She never could appreciate antiquity.

But after all the time allowed by TYNDALL,

For my inhabitable age to dwindle

To such a point! 'Tis quite too disappointing!

His cosmical hypothesis so disjuncting

That Orthodoxy will be loudly crowing

To find pert Science "hedging." Why, for growing

From Mollusc into Man the time's a trifle.

DARWIN with righteous wrath must surely stifle.

To fit my surface—not for Salamanders,

But say for Adams or for Alexanders,

Look—

Luna.

Do not be too definite, dear friend.

Vagueness gives Vastness; Vistas without end

May stretch where the perspective ends in mist,

Or "boundless blue." The evolutionist

Will see you righted.

Terra.

Why, to bridge the chasm

Between himself and primitive protoplasm,

With such a tiny, trivial strip of time—

One hundred million years!—the thing's a crime

That Chronos should resent. The Great Edacious

Himself can't swallow at *that* rate. Good gracious!

THOMSON's a sump!

Luna.

Whate'er, dear Mother Earth,

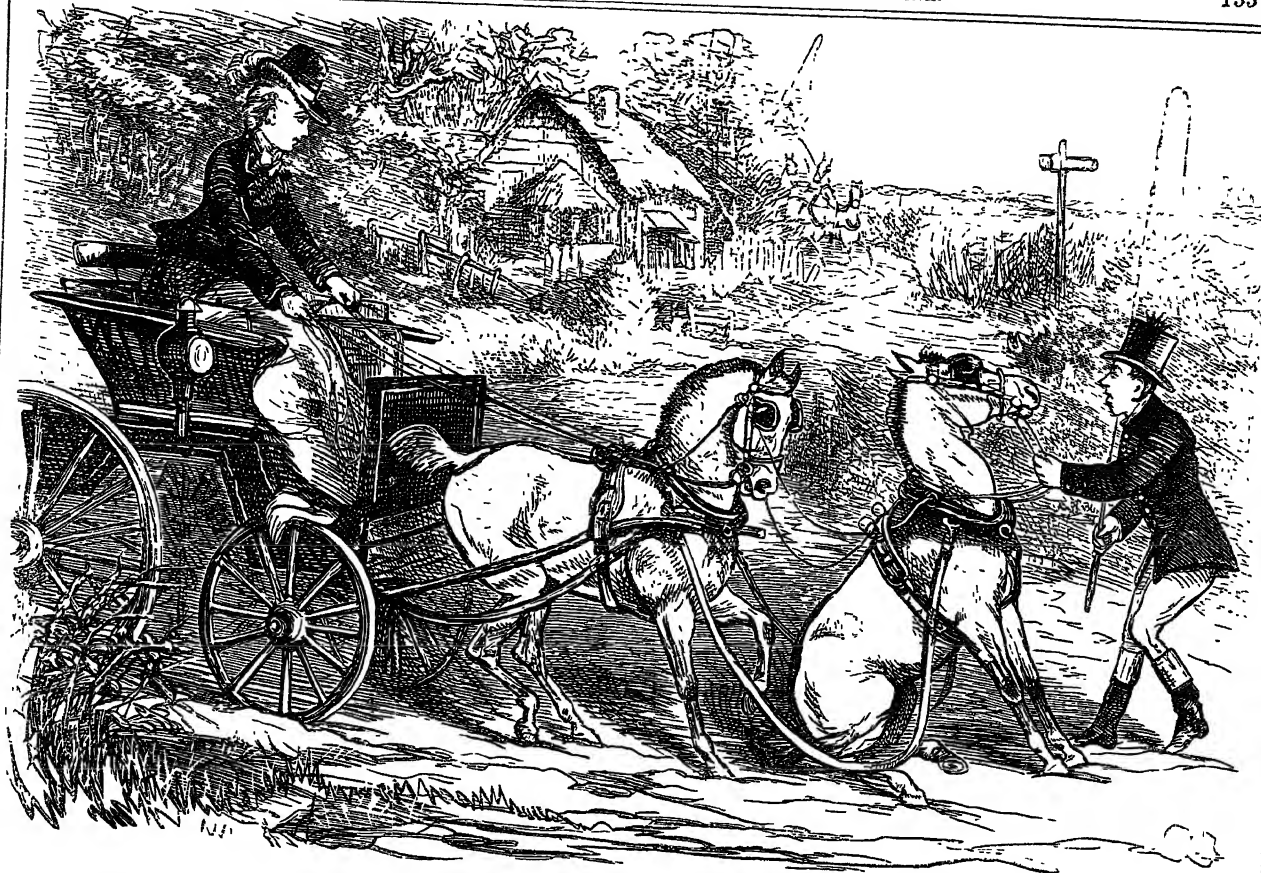
The "Molten-Centre Theory" may be worth,

SIR WILLIAM soon will find—sense might have told him!—

The world of Science quite too hot to hold him!

SPIRITUALISM AND CRICKET.

"DR." SLADE, from America, Professor of Spirit Writing, and Test Medium, playing the Slate Trick, caught out, after a short innings, by DR. LANKESTER.



DRIVING LADIES.—EXTREME MEASURES.

"If you can't whip him up, you must lift him up, CHARLES!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(The Winter Theatrical Season commences. He pays a flying visit to the Queen's, and briefly reports thereon.)

SIR,

BEFORE quitting England, you, at a most affecting parting, strictly enjoined me to represent yourself whenever and wherever SHAKESPEARE might be "revived." You, then and there, gave me a standing order ("not admitted after seven"), which I promised scrupulously to obey.

Hearing then of MR. JOHN COLEMAN, how

JOHN COLEMAN, of the Provinces, by the Nine Muses swore That York and Leeds and somewhere else should see his face no more, until he had produced SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry the Fifth* in London, at the Queen's Theatre, I determined to be in my place on the first opportunity. which, I regret to say, was not on the *première* of the grand revival.

Whatever may be the result of the present speculation at the Queen's, everyone, interested in the prosperity of the English stage, must wish success to the enterprising Manager from the North, who has heard mysterious voices in the air crying, "York, you're wanted!" and, in obedience to the mystic summons, has come up to make essay of the Metropolis. And, no doubt, MR. JOHN COLEMAN—our old King COLEMAN, a jolly old soul man, and a jolly old soul is he—has effected much that is worthy of great praise, and, where he has failed, he is to be credited with the best intentions—a fruitful source of failure, by the way,—and sympathised with as not having achieved his own ideal success.

It is bad, for example, to have to start with such an apology as catches the eye on the first sheet of his elaborate (and exorcisingly sneezingly scented) programme, i.e., "NOTICE. As many of the 'set' scenes are of great magnitude, especially the 'Interior of Westminster Abbey,' public indulgence is requested for such delays between the Acts as may be necessary during the first week of this production."—Yes, but surely another two weeks' rehearsal would have rendered these delays unnecessary, and, despite their expense, would have, in the end, been a genuine economy.

Again, more rehearsal would have done some good to the invisible orchestra. As it is, the band plays out of sight, and out of—a good deal else. Then the men whose duty it is to manage the curtains, should be rehearsed at their work every day. The directions given "behind the scenes" should be toned into a lower key (difficult, perhaps, where crowds have to be dealt with); and were a pair of "tormentors" (as the sort of screens are called which conceal the space between the proscenium and the first wings) added, the effect for those of the audience who are seated at the sides and in the front row of the stalls would be materially enhanced. I confess the illusion of a Knights-in-armour battle-scene is destroyed, as far as I am personally concerned, when I catch sight of energetic people in the hats and coats of eighteen hundred and seventy-six suddenly coming into sight at the wings.

One mistake to my thinking is the retention of the *Chorus*, a part fairly declaimed by MISS LEIGHTON. The *Chorus* is an apology for the absence, in the time of the Divine WILLIAMS, of those very effects which it is one chief aim of this revival to place before the public. Nowadays the occupation this *Chorus* appears to have gone.

Time, Sir, will not permit me to review at length this revival, which begins at seven (confound it!—why won't you let us dine comfortably, MR. COLEMAN?) with the Jerusalem Chamber and MR. PHELPS, and ends at eleven, or thereabouts. By the way, why, in the bill, are *Nym*, *Bardolph*, and *Pistol* described as "Irregular Humorists"? I think it a capital name, and should like to adopt it myself; but how are these three "Irregular Humorists"? MR. MEAD, who plays *Pistol*, is a regular humorist.

The play-bill consists of eight pages, rather formidable. All the available talent finds herein a local habitation and a name. This swells the list with the rank and file. Allow me to offer a suggestion. A French Lord—LORD BOUQUAULT—is mentioned in the play, and is put down in the cast. Well, as MR. COLEMAN has been going in for descriptions, as for example, "The Irregular Humorists," why not give the foreign nobleman the benefit of the doubt, thus, LORD BOUQUAULT (probably ancestor of the present eminent Irish Dramatist and Femina-Liberator, MR. DION BOUQUAULT)—which would be interesting to others besides the mere antiquarian.

I hope to pay the Queen's another visit when everything will be in

working order. At present, suffice it to record the fact of the revival, to draw the attention of the public to what is called "a step in the right direction," and to sign myself now, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—*A propos* of the topic of the day, what a row some foreign Gladstone—perhaps then a monk of the Savonarola type—would have made about the "English Atrocities" in France, *à propos* of HENRY's sanguinary command—

"Every soldier kill his prisoners:
Give the word through."

Why even our chiefs out-bashi-bazouk'd the Bashi-Bazouks in those old days when the cry was "St. George for Merrie England!"

Richard the Third at Drury Lane (GIBBER *versus* COLEMAN), and the winter theatrical season commencing. Like a bird, Sir, will be in three places at once, including the theatre where *Silas Druce alias Daniel Marner* or *The Black-weaver-smith* is being performed. I hear great things of CARL ROSA's Opera troupe at the Lyceum. But more anon from your own "Irregular Humorist." I thank thee, KING COLEMAN, for teaching me that word.

SHIPTON AND SLUDGE.

How long will Justice, blinder than ever, continue to prosecute poor old MOTHER SHIPTON for telling sixpenny fortunes to maid servants, and allow charlatans of the "Medium" type to be treated as magicians by feeble scientists, and their illusions to be discussed as positive phenomena by little intelligences?

To the lock-up with old MOTHER SHIPTON! She has no Lecturers on Anatomy, no Professors of Psychological Economy, to speak, protest, or lecture, in her favour. To gaol with her! She has made a servant-girl happy for an hour for the small sum of sixpence!

Nothing can be too bad for her when we think of the superstitious ideas such conduct may engender in the lower classes.

But SLUDGE, who is a Doctor—a genuine one, or he would not use the prefix—is not to be treated otherwise than as the respected and admired exponent of a science yet in its infancy. He takes his fee as other Doctors do. He resides in well-furnished apartments, and it is quite impossible that a man of his attainments (is he not the chosen associate of angels?) should dream of fraud or imposture?

You purblind petty Professors, who have paid your guineas and wasted time which might have been profitably employed in your own pursuits, are you not—confess it—the veriest babies in almost everything which does not immediately concern the science you have studied and followed since you left school?

Can any one of you imitate Mr. Punch's Roo-too-too-it, or make a shilling vanish from one hand to the other, or force a card, or explain any one of the thousand and odd tricks performed by a common conjurer?

You fools too! Because a medium is called Doctor, and is recommended by some celebrities who may sooner or later end their investigations in Colney Hatch or a Private Establishment, you accept his theories at once! Because, forsooth, you cannot understand how he does it, you swallow his trick as, so to speak, a canard, bones, feathers, and all, and swear it is a Phoenix sent from Heaven.

Punch knows it is useless to argue with enthusiasts, but he asks, if witchcraft is to be treated as an imposition, whether obtaining money under false pretences in the drawing-room is not as punishable as doing so at the area, and whether Magistrates ought any more to tolerate impostors extracting guineas from well-to-do simpletons for communications from the dead, than they allow MOTHER SHIPTON to swindle scullerymaids out of their small earnings in return for a promise of a rich husband and a coach-and-six?

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION II.—OF THE DUTY OF THE OFFICER TO HIMSELF.



WHEN Mr. Punch appeared to give his promised lecture, his four military friends hastened to greet him. His pupils appeared in different costumes. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, wore his silver-laced overalls and levée vest. ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, on the contrary, appeared in a motley uniform, composed of a regimental tunic, a pair of fancy tweed trousers, and a straw hat. LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, was satisfied to appear

in a black suit of evening costume. FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., wore his respirator and decorations. The dear little man was seated in a perambulator.

"My good boys," said Mr. Punch, "before I commence my lecture, will you kindly tell me why you have selected the uniforms in which you have been good enough to appear?"

COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was the first to answer. He replied, with a slight blush, "It has occurred to me, Mr. Punch, since we held our last conversation, that it would be possible to mistake me for a civilian did I not make the very most of my uniform."

"This is the regulation shooting dress at Wimbledon," proudly responded ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers.

"We wear *muffs* at mess, to distinguish us from the Army," drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green.

Mr. Punch turned to FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., and was horrified to find that the poor little fellow had cut his fingers with his sword.

"My poor, sweet little man!" cried Mr. Punch, compassionately, "how did you manage to draw that dangerous weapon?"

"Little SIR FRANK doesn't know!" sobbed the venerable innocent. "Little SIR FRANK only drew his sword once before; and then he was a naughty subaltern, and got fined a dozen of champagne because he did it in the ante-room. Little SIR FRANK will be a good boy, and won't do it again."

Sticking-plaister was produced, and peace restored; and then Mr. Punch commenced his lecture:—

Part I. The Commanding Officer and his Subordinates.—The first duty of the Officer is obedience to his superiors; the second is to maintain discipline amongst his inferiors. According to the Queen's Regulations (Sect. 7), he should "not only enforce by command, but should also encourage by example, the energetic discharge of duty, and the steady endurance of the difficulties and privations which are inseparable from military service."

Thus, a Commanding Officer, when a Sub-Lieutenant is sent to join his regiment, should seize as many opportunities as possible to attract the attention of his subordinate. When he sees his recruit coming, he should immediately commence practising the goose-step with perseverance. It will be as well for him to appear to fall once or twice in the attempt to perform this elementary, but difficult, manoeuvre, so that the recruit may be encouraged to make the necessary efforts to master the subject. At other times it will be as well if the recruit finds his Commanding Officer hard at work studying the Field Exercises, Part I.

By these and like means a Colonel of ordinary ability will soon be able to accustom his Officers to steadily endure "the difficulties and privations which are inseparable from military service."

As one of his duties is to maintain "a proper system of economy," he should encourage the Mess Committee to order the cheapest wine. He should accustom himself to making the following observations in a hearty tone of voice: "Really, this Cape sherry is excellent!" "I have never tasted a better glass of champagne, at twenty-four shillings a dozen, in my life!" "On my word, this glass of ginger-wine is far more wholesome than the most expensive port!" Should it be necessary, he will always be able to procure the proper antidotes from the Surgeon attached to his Regiment. In conclusion, the Colonel should recollect that he is regarded by the Authorities at Pall Mall as the father of his Regiment, and as a father who is expected to educate and maintain his children at the very smallest possible expense to the general public.

Part II. The Inferior Officers and their Commander.—As it is the duty of the Colonel to regard his Officers as his children, so, in like manner, is it the duty of the Inferior Officers to look upon their Commanding Officer as their parent. The Majors should never perform the smallest duty without consulting their chief. When engaged in battalion drill, they should invariably ask their Colonel to explain his orders, and the way to obey them, before they are issued to the Regiment. The observance of this rule will generally save a great deal of confusion and a constant reference to the Red Book. As it will be the duty of the senior Major to ride side by side with the Colonel at the head of the column on the line of march, he should invariably store his mind with a choice collection of good stories and witticisms with which to amuse his superior Officer when the toils of the day are over. As, on these occasions, they will be riding immediately in rear of the band, it will be as well if he provides himself with a speaking-trumpet. Thus armed, even the smallest pun should have its due effect.

The Company Officers should have the fullest confidence in their superior, and should do nothing without his knowledge. Thus, as the proper management of practical joking is left, by the Queen's Regulations, in the Colonel's hands, Officers should invariably make their Commanding Officer the hero of their frolics. They should never "raise funds through the agency of money-lenders and bill-discounters" without asking their Colonel to lend the influence of his name to the financial transaction. As their Colonel is directed "to discontinue any disposition in his Officers to gamble," they should invariably decline to join him in a game of whist at stakes higher than "five points and a pony on the rub."

By these means the Commanding Officer and his colleagues in command may live on the terms of a very happy family.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION II.



Ensign Eugene. Please, *Mr. Punch*, can you tell me who the Commanding Officer of a Regiment is?

Mr. Punch. My dear *ENSIGN EUGENE*, I am very pleased to find that you are already beginning to take an interest in military matters of importance. However, as your question is one of an elementary character, I will ask your brother Officers to answer it for you. Now, my dear little *FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B.*, can you tell me anything about a Commanding Officer?

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geegee, K.C.B. Dear little *SIR FRANK* is a Colonel himself. He was gazetted a Colonel, and was told he might wear a pretty uniform, and draw a nice little salary. Some day, dear little *SIR FRANK*, if he lives to be a very, very old man, may see his Regiment. Won't that be nice?

Mr. Punch. My sweet little man, I recollect the Regiment of which you are nominally in command, is now serving in India. And now, *LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE*, of the Grenadiers Green, who do you say is the Commanding Officer of a Regiment?

Lieutenant and Captain George. Off parade, the man who keeps the regimental drag on the Sergeant-Major.

Mr. Punch. Do you know, my dear *COLONEL CHARLES*, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia?

Colonel Charles. In our Service, Sir, the battalion is usually commanded by the Adjutant.

Mr. Punch. So I have heard: and a very grave mistake, too. The Adjutant's duties should find him better employment. A Captain has no right to assume field rank. Now, you have heard the hints thrown out by your brother Officers, my dear *ENSIGN EUGENE*, of the Volunteers. Perhaps you may be yet able to answer your own question for yourself.

Ensign Eugene. I suppose the Colonel should command his own Regiment.

Mr. Punch. Theoretically, quite right, my dear *Ensign*; but, as a matter of fact, the Regiment is generally commanded by the Colonel's wife!

BRITISH INTERESTS—AND PRINCIPLES.

"Unquestionably there is a large party, a large portion of Her Majesty's subjects whose thoughts and sentiments are attracted by other things than the maintenance of the permanent interests of this country, or the maintenance of peace. . . . The country, in some of its exhibitions of feeling, has completely out-Heroded the most extravagant conceptions."—*The EARL OF BEACONSFIELD at Aylesbury.*

BULL to BEACONSFIELD.

BRITISH INTERESTS, BEN? Precisely so,

Bound to look to them, I quite agree;

But must say that I should like to know

What your present views of them may be.

Mine have changed, I own it. Summons sharp

Set me thinking; the result you've seen.

'Tisn't now the time to sneer and carp,

Best speak out, BEN; tell us *what* you mean.

British Interests, BEN? Are they bound up

With cool minimising of such work

As has made us all on horrors sup?

Tied to toleration of the Turk?

Can't quite see it, BEN; but if they be,

British hearts must sicken so to find them;

And the only question left to me

Is—how best and soonest to *unbind* them!

British Interests, BEN? They may be bought

At a price I'm not prepared to pay.

Fight for them I would, as I have fought,

Though I'd rather keep from further fray.

But between the Sword and Shame, you see

There is never need of pause for choice.

Better battle than complicity

With foul foes of *freedom*! That's *my* voice!

British Interests? Some have vented bosh—

Cold as well as hot—I'd fain shun spasm.

"Sinister?" No, BEN, that taunt won't wash.

Don't claim *kudos* for "enthusiasm."

But Batak! Can't well "out-Herod" that!

Keep cool head by all means, step with care;

But I won't have part or lot—that's flat!

With the brutes who played the Herod *there*.

British Interests? Long we've backed the Turk

Selfishly, or prudently, no matter!

But one fixed resolve you'll find to lurk

Under all this multitudinous clatter.

JOHN declines any longer to lend his name

To the Eastern Moloch of Misrule,

Will not bear his burden, share his shame.

Send *that* ultimatum to Stamboul!

British Interests? Don't desire to play

Into hands of "sinister" intrigue,

Cynic despot on the scent for prey,

Party wire-puller, or secret League.

Tricked by Russ or shamed by Turk? Faith, no!

Either part to play I'm vastly loth.

Sevlla or Charybdis choose? Not so!

Want a steersman who'll keep clear of *both*.

British Interests? *BEACONSFIELD*, my friend,

There's your chart, your compass. Can you steer?

Chilly reticence 'tis time to end,

Storm may reach e'en your "serener sphere."

This "commanding sentiment" claims. Are you

Apt to heed that Sentiment's commands?

If so, say so. If not, say so, too,

And—the tiller goes to other hands.



FACT AND FICTION;
OR, Y^e BONNY FISHWIVES OF SCARBOROUGH AND THEIR IMITATORS.

MIRACLE AND NO MISTAKE.

SOLON and SOLOMON, smoking.

Solon. Curious, the appearance of PROFESSOR LANKESTER'S exposure of DR. SLADE, and of MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S defence of the Lourdes miracles in the same page of the *Times*.

Solomon. Spiritualism at London and Spiritualism at Lourdes.

Solon. Spiritualism and Spiritualism. Both alike humbug.

Solomon. Not so. No wilful humbug, probably, in the Lourdes Spiritualism. The Spiritualism in London not all humbug prepense. Healing fountain of course incapable of humbug. Healing Medium probably very capable. But possibly an enthusiastic self-humbug only. Believers in both fountain and medium alike healed, however, humbug notwithstanding—healed through faith, by the action of mind working on body. Read DR. CARPENTER'S *Mental Physiology*.

Solon. That's how you explain MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S miracles, then?

Solomon. Oh dear, no! Goodness gracious forbid I should say they may not perhaps be real miracles.

Solon. You don't mean to say you believe in modern miracles? What do you mean by a miracle?

Solomon. A fact, impossible in the nature of things, but still a fact, and therefore of necessity a fact effected by supernatural agency. Such a fact I believe to be a miracle—*credo quia impossibile est*. A natural impossibility—not a supernatural one.

Solon. Do you know of any such possible impossibility?

Solomon. No; but I have read of one—the cure of one MICHAEL PELLICER, cited by a late Bishop of MONSIGNOR CAPEL's cloth, as having occurred at Saragossa in 1640.

Solon. As how?

Solomon. MICHAEL PELLICER lost a leg by amputation. He prayed for a new leg, and got one—an actual, *bona fide*, new live leg, according to the renowned BISHOP MILNER.

Solon. Stupendous, if true.

Solomon. A miracle is a miracle. All miracles are equally stupendous. No one miracle is more wonderful than another. All, equally impossible, are equally possible. Perhaps MONSIGNOR CAPEL can pattern the cure of MICHAEL PELLICER. He will do so to the

satisfaction of all reasonable beings by producing from Lourdes, La Salette, Loretto, or anywhere else, so much as even the restoration of the last joint of a little finger. If any Monsignor, or other philosopher, is really prepared to quote such a case of the miraculous, perhaps he will be so kind as to forward it to 85, Fleet Street.

Solon. Where it will eclipse even all the marvels of art and literature in the shop-window, and to be had, a whole number of them, at the small charge of threepence over the counter.

PARISIAN INTELLIGENCE.

LADIES, pray give your attention for a moment to the following:—

"The Titus mode of dressing the hair in short curls, adopted by several of the leaders of Paris fashion, marks the commencement of a reaction which will probably be complete ere long. Intelligent ladies now incline to return to the use of natural hair; and this determination has been induced by considerations of health which have an unquestionable value."

Here, indeed, is intelligence, in either meaning of the word. That Ladies should resolve to wear their own Hair only—that which really is their own by nature, not by purchase—may clearly be accepted as a proof of their intelligence, and, moreover, is a startling and a pleasant piece of news. In far too many cases the Hair which they display is in relatively inverse proportion to their brains. Ladies who are gifted with but little in their heads are generally conspicuous for what is worn upon them. They bestow more cultivation on the outside than the inside, and bonnets are esteemed of more account than brains.

Since False Hair has been discarded for sanitary reasons, perhaps we may soon hear that other fashionable errors have been sensibly corrected for the same sufficient cause. There can be little question that, if Ladies of intelligence were allowed to set the fashion, many changes would be made in feminine costume. The wearing of low dresses would be speedily abolished, and girls might go to balls and theatres without fear of a sore throat. No longer Ladies would be lamed by the torture of high heels, nor would they catch their deaths from damp by wearing shoes with wafer soles. A wasp waist would be viewed not as a beauty but a horrible deformity, and tight-lacing be discarded as a certain cause of suffering, ill-temper, and ill-health.



A CALL FOR THE MANAGER.

MR. PUNCH. "THE HOUSE IS IN AN UPROAR. SOMEBODY MUST GO ON. IT'S GETTING SERIOUS!"
LORD BEAC-NSF-LD. "ALL RIGHT, MR. P. I'LL SAY WHAT I CAN TO QUIET THEM."



GENTILITY IN GREENS.

(Mrs. Brown finds Sandymouth a very different place from what she remembers it years ago!)

'Greengrocer. "CABBAGE, MUM? WE DON'T KEEP NO SECOND-CLASS VEGETABLES, MUM. YOU'LL GET IT AT THE LOWER END O' THE TOWN!"

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

From Rathdrum—By Car—A Cheerful Party—Dubious Phrase—What I Expected—What I Didn't See—Notes—Something about Wakes—An Offer—The Lamb—The Brothers—Sentiment—Probabilities—Clara and Lara—Romance—LORD BYRON—Morning Air—Glendalough—The Seven Churches—Psychological Inquiries—Notes—Songs—Idea for one—An Appeal—A Command—On the Track.

From Rathdrum.—In the early morning. Beautiful. We meet eight miners, dressed in their Sunday best apparently, walking about ten yards in front of three stalwart police officers. All laughing and talking, and taking it very leisurely. Two of the police engaged on nuts. These officers, I see, have no side-arms, only thick walking-sticks.

"It's a summons for foightin," my Driver explains. "They'll be foined eleven and sixpence, and spend double in goin' back in cars."

I express my astonishment at their being so well dressed.

"Ah," says my Carman, "they're daycent boys, but they get foightin on pay-day, and then the Pō-lis is down on them. Shure, they march to Mass on Sundays with a band playin', and they crowd the Chapel of the Seven Churches so that for last prayers ye can't move at a snail's pace along the road."

He points out to me the Brockagh Chapel,—and, leaving the car below, I mount the hill and enter it. It is a fine sized building, open all day, as are most of the "Chapels," (they call all the Catholic Churches "Chapels,"—a traditional custom, I suppose, derived from the times of the Protestant ascendancy,) fitted up with only a very few benches.

"From seven to eight hundred miners," my Carman informs me, "hear Mass here every Sunday, without reckoning farmers; and there'll be more outside than inside."

Looking upon this description as perhaps intended for a cynical double entendre, which I can take just whichever way my bias inclines me, I put the question to him straight:

"When you say 'there are more outside than inside,' do you mean that the people who don't go to mass are more than those who do?"

He is scandalised at such a turn being given to his words.

"Ah begorr no!" he cries, "that's not the way of it at all at all. The Chapel's as full as it can hold, and there's as many more again outside, so that ye see, Sorr, 'tis full inside and out."

Is this the case at home in our mining districts? Do all our miners in a body turn out for a Church parade? If they do, they must be much belied.

Note by the way. What I had been led to Expect to See I have not Seen.—I have not seen a drunken Irishman; nor a fight of any description; not even a row. I have seen, as abovementioned, eight men taken up for having been previously drunk and disorderly. I believe this also happens, occasionally, in England; and, perhaps, such a case is not absolutely unknown in our mining districts.

I have not seen anybody with the traditional long coat and cape, brandishing a shillelagh. Sorry that ancient customs should be dying out. Perhaps all the old stock has been sold to the theatres.

I have not seen a "Wake." Somebody offered to take me to one; but having been informed that "sham wakes" are got up for the benefit of a stranger (and of course for the special benefit of the performers in it), I decline with thanks.

My driver, however, makes me a genuine offer for a genuine wake. "A decent body," he says, is the widow at whose house the wake is to take place, where it appears there will be "lashins to drink all round." I can come, if I am so minded.

"But surely," I object, "on such an occasion, a stranger, a visitor, would not be welcome. And besides," I add, "I thought that only the family and the most intimate friends could be present at what, after all, is a part of the funeral."

"Ah, begorr, that's a fact, then," replied my friend; "but sure, Sorr, I'd take you meself, and ye'd go as a relation of the corpse."

Happy Thought, for being present at a Wake.—Go as a relation of the Corpse! If it were not for the hurry I'm in, and PLUMPTON AND SPRAY in the distance, I should like to appear in this new character.

Further on the road we meet, coming into Rathdrum for the market, a party which I should like to sketch, but can't. There are four good-looking, brawny peasants, marching solemnly, two in front and two in the rear, and exactly in the middle is trotting the prettiest, whitest, perkier, merriest little Lambkin I've ever seen. The Lambkin is clearly enjoying the grandeur of the ceremony. Regardless of his doom, the little victim trots. I could almost swear to the Lambkin's having winked at me in passing. O Butcher, spare that Lamb! May the garden never thrive that grows the mint that flavours the sauce to be served with that tender Lambkin!

Are the four strong, silent men overcome with grief, and struggling with emotion? Must they sell that Lamb to pay the rint? And oh, doesn't Rint rhyme with Mint! And is that little Lamb a mint in himself to those four big men, that band of brothers, tenants of one common cabin, marching in to Rathdrum Market with that pretty baby sheep decked for the sacrifice? Heavens! I thought that in Ireland it was the Pig that paid the rint? Where is the Pig, Gentlemen? Send for the Pig, if you please. Perish a dozen Pigs sooner than this angelic-faced, simple-minded Lambkin!

Stay! If I buy it, here, on the spot,—what shall I do with it? Suppose I offer to pay the rint myself. Pay the rint and spare the Lamb. What guarantee shall I have that the Lamb will be spared? They may sell him when I am gone. Or if I purchase him and take him up with me in the car, shall I not be compelled to leave him at the next Hotel? And will the Proprietor, or the Cook, be able to withstand the terrible temptation? Supposing I make them swear they won't hurt a hair of his head—I mean a lock of its wool—what can I say if, a fortnight hence, I receive this note:—

"HONOURED SIR,

"We regret to inform you that the dear little Lamb you left with us is, alas, dead. He was of a weakly constitution, and all that could be done for him was done, but to no purpose. He departed this life at seven o'clock yesterday morning, and my Cook, who had taken a great fancy to the poor dear little thing, was with it to the last. —I have, Sir, the honour, &c., to remain, &c."

Happy Thought.—Perhaps the Lamb is not going to be



HINT TO DEER-STALKERS.

FEMALE DRESS REVOLUTION.

PHILADELPHIA has been considerably enlivened by an interesting revival. The American Free Dress League, by recent accounts, has been sitting in the Quaker City. The Dress Reform, however, contemplated by this Association has no tendency to the style of the Society of Friends. It is to be a resuscitated Bloomerism. One of a string of resolutions read before the Dress Reformers, by MRS. MARY E. TILLOTSON, of Vineland, New Jersey, indicates the improved costume proposed for women as follows:—

“Resolved that such garmenture shall be of the dual form, for the legs as well as the arms, as their use and all reason indicate; that the prejudice against trousers for women is founded on ignorance and tyranny, is fostered by many vicious and sordid motives, and ought to be banished from the earth by the full sanction and fearless effort of all people.”

The Ladies who denounce the tyranny of Fashion and of Man in these strong expressions seem not to have considered that their violent language on the subject of female dress is really subversive of all petticoat government. Perhaps the motives which foster the prejudice against trousers for women may be vicious; but in what respect can they be said to be sordid? Possibly, inasmuch as one of the Dress Reformers lamented that she could not afford the garmenture of the dual form for the legs as well as the arms, because stingy men object to it as too expensive. If Ladies' milliners' bills will be exceeded by those of their tailors, the expense of the garmenture with the crural dualities will be great indeed. Dress Reform and retrenchment will by no means go together, and Ladies will be utterly unable to dress like Gentlemen on £15 a year. Until, therefore, the tenderer sex can manage to achieve their pecuniary independence of the tougher, the practicability of Dress Reform in the dual direction will become a question for the pocket of that garmenture at present remaining exclusively masculine. Woman, in fact, must work out her own emancipation, if she wishes, as some of her sisterhood in America at least, if not elsewhere, avowedly do, to wear the knickerbockers.

A GREAT EASTERN QUESTION.—How long does the Corporation of London intend to maintain the existing *status quo* of Temple Bar?

sold, after all. Only out for exercise with the brothers, who could not leave it at home. Drive on. Perhaps it is a Pet Lamb, accustomed to go about with them all over the place, like his counterpart in that noble American war-song—

“POLLY had a little Lamb
Its fleece was white as snow—
Raise, Boys, the battle-cry of Freedom!—
And everywhere that POLLY went
The Lamb was sure to go—
Shout, Boys! the battle-cry of Freedom!”

For which stanza I think the Patriot Bard ought to have been presented with the freedom of Colwell Hatchney. But, drive on! this meditating and talking to oneself is hungry work, and methinks it is “an eager and a nipping air,”—though I object to “nipping” at any time, and specially before breakfast. On, on, brave horse! Hie thee through the vale of Clara and Lara—*Tra-la-la-lara!*—(oh, the mountain air! oh, the poetic breeze!—such an infernal east wind that I’ve had my Ulster on for three days; so that—*Happy Thought.*—Here’s Ulster in Wicklow. Arrange this *jeu de mot* after breakfast; too cold now, but see my way to it)—to the Vale of the Seven Churches.

Happy Thought.—The Vale of Clara. Basis for Irish romance. Clara, the lovely girl—lover killed—rather than wed the Detested Rival Lara, she takes the veil. Hence the name. *The Veil of Clara.* As for Lara, as LORD BYRON was before me over this ground, *i.e.* “through LARA’s wide domain,” perhaps I had better not attempt it. But, stay—that Lara wasn’t this Lara. This, I fancy, is spelt Laragh. That was Count Lara, and some relation to Conrad the Corsair.

But, thank Heaven!—

Happy Thought.—Here’s the Hotel of the Seven Churches.

We are so early that nobody is up. Hello! House! What ho! Within there! How now, my masters! Marry come up—I mean marry get up—ye Lie-a-beds! Ah! there’s a bar behind the door (as there often is in a hotel even when the door’s open)—but now—the bar is down. “Who calls so loud?”

“’Tis I! ’tis I! here now I stand confest.

Landlord! behold in me your welcome guest.”

Which would be a grand opportunity for an opening chorus—if they only knew how to start it. How operatically life might go on could everybody enter into the joke, and, of course, have an ear for music.

Landlord of the Hostellerie of Glendalough, what have ye where-with to refresh your first visitor?

(*Happy Thought.*—Good character for a supernumerary in a play, “First Visitor.”)

If I am the swallow of the Summer, what is there in your larder to keep this Swallow’s pecker up? In other words, what is there for breakfast?

“Well, Sir, ye see ’tis early, but there’s some nice cold Lamb!”

No. Not Lamb this morning. When I think of that dear Lambkin—I should feel like an Ogre. Prepare me a fish from yonder lake; and, so ye have a pig, mine host, have at him, with a will! Frizzle me a rasher! Neither let me stint for eggs! Nay, Sir, I hear a cackle this instant! Look to it, for, mark me, the egg must be of the freshest. And in one hour by Shrewsbury clock will I return, after having “done” the Upper Lake, seen St. Kevin’s Kitchen, and rested on St. Kevin’s Bed. (*To the Guide.*) Come, boy, come! To the Lake! Away!

THE FEMALE CAPACITY.

At the recent Meeting of the British Association, held at Glasgow, the opening Address in the Economic Science and Statistical Department was delivered by SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, who appears to have “discussed a variety of topics, from Thriftiness to Women’s Rights,” and, “in regard to the Women’s question,” to have “suggested a scientific inquiry into their capacities.” But which of their capacities, SIR GEORGE? Their capacity for admiration, or their capacity for amusement, or their capacity for spending money, or their capacity for varied and costly attire, or their capacity for gossip, or their capacity for flirtation and fascination? Oh no! He meant



AN INCONVENIENT PROTECTOR.

Blanche. "WHAT SHALL WE DO?"

Violet (a Woman of Resource). "OH, IF WE MAKE HIM WALK BETWEEN US, AND SPREAD OUT OUR SKIRTS A BIT, NOBODY WILL NOTICE HIM!"

TURKS AND TEETOTALLERS.

THE noble British Population
Boils o'er with righteous indignation,
Excited by the woeful works
Of those incarnate fiends, the Turks.
All England with one voice is calling
For vengeance due to deeds appalling,
The deeds, unutterably bad,
Of wickedness run raving mad,
Which Turks at times like tigers do:
—Because it is their nature to?
Nay, surely, but from vice, whose
fruits

Are acts more fell than any brutes'.
WILFRED, what cause on earth could
sink

Humanity so low, but Drink;
And such intoxicating liquors
As madden British women-kickers?
Have those "atrocities" not come
Of whiskey, brandy, gin, and rum?
Is more Old Tom than Turks could
carry

Not what has made them play Old
Harry?

Should we not find, could, truth
appear,

Bulgarian horrors caused by Beer—
Fault of too many public-houses,
Wherein the Mussulman carouses?

For can the "sober berry's juice"
Set "rigid Moslem's" passions loose?
And can the Prophet's followers get
Mad drunk upon their mere sherbet?
Or is the Ottomite no more an
Observer of the Temperance Koran?
To what Teetotalism has brought
The Turks, at least is worth your
thought,

You that assure us it would be a
Moral unfailing panacea;
And, from their pot-houses and pots
To keep a few unhappy sots,
Would therefore fain enforce sub-
mission,

Upon us all, to prohibition,
Such as MAHOMED did impose,
With what results Bulgaria shows.

Woman's capacity for arithmetic, for politics, for all the details of public life, for general information, for scientific research, for philosophical speculation, and for taking that share in the Government of her country to which every year she asserts, more and more noisily, her indefeasible right.

To assist SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL in his proposed inquiry, we have prepared a few simple questions:—

If you were left, by a generous uncle or aunt, £7000 invested in a security paying four-and-a-half per cent., how much a year would you receive?

Your husband allows you three guineas a week for current house-keeping expenses. How much does this amount to in the year?

If the cost of a Sealskin Jacket is thirty-two guineas, and of a Velvet Mantle £17 10s., what will you save by being economical, and choosing the latter?

Say, in round numbers, of how many Members the House of Commons consists; and state, with as much approach to accuracy and as little vagueness as can possibly be expected, by whom they are elected.

Who are the six Great Powers of Europe to whom constant reference is made by the newspapers at the present time?

On the breakfast-table this morning there were tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, cream, butter, marmalade, dry toast, French rolls, rashers of bacon, eggs and kidneys. Which of these articles are taxed?

With what places do you connect your calico balls, your cambric handkerchiefs, your muslin dresses, your damask table-linen, your dimity hangings, your fashionable milliner, and your favourite cordwainer?

Who was the last, and who is the present Prime Minister of England, and by what one word would you describe the political opinions of each?

Name any three great measures which have been passed by Parliament in the last ten years.

What is meant by Repeal of the Corn Laws, Abolition of Church Rates, Household Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Disestablishment of the

Irish Church, Local Taxation, School Boards, and the Balance of Power?

How much is the Income-Tax at the present time?

Can you give, say within forty or fifty years, the dates of the birth and death of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, the great DUKE OF MARI-BOROUGH, LORD NELSON, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, HANDEL, SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, GARRICK, MRS. SIDDONS, CROMWELL, PITT, DANTE, RAPHAEL, FREDERICK THE GREAT, and WASHINGTON?

Who wrote the *Canterbury Tales*, *Essays of Elia*, *The Doctor*, *Don Quixote*, *The Wealth of Nations*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *Gil Blas*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Rivals*, *Absalom and Achitophel*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Samson Agonistes*, *The Dunciad*, *The Excursion*, and *Sartor Resartus*?

Who invented the Telescope, Thermometer, Steam-engine, Electric Telegraph, Orrery, Sewing-machine, Cork-Screw, and Perambulator?

What is a Syllogism, a Dilemma, a Triangle, a Clerestory, an Archdeacon, a *locum tenens*, a County Court, a Metaphysical Question, a Protocol, and a Protoplasm?

Explain D.C.L., Ph.D., M.S., H.E.I.C.S., C.S.I., K.G., G.C.B., A.R.A., F.S.A., Q.C., C.C., P.C., L.S.D., and I.O.U.

Place Earl, Viscount, Marquis, Duke, and Baron in their proper order of precedence.

Write down the English Archbishoprics and Bishoprics, and make the best guess you can at the Welsh ones.

Who is Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice of England, Archbishop of Canterbury, Commander-in-Chief, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Poet Laureate, President of the Royal Academy, President of the Royal Society, Speaker of the House of Commons, Governor-General of India, and Master of the Buckhounds?

Who lives at Hughenden Manor, Hawarden Castle, Lambeth Palace, and Chelsea?

Should you consider it an inestimable privilege, and a proper recognition of your rights as a woman, to be called upon to serve as a Jurymoman in a trial lasting three weeks?



ABSTRACT AND CONCRETE.

Schoolmaster (to Class which had failed in an Addition Sum). "SUPPOSE A GENTLEMAN WERE TO GIVE YOU SIX APPLES, AND THEN SEVEN APPLES, AND THEN ELEVEN MORE—HOW MANY APPLES WOULD YOU HAVE ALTOGETHER? TWENTY-FOUR, WOULDN'T YOU?"

Objection felt and expressed by Small Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, HE NEVER G'ED I A ONE!"

INGENUOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

From SIR MAYNE CHANCE, M.P., to the Secretary of the West Shumsea Political Association.

DEAR SIR,

I REGRET that I shall not be able to attend your Meeting. I need not say how entirely I sympathise with its objects. This is, however, no Party question. It affects the entire Country. Nevertheless, no one in his senses can refrain from deeply censuring the terrible cold-bloodedness of Her Majesty's Ministers.

Yours faithfully,

MAYNE CHANCE.

Reform Club, Sep. 16.

P.S.—An Autumn Session might perhaps afford a good opportunity of still further testing the feeling of the Country.

II.

From the RIGHT HON. LORD SNUGBOROUGH to the Secretary of the Snugborough Democratic Operatives' Society.

SIR,

I AM truly sorry that an important engagement elsewhere will prevent my joining in the sympathy of your Society with a cause for which my heart bleeds. I sincerely hope that no Party feeling may be manifested; except, perhaps, by the passing of such resolutions as may render it impossible that a Conservative Member can ever again be returned for Snugborough. Let no acrimoniousness be shown, if it can possibly be restrained.

Your obedient Servant,

Borough Hall, Sep. 15, 1876.

SNUGBOROUGH.

III.

From PROFESSOR FUDDLE to the Mayor of Mudbury.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,

I CANNOT attend your Meeting, but only hope that the inhabitants of my native town may assemble in their thousands to

discuss this momentous question. It must be done quite impartially and dispassionately, of course; though History tells us that less serious matters have roused in the hearts of Britons a righteous indignation that has hurled Ministers from their places. Let it be by all means borne in mind that it is not yet proved conclusively that the Ministry connived at or instigated these outrages. Please read this letter to my fellow-townsmen, and beg them to dismiss all Party feeling (however difficult it may be) from their breasts.

Yours ever,

FREDERICK FUDDLE.

Sep. 12, 1876.

P.S.—By all means let there be no molestation of the Conservatives who may attend the meeting.

IV.

(Really Ingenuous.)

From MAJOR BLANK, M.P., to CHARLES BLANK, ESQ., Secretary of the Political Association, Blanktown.

(Private.)

DEAR CHARLIE,

CAN'T get to the Meeting, but hope all will go off "fizzingly." Never was such an opportunity for putting Ministers in a hole! Leave no stone unturned. Use spur and whip! Don't mind a little strong language from the platform. Put up old BOANERGES SMITH. Stick to the Autumn Session by all means. Might snatch a division, and then for the loaves and fishes! No time for more. Hope you'll have an awful row!

Yours ever,

The Rag, Sep. 19, 1876.

H. BLANK, Major.

NATURAL ENOUGH.

"DR." SLADE's views on education are not positively known, but it is understood that he objects to the Lankesterian System. (Is the Doctor an American? Is he from *Pencilvania*?)



MASTER TOMMY'S VIEW OF IT.

Master Tommy (he had been very Naughty, and was now amusing himself with his Scripture Prints). "HERE'S DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN!"

Mamma (incautiously). "AH, WHAT WAS HE CAST INTO THE LION'S DEN FOR?"

Master Tommy (with triumph). "'CAUSE HE WAS GOOD!!"

MOLEHILLS FOR MOUNTAINS.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, the Visitation Charge lately delivered by your Grace in your cathedral to your Clergy, contains some advice, especially on the conduct of argument with gainsayers, to the general character of which it may be feared that our philosophical friends will, most of them, discern an exception in the words below quoted. Having, soundly enough, insisted on the existence of the Bible and the Church at large as unquestionable facts, your Grace proceeded as follows:—

"What two facts on which philosophers pride themselves are to be compared in their practical significance with these two? Is it, indeed, departing from the spirit of modern philosophy to take advantage of the position which excludes those two great facts? What, compared with these, are any observed traces of primæval man in some distant cave, which no one has thoroughly investigated? What, compared with these, are the traces of the feet of extinct animals impressed upon mud here or there?"

What, indeed, your Grace? Certainly, nothing whatever. But then, on the other hand, please consider what are these questions to the point? Are the facts of geology which Clergymen have to grapple with, and that not merely for the confutation of cavil, but in order to answer honest and irrepressible question, really represented, the whole of them, by a few superficially observed traces of primæval man in some distant cave, and by the traces of the feet of extinct animals impressed here and there on the mud? Can this be your Grace's way of putting the tremendous geological difficulties wherewith Divines are called upon to deal? They might well enough have been put so by an Archbishop of another cloth than yours, if perchance he had brought himself to open his mouth touching problems on whose solution infallibility itself is mute. Another time, then, perhaps you will not in a moment of forgetfulness allow yourself to fall into the style of the common emotional unscientific preacher who does not hesitate at affecting to reduce mountains to molehills in the face of fact; and to the reverse of edification. For we all know that cant is alien to the nature of his present Grace of Canterbury.

LATEST FROM NEW YORK.

WANTED, a Situation as House-Porter by Cerberus, Hell-gate having been blown by dynamite over Styx to splinters.

THE GALLOP OF INTELLECT.

THE Hyper-Scientific Association held its annual worry—we apologise—"swarry" in the Assembly Rooms of the interesting old town of Substrataford on Monday last. Space will only allow us to give the subjects of the eminently instructive papers read by the erudite Gentlemen who preside over the various departments of scientific investigation.

Chemistry.—"On the probable effects of Proto-Dynamic Chlorates upon the waves of the Radiometer, in connection with a theory of Hispano-Mauresque precipitates." By PROFESSOR SLOCUM STYX, R.A.P.

Geology.—"Inquiries into the nature of the White Spots upon Flint Boulders—whether caused by an Eruption, or induced by absorption of Fluid Magnesia." A highly interesting paper, the result of eighteen years' exclusive study. By PROFESSOR GNEISS YOUNGMAN, S.P., O.O.N.

Statistics.—"A Calculation as to the probable number of Cherry-stones dropped in the streets of the Capitals of Europe and America during the fruit season, with Comparative Tables." By the REV. STICKNEY MUDKINS, M.U.F.

Zoology.—"A Discussion on the apparent increase observable in the size of Elephants' Trunks, with a Solution of the Theory that they were once Carpet-Bags, and may eventually develop into Packing-Cases." By PROFESSOR BUCKWATER, Z.X.Y.

Entomology.—"On the Extraordinary Instinct which urges the House Fly to use the Right Foot in preference to the Left when employed in its ablutions. And why?" By PROFESSOR B. INNIS-BONNET, F.L.

Psychology.—"On Incontestably Supernatural Manifestations, produced by introducing a Three-legged Stool to an Easy-Chair; with a Dissertation on the Propensities of Invisible Powers to cause Half-crowns to disappear at will, and be found in the centre of French Rolls." By DR. HORN GREEN, A.S.S.

Social Science.—"On the Probable Diameter of Bicycle Wheels Twenty Years Hence, and their Influence on Length of Limb in the Rising Generation." By MISS O'CORRKS, of Bally-Rinkagain.

A CAUTION TO CHERTSEY.

THE Justices of the Chertsey Petty Sessional Division have shown that they know how to stamp out hydrophobia. They mean to do this by putting their foot down directly on the parties responsible for the propagation of that frightful infection. In a notice bearing the signature of "THOS. M. JENKINS, Clerk to the Justices of the said Division," issued from the Town Hall, Chertsey, setting forth "that various Dogs within the Parish of Chertsey have been bitten by a certain Dog known to have been MAD," and that "it is most desirable for the general safety that the powers conferred on the said Justices," by a specified Act of Parliament, "with regard to dangerous and Mad Dogs should be put in force," the owners of all Dogs are given the fair but formidable warning which follows:—

"NOW IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all Persons having the ownership or possession of any Dog known to have been bitten by any other Dog within three months preceding the date hereof, shall forthwith be destroyed, or placed under proper and effective control for the space of six months next ensuing."

Instead, then, of restricting their action for the arrest of hydrophobia to the canine species, the Chertsey Justices are determined to extend it to the Dogs' masters and mistresses. The least that any of all those heedless Persons guilty of keeping Dogs known to have been bitten by any other Dog within the last three months can expect is a seclusion of double that period; during which they will be closely shut up. But worse than that, they will be liable, the whole of them, to be destroyed,—summarily hanged, shot, drowned, or poisoned,—at the Justices' bidding: and let them not make too sure that those resolute Magistrates will be content with merely ordering them to be confined, and will not, as the safest course to pursue with such dangerous people, consign every one of them to destruction.



MECHANICS IN SPORT.

No. 1.—PATENT STEAM PLOUGH EXPRESS TRAVELLING CHAIR FOR LAZY SHOTS.

SMALL POTATOES.

Questions for Society.

WHAT should you think of a Lady who allows she has passed the autumn in London, and rather liked it?

What should you think if you asked a Cantab down for a day's grouse-shooting, and he did not give half a sovereign to your Head Game-keeper?

What should you think of a Mother who objected to your talking Divorce Court before her Daughters?

What should you think if you heard "PRINCES" had become much more respectable since the best people had withdrawn their names?

What should you think if you were told that, as costumes became tighter, habits were getting looser, considerably?

What should you think if you knew your Milliner's bill came to nearly half your positive income?

What should you think if Lunch and Lawn-Tennis had never been invented?

What should you think if you were ordered abroad with only one trunk and a dressing-case?

What should you think of any Friend who travelled second-class without a Maid?

What should you think of a Woman who knew the price of a pound of beef, or a Man who paid his bills before he was dunned?

What should you think of anybody who allowed Wednesday to pass without buying *Punch*?

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN

Visits Drury Lane, the Haymarket, and the Gaiety, and reports thereon.

SIR,

NOT to have seen MR. BARRY SULLIVAN in some Shakspearian part, argues Your Representative unknown. Up to last night, Sir, I had not seen that eminent Tragedian in anything, except—yes—once—in a hansom cab, when he appeared amiable, and probably overpaid the driver. It was a brief but beautiful vision, and one that has dwelt in my memory for many a long day. I have seen BARRY SULLIVAN. I was told that at that very moment he was driving to some station, *en route* for America. Perhaps my only chance of seeing him in a Shakspearian character had been (as it struck me the moment afterwards) then and there offered me, and I refused it! Perhaps I might never have such an opportunity again. Should I rush after the cab, stop it, represent the emergency of the case to the eminent Tragedian, and request him to step out and give me a Scene from *Richard*, and another from *Macbeth*, on the pavement? I would dispense with the dress, and be satisfied with a wig only, as I am certain it must have been his wig-box which was perched on the top of the cab. But the inspiration passed, my courage failed me, BARRY SULLIVAN went to America, and I went to dinner. Years have passed since then, and at last I have seen BARRY SULLIVAN in *Richard the Third*. Well, you will ask me how do I feel after it? Sir, I was delighted,—emphatically I say I was delighted. It is a bold thing to commit oneself to a "universal," but I do not believe that there is on the English stage, at the present day, any Actor who,—admitting the truth of MR. BARRY SULLIVAN's conception of the character,—can touch him in his impersonation of CIBBER's *Richard the Third*. Never strained, never ranting, it is, throughout, a consistent performance. MR. BEVERLEY's scenery is charming, in spite of the low sky-borders, and occasional careless setting. The stage management of the masses is better than usual. Altogether, in your Representative's humble judgment, nothing in London is more worthy the attention of those who profess to be interested in the highest form of the Drama, than Drury Lane during the reign of CIBBER and SULLIVAN's Crook-back'd Tyrant.

Now for the Haymarket and Domestic Drama.

Dan'l Druce, considered as an adaptation of GEORGE ELIOT's most touching homely story, *Silas Marner*, is, to my mind, simply *Silas Marner* muddled and spoilt. Had the novel never existed, *Dan'l Druce* would still have been a disappointing drama, weak where it should have been strong, and hazy where it should have been as clear

as the sun at noonday. Far be it from me to deny the dramatist's right to take the materials for his work wherever he may find them. He has high authority for so doing. And, where the novel and its novelist are so familiar to us all as *Silas Marner* and GEORGE ELIOT, it is no less graceful than ingenious on the part of the dramatist to bow his acknowledgments, from the playbill, to the creative genius that furnished him with the *raison d'être* of his play. All this, which the dramatist has done in the present case, is as it should be, but there is also much that is as it shouldn't be.

The name of *Silas Marner* has been turned into *Jonas Marple*, which is about the ingenious process which Your Representative would employ were he to, *somehow*, reproduce *Pickwick*,—with an acknowledgment, of course, to the late MR. CHARLES DICKENS,—when he would certainly change *Samuel Weller* into *Lemuel Smeller*, as an indication of Your Representative's anxiety to be as original as possible,—under the circumstances. I had been informed by some amiable enthusiast that the Love Scene in the Second Act was "idyllic." Well,—this love scene is between a Sailor fresh from sea, and a Blacksmith's daughter of seventeen,—that is, between a young rover, who has been round the world and knows a thing or two (as he subsequently proves), and a demure rustic coquette, an apparently strait-laced slyboots. Now, if by "idyllic" my amiable enthusiast meant "unreal," "namby-pamby," "niminy-piminy," I am with him *toto corde meo*: and he, or anybody else, is at liberty to admire such idyllicism to their heart's content: only, don't expect me to share that amiable enthusiast's admiration. It's the old story of the Artist who complained to the Critic that the latter had called his skies "putty." "But," retorted the Critic, "my dear fellow, I like putty, I doat on putty."

There is, however, one Scene in which unqualified praise is due to the Dramatist primarily, and in the next place to the Actors, and this is where *Sir Jasper* (MR. HOWE) is recognised by *Jonas* (MR. VEZIN) as the father of *Dorothy* (MISS MARION TERRY), and is allowed to kiss her. From first to last this Scene is admirably conceived, forcibly written, and, it is pleasant to add, so perfectly played as to leave nothing to be desired.

A more charming representative of *Dorothy Druce* could not be found on any stage than MISS MARION TERRY, whose refinement, modesty, and grace carry with her, throughout, the sympathies of the audience, and win for her, at the end, a well-deserved and most heartily bestowed tribute of praise.

The part of the *Sergeant*, intended to represent the comic element of the piece, reminded me at times of the kind of drolleries one used to expect from the Wag who was styled in a Circus the "Shakspearian Clown," with just a dash, here and there, of "ancient



AN IRISH "SEQUITUR."

Traveller (they had already Walked a Mile from the Station). "Hi, I SAY, PORTER, DO YOU CALL THIS 'NO WAY AT ALL?' I THOUGHT DONNYBROOK LODGE WAS NEAR THE TERMINUS."

Pat. "FAIX, I CANN'T SAY, SOR, I WAS A FOLLERIN' O' YOU GINTLEMEN!!"

Pistol." It was evidently written for MR. COMPTON, and not for MR. ODELL, as the part of *Dan'l* struck me as having been meant for MR. EMERY, and not for MR. VEZIN. And indeed, in the Second Act, when *Jonas Marple*, alias *Dan'l Druce* (or vice versa), addresses *Dorothy* as "My pretty," I could easily imagine old "Dan'l" Peggotty, and not "Dan'l" Druce, on the scene, speaking to *Em'ly* in precisely the same words. At the same time MR. HERMANN VEZIN is to be heartily congratulated on a most thoroughly artistic performance, which, without once overstepping the bounds of moderation, deeply impresses the audience with a conviction of the Artist's truth of conception and earnestness of purpose.

For my part, taking the cast of the piece at the Haymarket all round,—MR. HOWE'S is also a performance of sterling value to the drama.—I feel convinced that they do not "manage these things better in France." MR. GILBERT has done some good work in *Dan'l Druce*, and the best in it is that scene which I have already mentioned, and which Author, Actors, and a critical Audience, may regard with unalloyed satisfaction.

From grave to gay, from the Haymarket to the Gaiety. Your Representative has not often seen, since the golden days of the Strand—the days, I mean, of MARIE WILTON, FANNY JOSEPHS, CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, JAMES ROGERS, JOHN CLARKE and BLAND,—such a cast for a burlesque as MR. BYRON has had the good fortune to obtain for his *Little Don Cesar de Bazan*, which, however, can stand on its own merits among the best of such pieces. To those to whom the fortunes of burlesque are interesting I can only put the question, isn't MISS NELLIE FARREN the life and soul of any piece of this sort? isn't TERRY inimitably grotesque? isn't MISS KATE VAUGHAN grace itself, and fun too, mind you? and isn't MR. ROYCE as good at eccentric makes-up, also at dancing, singing, and even tumbling, as any professor of such arts within your experience? Certainly. MISS WEST, too, makes a bright *Lazarillo*, and all goes as merrily as can be wished till eleven P.M.

Laughing does not make me so thirsty as crying, nor does Low Art affect my appetite so keenly as High, and it is many a long night since I have been so boldly, so determinedly set on going to

the Oyster King's Grotto, in Maiden Lane, as I was after *Richard the Third*. To the home of that Rule—who knows no exception except an exceptionally good oyster—I went and bearded the Royal Native in his shell. Then grasped I the foaming tankard, cried "Rule! Britannia," paid the score for the dozen, and then went home to dream I was an oyster in my own little bed,

SIR, I am for ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I do wish they wouldn't scent the programmes. "Orrid, your Vashup!"

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE.

LADY Helps and Ladies generally, please to look at these contemporary advertisements:—

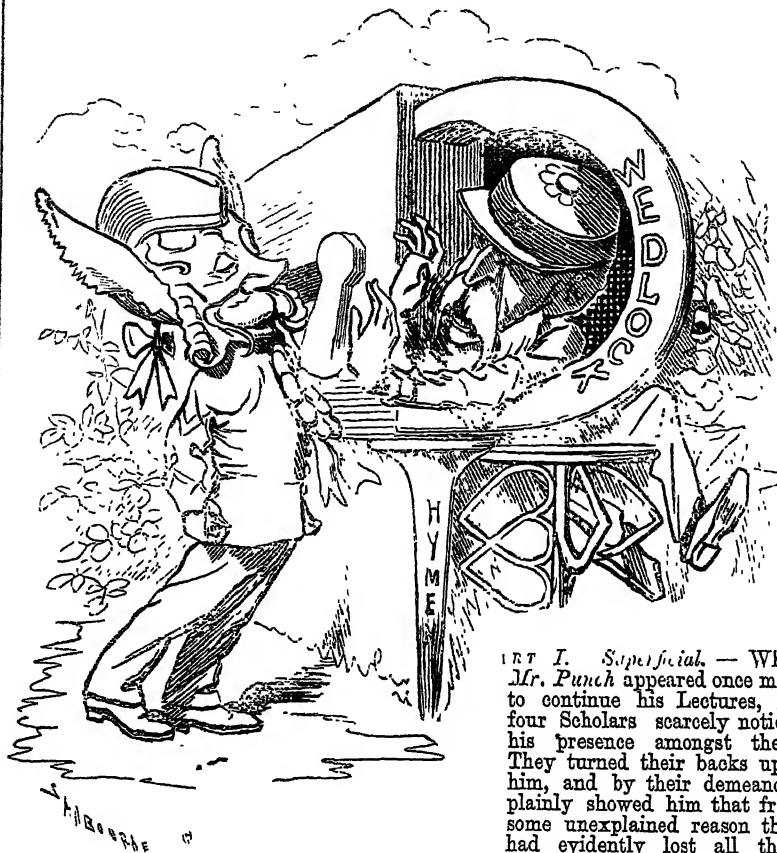
AS PROFESSED COOK, where a Kitchenmaid and Scullerymaid are kept. Wages £40, and all found.

GOVERNESS WANTED for Four Children. English, French, and German. Must take charge of their clothes, and do a little needlework. Salary £20, and laundress.

It would seem that preparation for the filling of the body is esteemed of higher value than for filling of the mind. A Cook now gains the income that a Clergyman has earned, and we find her "passing rich on forty pounds a year." But a Governess is wanted to serve for half the money, and is frequently expected to do more than twice the work. To aid her in her labour, a Cook requires a Kitchenmaid, and Scullerymaid as well: whereas a Governess is expected to give lessons all day long, with nobody to help her, and in the evening to amuse herself by darning frocks and mending pinafores, insomuch that, while a Governess by name, she discharges in reality the duties of a nurse. The comparative proportions of Cooks' and Governesses' wages signify that some children are better fed than taught.

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION III.—OF THE DUTY OF THE OFFICER TO HIS MEN.



ART I. Superficial.—When Mr. Punch appeared once more to continue his Lectures, his four Scholars scarcely noticed his presence amongst them. They turned their backs upon him, and by their demeanour plainly showed him that from some unexplained reason they had evidently lost all their respect for him. Even FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE,

K.C.B. (usually a very well-behaved little man), pursed up his shrivelled and tiny lips, and pretended not to see his kind instructor. Mr. Punch saw at once that his pupils were ripe for mutiny. He acted with decision.

"My friends," said he, severely, "if you are Officers, I must ask you to behave like Gentlemen."

"Sir," cried COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, "you have grossly insulted us."

"How?" was the very natural question put to the angry Militiaman by Mr. Punch, surnamed "The Patient."

"You have expressed your intention of explaining the duty a British Officer owes to his men. Sir, such an intention is an insult to us all. Why, even this poor little Field-Marshal knows something about it—don't you, SIR FRANK, dear?"

"Yes," lisped out the good-tempered veteran. (He was playing with his spectacles.)

"Yes, dear little SIR FRANK is a good boy, and knows his duty to his men. It is to return salutes by touching his little hat when he passes a sentry-box."

"There you see, Sir!" cried the indignant Colonel.

"And what do you think about your duty, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green?" asked Mr. Punch.

"Everybody knows that a man should leave his men as much as possible in the hands of his Non-Commissioned Officers," was the haughty reply of the Guardsman.

"And you, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers?" said Mr. Punch, smiling. "In what do you think the duty of an Officer to his men consists?"

"Oh, I learnt that much within a week of joining my Corps," replied the Rifleman, contemptuously. "The duty of an Officer is to pay a heavy annual subscription, to give prizes, and to provide an unlimited amount of beer and bread and cheese for the men of his company."

"I am glad to find, Officers and Gentlemen," said Mr. Punch, "that you know more than I gave you credit for. Still, with your permission, I think I may give you a few useful hints." And with this the Sage commenced his Lecture:—

Part II. Particular.—According to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY (see his *Pocket Book*, page 4), the Soldier "is a peculiar animal." The same high authority insists that this strange creature can only be brought to a proper state of efficiency by being taught to take a pride (1) in his dress and (2) in himself. "He must believe that his duties are the noblest that fall to man's lot. He must be taught to despise all those of civil life." That SIR GARNET believes these doctrines to be of the utmost importance may be gathered from the following extract from the *Soldiers' Pocket Book* (page 9), in which the kit of an Infantry Officer is given, "One cup (in leather bag), containing knife, fork, spoon, pepper and salt pots (1 lb.); one india-rubber basin (1 lb.); some tobacco, and the *Soldiers' Pocket Book* (1 lb.)."

Probably with a view to teaching his men "to despise the duties of civil life," SIR GARNET, during a recent campaign, treated newspaper correspondents with military politeness. As the worthy Major-General asserts that "whatever the Officers think fine, the Men will think so too," he doubtless must regret that the fashion of book-writing has not been taken up by the rank and file, and that consequently "the *Soldier's Pocket-Book* (1 lb.)" has as yet but few important rivals.

Perhaps fortunately for the men, the Queen's Regulations do not altogether order the Officer to consider the Soldier a "peculiar animal." On the contrary, there are occasions when a Colonel may even argue with his men. For instance, to quote sect. 7, par. 142, "Commanding Officers of Regiments who have ample experience of the very great inconvenience arising from the improvident marriages of Soldiers, are to discountenance such marriages, and to explain to the men that the inconvenience and distress naturally accruing therefrom are serious and unavoidable." Of course, unmarried Colonels, who have not had "ample experience," should depute the duty to the next Senior Married Officer. The speech of the Officer to the Man should be fashioned on the following model:—"PRIVATE SMITH, I learn from the Captain of your company (himself a married man, who made his report to me with tears of compassion streaming down his cheeks) that you wish to join us! My good man, have you considered the inconvenience and distress accruing from such a step? Look at me. You see me in a patrol jacket covered with braid, and at a Levee I am a mass of gold and spurs; and yet I tell you, PRIVATE JOHN SMITH, I would willingly give up my commission to obtain your good-conduct stripes, coupled with your state of single blessedness. As a married man, I cannot call my life my own. I am allowed only a couple of glasses of wine when I get away to dine at Mess; I must be in quarters at ten; and when I am off duty I have to take charge of the children! All this is done by the order of my wife. Beware, PRIVATE JOHN SMITH, of matrimony! I would say much, much more did I not hear the voice of my wife. She calls me (in a disgracefully peremptory tone of voice), and I must obey! Farewell!" And with this telling line the Colonel (or next Senior Married Officer) can make his exit.

Again, the Queen's Regulations (sect. 15, par. 95) assert that Libraries and Recreation Rooms have been established to "encourage Soldiers to employ their leisure hours in a manner that shall combine amusement with the attainment of useful knowledge, and to teach them the value of sober,



regular, and moral habits." Thus if the Officers do their duty to their Men, SIR GARNET WOLSELEY's "peculiar animal" may some day hope to reach

the relative rank already attained by his civilian rival, "the learned Pig." The Officer Commanding the Garrison is expected to assume a vague superintendence over the local military library. No donation of books for libraries (sect. 15, par. 103) is to be accepted until they shall have been approved by him. Consequently the Commandant of the Garrison may sometimes have to perform the duties appertaining to the post of a publisher's "reader." Should he be unpopular, it is a capital joke to send this unfortunate Officer a large collection of old five-act tragedies or (better still) comedies in blank verse. He must read them all before the donation can be accepted.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION III.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch, can you kindly tell us the duties of the Commander of a Garrison?

Mr. Punch. Certainly, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers. The duties of the Commandant are presumed to be to attend dinners, to marry his daughters to eligible elder sons, and to snub the Civil Authorities.

Colonel Charles. I see, Sir, that you do not altogether approve of the sentiments of SIR GARNET WOLSELEY. Now, Sir, when I am out for our training I follow that gallant Officer's advice. I do not encourage the presence of the Press at our inspection, and yet the *Mudborough Mercury* invariably publishes two columns of matter to our praise.

Mr. Punch. Written, I presume, by your Adjutant. Quite right, my dear COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia. As many of our Generals would doubtless say, the story of an important campaign should be written by one of the Staff.

Lieutenant and Captain George. And who is SIR GARNET, Mr. Punch?

Mr. Punch. My dear LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, in spite of one or two little foibles, is one of the very best soldiers of this or any other age. He has seen any amount of fighting.

Lieutenant and Captain George. Ah, to be sure, he doesn't belong to our branch of the Service.

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geege, K.C.B. And yet dear little SIR FRANK never did any fighting, and yet he was made a Field-Marshal. Why did they make dear little SIR FRANK a Field-Marshal?

Mr. Punch. Because, my good little man, BRITANNIA wanted a curiosity?



BROBDINGNAG TO LAPUTA.

THE greatest of all the recent wonders of Spiritualism is the amazing communication narrated by a Correspondent of the *Times*, as follows:—

"A friend of mine who has just returned from America tells me that he, a short time since, attended a *séance*, at which the Medium obtained messages from several celebrities of both ancient and modern times, and, among others, one (at the request of my friend) from *Bucephalus*, who condescended to inform the company that he still took great interest in literary pursuits, particularly in connection with education."

Spoken like the spirit of a noble animal. In general the messages received through Mediums from defunct celebrities, whether modern or ancient, seem to have come from Donkeys—and to be addressed to their kind.

A DÆDALUS AT DOVER.



ALPH STOTT, a Gentleman of Dover, has invented a new Flying Machine. A morning contemporary says that MR. STOTT has gone to Berlin, for the purpose of having an interview with PRINCE BISMARCK, who is understood to have requested him to furnish particulars with the object of ascertaining how the machine can be utilised in warfare. If, as is stated, MR. STOTT can by means of it "propel himself through the air at the rate of a mile per minute, or up to the speed of one hundred miles an hour," and, by means of a break-power, applied by a wheel, "can make the machine stationary in mid air, or fly at any speed which the occupant of the car can bear," no doubt he is exceedingly well "prepared to assure the German Government" that his Flying Machine would "be invaluable for purposes of war." For the purpose of ascertaining an enemy's position its convenience may be imagined; but, besides, it may be capable of being employed in actual warfare. By-and-by, perhaps, armies will come to be provided with real flying squadrons, and troops will actually fight in the clouds. Musketry will be carried to a height of perfection even greater than it has now attained; riflemen will have to be able to shoot flying, and bring down their man on the wing. The introduction of the Flying Machine among warlike engines, and its application to military purposes, will of course constitute a fearfully costly addition to armaments already bloated; but the cheap defence of nations is now no longer possible, and Governments, in their martial preparations, are obliged to be regardless of expense. However, the Flying Machine, it appears, has yet to be tried. PRINCE BISMARCK will probably suspend his judgment about it until its inventor shall have flown over the Channel, in which, let us hope, that our British Dædalus may not come, like Icarus rather, to such grief as will assimilate it in sad celebrity, to the *Ægean Sea*.

BOYS IN BAD COMPANY.

OUGHT not Prisons to be also as much as possible Reformatories? Then, what a mistake is made in rendering them just the reverse; as, for instance, in the case referred to the other day at Lincoln by MR. PELMSOLL, in replying to a complimentary address from some Working Men. A customary sight there until lately was, he said, that "of lads, sentenced for various terms of imprisonment at Grimsby, marching, manacled together, from the railway station to the Lindsay Prison." An edifying spectacle on the face of it to street Arabs and other juvenile offenders! But these youths were not pickpockets, that they should have been handcuffed, as they were; though this is now so no longer:—

"The manacled was now abolished; but the boys were still sent to gaol for breach of contract, and he had that morning seen, clad in prison dress, in the same prison as the worst of criminals, boys whose fine open countenances assured him that they had no right to be there—boys to whom he should not hesitate a moment to hand a sovereign for change. It was a shame and a disgrace that such boys were to be found in a prison for merely breaking a bargain, and he hoped, and felt assured, some other punishment would soon be found for such offenders."

Is it desirable that evil communications from rogues and thieves should corrupt the good manners of boys innocent of anything much worse than playing truant, but compelled to associate with common criminals? Imprisonment may serve them right, and so may hard labour, but could they not at least be confined apart from the convicts, allowed to wear their own clothing, and have a treadmill all to themselves? In all that a certain Personage is said to look over in Lincoln the sight of those boys and those blackguards in companionship must be as pleasing to him as anything.



AT THE SEA-SIDE.

FINDING THOSE AWFUL SWELLS, THE SPIFFINGTON DE VERES, BENT ON THE SAME EXCURSION AS HIMSELF AND FAMILY, TOMKINS, IN A WEAK MOMENT, TAKES FIRST CLASS TICKETS TOO, "JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING, YOU KNOW." UNFORTUNATELY THAT DREADFUL LITTLE TOMMY TOMKINS SHOUTS, "WE'RE GOING FIRST CLASS! WE'RE GOING FIRST CLASS!" WHILE HIS SISTERS CLAP THEIR HANDS AND MADLY JUMP FOR JOY.

MRS. GINGHAM ON CIVILISATION AND THE COMING B——.

"Entomology is a science which has grown *pari passu* with Civilisation itself. . . The Colorado Potato-Bug, known to Naturalists as the *Doryphora decemlineata* . . . is travelling steadily eastward, and has already reached the shores of the Atlantic. . . As far as can be made out, its rate of progress is an average of much more than sixty miles a year. . . It is likely that at any moment a cargo of potatoes, or timber, or bacon, or 'notions,' may land the enemy on our shores . . . in which case there can be no doubt that a potato-famine of the most dangerous kind would follow."—*Daily Telegraph*.

E-N-T-O-M-O-L-O-G-Y? That's the stuff as my boy SAM is always studying,

Poking his nose in ponds and things, and pinning beetles down in boxes;

A-coming home with boots as beats a Navy's, steps and carpets muddying,

And giving me the constant creeps, varied with sudden frights and shockses.

More shame for "Civilisation," then, as did ought surely to know better.

Insects is horrors, all on 'em, and slaughtering 'em the fust of duties.

Eugh! Bashy-Baz-Hooks can't be wuss! Which that fool SAM's just sent a letter,

Saying he's caught "two Death's-head Moths"—the bare idea!—"and reglar beauties"!!!

I ain't no patience with that boy, nor likeways them of simmylar notions.

Squash 'em! I says. A studying 'em I holds to be pernicious error. They're nasty nuisances all round, as raises shuddering emotions, From fleas to what SAM calls—the name sounds werry pat—*Coaly-hop-terror*.*

* Can she mean *Coleoptera*?

There's that Potato-Beetle now! SAM wants a speciment. Good gracious!

The foolishness of people's fads is jest enough to drive one frantic. The warmint's coming Eastward Ho! They say its appetite's voracious.

Can't "Civilisation" keep that pest from crossing of the wide Atlantic?

Better be doing that, I think, than giving crackjaw names to creeturs

As should be nameless, like—ahem!—who doubtless is the father on 'em.

A-seeking what they may devour!—as all these pests is frightful eaters.

Speciment? Yes, I'd speciment the lot, if I could drop upon 'em!

Taters is surely dear enough, and likeways bad,—which good old "mealies"

For love nor money can't be had,—without this Colorado bother, This *Dory*—drat its name, I says, who cares for that? Which what I feel is

Far better stamp all warmints out than tell, in gibberish, one from t'other.

They say as wopses, gad-flies, beetles, lady-birds, and many a creeper

Is down on it! I wish they'd jest Kilkenny-Cat all round and finish.

But sixty miles a year! What chance of seeing "wares" or "middlins" cheaper,

If that there Coaly-Hopper comes, and year by year our crops diminish?

Who'll save our Murphies? That's the cry! If Mr. Butt would only raise it, He'd serve his country better than by bawling out his Home-Rule humbug.



THE TURKISH BATH.

ATTENDANT. "HOW DO YOU FEEL, AFTER YOUR BATH, MY LORD?"
LORD B. "PRETTY COMFORTABLE, THANK YOU!—(Aside, LOST SOME WEIGHT, I FANCY.)—YOU MADE IT SO CONFOUNDEDLY HOT FOR ME!!!"

Let Ireland rally round her root, sworn to protect as well as praise it.
And shout for "Paddy's Fruit, and death to every roaming ravenous rum bug!"

Which that's a name as *do* tell tales, as *Dory*—what's it?—like B flat, is
Jest a polite turn off, no more. But call a spade a spade's my maxim!
Let Yankee Doodle keep his "bug," we've ours, though not so bad as that is;
It ain't a wisitor we wants, so let him wait until we ax him.

PROVERBS FOR BALL AND DINNER GIVERS.



ICES and tea and coffee and small cakes are as good as a feast.

You may bring an amateur tenor up to a piano, but you cannot make him sing.

A Lord in the room is worth two Dukes in the bush.

In provincial society the Lord-Lieutenant is king.

Flirtation is the mother of Invention.

All good dances lead to the Conservatory.

Take care of the Rounds, and the Squares will look after themselves.

It is a wise Waltzer who knows her own step.

A Dinner in time saves nine.

When the Confectioner comes in by the door, the Cook flies out by the window.

What is port to your wine merchant is death to your guests.

Keep your champagne dry.

Call a stable-boy by any other name, and he will resemble the rose under similar circumstances.

You can't make a head butler out of a local greengrocer.

When the soup is cold, the wit flies out.

If you have enough cheap and nasty dishes, some of them must be eaten.

The menu makes the dinner.

Ask Mr. Punch to a really good and well thought-out meal, and you will have an exceptionally lucky man for your guest.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Glendalough—Guide—Boatmen—Resemblances—The Lake Effect—St. Kevin's Bed—These Boots—The Regular Thing—Comic Song Question—My Guide—SIR WALTER—Inducements—The Echo—"No Larks"—St. Kevin the Patron—Dissent—Descent—My Boatmen—Back to the Hotel—Everything Satisfactory—My Farewell—Once more, to the Road.

The Seven Churches.—Five times already in the course of my drive have I picked out the most beautiful spot where I should like to stop. It was the same yesterday, about Bray; but—let bygones be bygones, and give me—at the present moment, that is while I am here, on the spot—for a residence, the little Hotel of Glendalough, in the Vale of the Seven Churches. Let me stop here for six weeks in the summer time.

Of course I have a polite and intelligent Guide—they are all polite and generally intelligent, these Irish Guides—and we cross the upper lake in order to visit St. Kevin's Bed. We have two Boatmen.

I confess to being still impressed by resemblances. The bow-oar in our boat is MR. FALCONER as *Danny Mann* in the *Colleen Bawn*, and my light-hearted Guide would be, if he only had on a tattered hunting-suit and cap, the very counterpart of "poor Joe," in *Jack Hinton*. The likenesses only hold good for a moment, at first sight: directly they speak, the illusion is dispelled.

It is a "Gloomy Lake," this Glendalough. Yet not so utterly gloomy but that it reminds me of a plaintive Irish melody. It is a composition of Nature's in a sad, soft minor key. On me it has a mesmeric effect. I am in Charon's ferry-boat. I left life on the other side. The boat is brought up with a jerk against the rocks. I am awake from my trance. We land.

"This way, Sorr!" cries my Guide, as he assists me on to the slippery rocks below St. Kevin's Bed. "Hould on, Sorr! More power to your elbow!"

It occurs to me for the first time to-day that I've come out in

tight boots: and, what adds to the difficulty is, that the soles are thin and as smooth as a razor-strap.

I arrive at the above conclusion after having very nearly stumbled on to my nose, and only recovering myself by having "more power to my elbow" afforded by the Guide.

"This way up, Sorr!" shouts the Guide, already some feet above me.

I pause. I am hesitating. The Guide is making for St. Kevin's Bed. *Query*, is St. Kevin's Bed worth making? Can't I read the description, and say I've been there? Is any place at a great height above the sea level, worth the trouble of a climb? For such an excursion, too, ought not one to have come prepared with an alpenstock, with stout, stiffly-bound hob-nailed boots, thick stockings, and so on? In fact, ought I not to be more in the costume of a gentleman ready to stand in the front line for the opening chorus of an opera, with a rifle in one hand and a cup in the other, and with "Ho! la! hi! ho!" or sporting words to that effect, issuing from my open lips?

Yes—in that dress I might essay the rugged height, but, emphatically, "not in these boots," as I believe some song says.

P. y. h. h. g. g. g. Query à propos de Bottes.—If the song does not say so, or if there is no song which does say so, whence did the words occur to me, quite rhythmically, "not in these boots"? Note this, and consider it.]

The Boatmen are seated below, and lighting their pipes. The Guide is waving me on to better things above. *Excelsior!* Evidently I am expected to go; and my attendants have calculated upon at least a quarter of an hour being allowed for refreshment. It is, clearly, the "regular thing to do."

Another Note.—Is this too the refrain of some popular song? "The Regular Thing to Do"—if not, it ought to be. For example—

I don't go up the Rhine and back

Because 'tis something new;

I only go, 'cos 'tis, you know,

"The regular thing to do."

Spoken—(there's always a "Spoken" with a Comic Singer).—You see I put on a tourist suit, all ditto cheeks outside and lined ditto within—in the pockets, I mean,—and I tell the people I am going up the Rhine—yaas—and to the banks of the Blue Moselle. I shall change my checks at the first bank of the Blue Moselle—and I shall be awfully bored, you know, and very hot and very tired, and have to pay through the nose—but what of that? Every one will be there—and one can't be out of the fashion—oh demme—no—so you 'd better, all of you, join me,—(Here the Comic Singer will put on his hat sideways, jerk his head knowingly, wink his eye at it, as supposed, the female portion of his audience, whom he thereby fascinates; and, sticking his left thumb in the armpit of his waistcoat, he will indicate with his right hand the direction he intends to take, as he humorously finishes)—I'm ready,—and waiting,—and willing, so you've only got to—

Come with me across the sea,

And foreign parts go through.

We only go 'cos 'tis we know

"The regular thing to do."

[The other day I saw, in some law case about disputed copyright, that the value of one of those ditties ranged from £800 to £2000. Evidently—

Happy Thought.—Write a Comic Song for £2000. There would then be some meaning in the expression, "Oh, he got it for a mere song."]

St. Kevin's Chair.—*Facilis Ascensus*—up to a certain point. In St. Kevin's Chair I sit down. If this is all, there is no danger.

A voice, from somewhere round the corner, sings out, "Here's the bed, Sorr! Ho-o-o!"

It is the nimble Guide who is round the corner. He is hanging on, apparently, by nothing, and stepping on less; and all this with a sheer descent below into the lake, and only a jutting point of rock, here and there, to give your body an occasional lift on the way down.

"There's no danger, Sorr!" he cries, standing in a Mercury-like attitude on a ledge one inch in breadth, fifty feet above the gloomy waters of Glendalough. "Come this way, Sorr!"

I look, very cautiously, over the rocky point, and crane my neck round. I feel that if I make one step forward my next will be in the air, and in another second or two, after a short whirligig through a limited portion of space, there will be a dull splash in the water, and then breathless excitement on the part of the Guide and Boatmen (who would see their chance of remuneration disappear under their very noses) until I should come to the surface, blowing like a grampus, shaking my head like a dog bothered by a bee, and swimming like CAPTAIN BORTON.

The fall would be unpleasant, and then—the wet clothes! No; no St. Kevin's Bed for me, I am obliged to you.

I think of SIR WALTER SCOTT, with his lame leg, who, the Guide



SELLING HIM A PENNYWORTH.

Philanthropist. "THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU, MY LAD. WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?"

Sweeper. "WHAT ALL THIS AT ONCE! I'LL TOSS YER FOR IT, DOUBLE OR QUITS!"

Book says, went into St. Kevin's Bed. Did he? But then *he* hadn't light, thin, slippery boots on—as I have.

The Guide disappears once more into the hole, just to show me how simple it is when you know how to do it, and cries, "I'm there, Sorr!"

He shouts "Ho-o-o!" for the Echo, and the Echo, who happens on this occasion to be a boatman on the other side, sings out in reply,—

"The top o' the mornin' t'you!"

The Guide, having thus conscientiously gone through what I suppose to be his usual performance, rejoins me, and asks me, persuasively, "if I won't venture?"

"No, I won't," I reply, shortly and resolutely. I've a mind to tell him that *he* shall not be out of pocket by my not going. He seems quite disheartened.

"Lots o' Ladies goes in there," he says, as if *this* would induce me to risk it. I won't budge an inch.

"Well, Sorr," he returns, with consideration, "I won't force you."

The Guide, who seems dissatisfied with me for not having gone into St. Kevin's Bed, and with himself for not having been able to induce me, insists upon earning his money somehow, and so sets to work, without being asked, to recite the whole of MOORE's poem about Glendalough, commencing "*By that Lake whose gloomy shore,*" &c.

"And," he says, in conclusion, "no larks are ever heard singing above the lake. So, Sorr, wasn't it mighty hard of St. Kayvin to throw KATHLEEN into the water?"

By the way, the Guide's pronunciation of "Kevin," i.e. "Kayvin," is another specimen of an Irish pun. St. *Cave-in*, who didn't, however, "cave in" to MISS KATHLEEN MAYOURNEEN.

Pace TOM MOORE, I can suggest a new view of an old legend. Here it is:—

TALK ABOUT TURKS.

"AWAY with those atrocious Turks!
The Turk is an unchanging beast.
Renounce we them and all their works:
Hang 'British Interests in the East'!"

It is a scandal and a sin
In Turkish bonds that Christians groan—
The bonds of brutes who took us in,
The rascals, when they broke their own!"

"Away with those vile Turks!" But whither?
To Asia, whence they came, of course!
Could Europe's Powers not drive them thither,
Concurring with united force?

We need to hesitate. What for?
There is a Power that ne'er would aid.
Then might ensue a General War.
Cold caution perish! Who's afraid?

Well, but suppose the Turks all sent
Back to the cradle of their race,
In Asia, and together pent,
The wretches, in their proper place.

Still that's a place within this world;
'Tis not into the realm of night,
As though the Turks would then be hurled
To place ne'er named by tongue polite.

And what has Asia done, that they,
The fiends whom we'll no longer bear,
Should, if they could, be driven away,
To form a Pandemonium there?

The Turks we can't, dear friends, improve
From off earth's face at mere demand.
A Statesman must be free to move;
Be careful how you force his hand.

Proverbs by an Excursionist.

MAKE Haste while the Sun shines.
A Bag in the Hand is worth Two in the Van.
Half a Sofa is better than no Bed.
Pride comes before a Waterfall (when your friends have not seen it).
There's many a slip twixt the Cook and the Trip.

THE ORIGIN OF NO LARKS ON GLENDALOUGH.

By that Lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep;
And before he laid his head
On his chill and stony bed,
This was one of his remarks,
"I am all alone. No Larks!"

'Twas from KATHLEEN's eyes he flew,
(Not at all what I should do.
But young Kevin was a Saint;
Which I do admit I *am* 't).
Here, when he was fast asleep,
KATHLEEN climbed, and took a peep;
Woke the Saint, who, with one knock,
Hurled her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle KATHLEEN's grave.
She'd have floated like a stalk
Had she been a Maid of Cork.
Nowhere could she rest her sole,
So she sank. And to his hole
Back the young St. Kevin harks,
Murm'ring to himself, "No Larks!"

Of her Ghost is seen to glide
Sadly o'er the fatal tide:
Never hazarding remarks,
Save the simple one, "No Larks!"
This is legendary lore
Quite unknown to TOMMY MOORE;
But 'tis why "this gloomy shore
Skylarks never warble o'er."

St. Kevin should be adopted by all bachelors as the Patron of "Apartments for Single Gentlemen. No Children, or other Lodgers."

Happy Thought.—When I can afford to build a house sixteen storeys high, to be let out in flats fitted up for "Bachelors' Residential Chambers," I shall call the establishment "St. Kevin's College." For further particulars address—SOLUS COLEBES, Esq., St. Kevin's College, St. Kevin's Grove, N.W. ("N.W." evidently *No Women*.)

The descent to the boat is perilous enough. And this place was chosen by MR. EMMETT as his hiding-place! Here the Highlanders could have captured him, but that he made an ugly rush, and took a header into the Lake beneath! Bravo EMMETT!! I look at the place and wonder. Why, I could conspire,—but, if my life depended upon my reaching St. Kevin's Bed in safety, and I had had the misfortune to put on a pair of tight, slippery boots—such as I am now wearing—I should strike an attitude, and say to the Soldiers, "Gentlemen, I can't do it. I must take the consequences."



A DISENCHANTMENT.

Northern Cræsus. "OH! I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU HERE, MR. VANDYKE BROWN. THE FACT IS, I'VE A COMMISSION FOR YOU!"

Our Youthful Landscape Painter (dissembling his rapture). "ALL RIGHT—MOST HAPPY—WHAT IS IT TO BE?"

Northern Cræsus. "WELL—MY AGED GRANDMOTHER IS GOING TO LONDON BY THIS TRAIN—AND I WANT TO PUT HER UNDER YOUR PROTECTION."

[*Our Youthful Landscape Painter* dissembles again.

"HOW TO DRESS ON FIFTEEN POUNDS A YEAR."

By One who has Done It—Once.

Get all your clothes made at the best tailor's. Be careful to order a sufficient number of pairs of trousers, and once a month (at least) have a new frock-coat. By these means your bill will not be sent in to you for eighteen months.

Pursue the same plan with your hats. Whenever you pass your hatter, go in and get a new *chapeau*.

Three pairs of boots a month should be your standing order at the boot-maker's. Keep half a dozen pairs on trees waiting for you all the year round in his custody.

Get your linen from France. When the collector makes his annual round, go to Paris. You will find the trip less costly than his bill, and the change of air should do you good.

Always have a large supply of fancy walking-sticks. Each suit should have its own cane.

And, lastly, pay ready money (fifteen pounds should really be enough) for your umbrellas.

AN AMAZING CRAMMER.

The Globe announces that:—

"An extraordinary case of suicide has taken place at Hayward's Heath. A railway porter, while in a state of delirium, ate nearly the whole of a newspaper, and died from suffocation."

This is an extraordinary case of suicide indeed, if the poor man suffocated by eating a newspaper really ate it intending to kill himself; but in his frenzy he probably took it for something good to eat, and not for anything bad. There are not many newspapers coming under the head of poisonous literature, though there is one, an illustrated weekly, circulating amongst the lower orders, and familiarising them with details and delineations of atrocity and ruffianism. What paper could the delirious porter have eaten? It is not likely that he took in the *Times* for breakfast in any sense, nor have we any reason to suppose that he tried to cram himself with the *Daily Telegraph*, being, as in a state of delirium tremens, under the influence of the *D. T.*

Don't fire, Colonel, I'll come down." Unless I were on some very convenient point for jumping into the water, when, being a fair swimmer, I should prefer that for choice.

Were PLUMPTON AND SPRY to send to capture me now, I should not attempt to hide in St. Kevin's Bed.

I descend ungracefully, but safely.

I part with my boatmen. "How much?" I ask.

"Well, Sorr," says stroke-oar, "they do generally be givin' us two shillings or half-a-crown, but we'd pre-fer half-a-crown."

Characteristic. He will not "do" me directly; but shifts the responsibility on to my own shoulders. It's as much as to say,

"Well, with two shillings I'm well paid; but if you're such a Saxon ass as to give me two-and-sixpence, on your own head be it; only don't say I asked you."

Of course the result is half-a-crown; and I purchase an extra blessing from the bow-oar for another sixpence.

"No Larks" on Glendalough.

A delightful walk, and back again to the Royal Hotel, Glendalough, where I am treated to as good a breakfast as I ever wish to eat, served in as fresh and pleasant a room as ever I would wish to sit in.

And oh delight! Oh joy! I am the first of the Mohicans! I mean I am the first of the Tourists this year: not first in point of prowess, but in point of time. The bed-rooms are not in order, the sitting-rooms are hardly yet arranged for sitting in, the Landlord is a new one, and he tells me how he expects to make a fortune—may he do so, and I be none the worse for it, bless him! All I ask is to

be the last or the first of the Tourists. Let me enjoy this beautiful scenery as ADAM enjoyed Paradise when he was *en garçon*. The spirit of St. Kevin the Celibate is, as it were, upon me. Yes, I am here, alone. "Come into the garden, MAUD, I am here by myself alone"—only I don't want MAUD. If she were here, I should sing, "Get out of the garden, MAUD, I'd be here by myself alone"—and be blown to you!

But the Car—the triumphal Ky-arr—awaits me, and I've yet a long day's journey before me. May I, at the end of my journey, have as charming a place to rest my weary limbs as is this!

Give me, fatigued with mead and rock,

And dangerous researches,

The little Hotel of Glendalough,

In the Vale of the Seven Churches!

Farewell my merry Miners, with your neat cottages, who despise beer and whiskey and call for your bottles of wine o' pay-nights. Farewell, ye Seven Churches of Ireland. There's something apocalyptically mysterious about your numbers, which might afford matter for a DR. CUMMING. But Cumming is not the word now—I'm going. Off!

MICHAELMAS DAY, 1876.—A day to be marked with a White stone by the Lord Mayor Elect.

"GRACE before Meat," as the Young Lady remarked when she laced herself so tight she couldn't swallow.

A HUNDRED YEARS BACK.



ES, *Temporis acti* | For the grand Past in fact I
Laudator am I: | Would willingly die.

Just reverse for a cent'ry
 The wheel of Old Time,
 And you'll find the back-entry
 To regions sublime.
 Your Radical then
 Was WILKES, ye!e!pt JACK:
 We outdid your Odgers,
 A hundred years back.

With majorities in his string,
 NORTH ruled the roast,
 And Old England administ'ring,
 New England lost.
 Backed by stout Farmer GEORGE,
 Bore opponents' worst brunt,
 And let FRANKLIN and WASHINGTON
 Come to the front.
 Ah, he kept the old coach
 In its natural track—
 For England was True-Blue
 A hundred years back.

Poet Laureate was WHITEHEAD—
 No rhapsodist glibber;
 He was blandly invited
 To come after CRIBBER.
 Superbly he'd rhyme,
 Of Parnassus a denizen,
 And I call him sublime
 When weighed against TENNY-
 SON.
 Poets Laureate now!
 They deserve—well—their sack.
 They were something like poets
 A hundred years back.

Then pretty Miss LLOYD
 Took possession of BOODLE'S,*

* "A new assembly or meeting is set up at BOODLE'S, called 'Lloyd's Coffee-room.' Miss LLOYD, whom you have seen with LADY PEMBROKE, being the sole inventor. They meet every morning, &c., &c. Supper to be constantly on the table by eleven at night; after supper, they play loo. . . . The DUCHESS of BEDFORD and LORD MARCH have been black-balled."—*Malmesbury Correspondence: Mrs. Harris to her Son.*

And wit was enjoyed,
 And they blackballed the
 noodles:
 And thus the past scene
 A supremacy claims,
 Since a Lady was Queen
 Of the Club of St. James:
 Our *Saturday* scribblers
 The girls may attack:
 They had ten times their *chic*,
 Just a hundred years back.
 Seventeen Seventy-Six
 Fame in Arts too had won;
 The Academy lately
 Its work had begun.
 For the newspapers REYNOLDS,
 Not caring a souze,
 Gave the law to the Forty
 At Somerset House:
 The Art for the Artists
 May well cry "Alack!"
 It had elder and better,
 A hundred years back.

Still we have, in our frail
 way,
 A deed or two done:
 We travel by railway,
 Are sketched by the sun;
 By telegraph hurled
 From all regions and climes,
 The news of the world
 We have focussed *per Times*.
 In but one thing that's modern
 Old times were more slack,
 We hadn't our *Punch*, Sir,
 A hundred years back.

No, Thank You!

MR. PRICE, M.P., writes to the *Gloucester Journal* to suggest the erection of the Principalities into a European Kingdom, with the Golden Horn made a free port. LORD DERBY declines even that Golden Horn of the Eastern dilemma.

A SAD MICHAELMAS.

ON Wednesday afternoon, September 27, 1876—the exact date calls for precise record—at a meeting of the Court of Common Council held at Guildhall, the LORD MAYOR presiding, the City Lands Committee brought up a report on the subject of the removal of Temple Bar. Some discussion followed, which ended in a division, when the report of the Committee, recommending the removal of the structure, was carried by 69 votes to 45, "and it was referred back for execution."

After reading this harrowing scene, what man, what Liveryman, in whose breast there is a spark of proper feeling, can feel surprised at what follows?

The LORD MAYOR continues to reside at the Mansion House, but he is living in the strictest seclusion compatible with his official duties. The latest bulletin is rather more favourable: it is to the effect that his Lordship has passed a better night, and is a little more composed. The blinds are all drawn down. The Footmen wear crape on their left arm. Everywhere Liverymen may be seen with some token of mourning. GOG and MAGOG are draped in black bombazine. Only mock turtle is served at dinner.

So great was the shock to the Lord Mayor Elect that he turned White in a single night.

The Sheriffs have never been separated since the meeting of the Common Council. They felt—and many will sympathise with them—that they could bear the blow better by being together, than if they were left to themselves, each a prey to his own gloomy thoughts. They see no one except their Chaplains and the Under-Sheriffs, who are naturally much depressed.

The condition of several of the Aldermen, particularly amongst those who have passed the Chair, is causing considerable anxiety to their families and friends. They seem to have lost all interest in what is going on around them, and pass most of their time in deep thought. The only hopeful sign is that they are able to take nourishment.

Several dinners and other entertainments which were to have been given by the City Companies have been postponed.

The Chamberlain has already addressed himself to the painful task of composing a farewell oration, to be delivered on the day when the ruthless work of demolition commences.

It is a trying time for the Recorder, and a momentous one for the Secondary.

It may be well imagined that the Remembrancer's remembrances are sweet yet sad.

The fatal report having been "referred back for execution," the City Architect is nerving himself for the melancholy duty of superintending the preparation of the necessary scaffold.

The Mace-Bearer and the Sword-Bearer, like the Sheriffs, are inseparable, and cannot bear to be out of each other's sight. They find the greatest comfort in the sympathy and society of the City Marshal. The Mace is enveloped in crape; the sheath of the Sword has been painted black.

The Common Crier, faithful to his title, gives way to natural emotion, both for himself and the entire Civic body.

The Water Bailiffs are plunged in grief, and the Bridge Masters go about their duty on Bridges of Sighs.

Every morning groups of Deputies and Common Councilmen are to be seen contemplating the Bar with feelings which may be imagined but cannot be described. They can hardly tear themselves away from this "ancient landmark," this last great bulwark of the Constitution and the Corporation; but they withdraw before the traffic of the day begins, lest their emotion should be misinterpreted by the heartless throng. Their only consolation is that the North and South walls are not to be touched by the rude hand of the spoiler.

The usual ceremonies and hospitalities of Michaelmas Day were observed, that the charter might not be forfeited, but with a heavy heart. There was a bitter drop in the Loving Cup. A deep gloom seemed to have settled upon all who had to take part in the day's proceedings, which they in vain strove to shake off.

It will be a sad Lord Mayor's Day. If the dear old Bar is still standing, it will be hung with black, and wreathed with cypress and yew, but it is a question whether the feelings of the Procession will allow them to pass under it. More probably, the mournful train will hide their grief on the Embankment. The reception of the new LORD MAYOR by the LORD CHIEF BARON at Westminster is expected to be unusually touching. He has written the kindest letter of condolence to the present occupant of the civic chair.

One of the most recently-elected Aldermen has been commissioned to take a series of splendid photographs of the Bar from every point of view and under every aspect, and at all hours of the day and night.

At all the great civic Banquets a new toast in future will be given—"the Memory of Temple Bar!"



SUPERFLUOUS.

Free and Easy Host. "Now, MY BOY, WOULD YOU LIKE TO WASH YOUR HANDS AND BRUSH YOUR HAIR BEFORE DINNER?!"

["So likely, y'know," as Tomkins said, who had just been Polishing and Tivvitating for Two Hours before his own Dressing-Glass!"]

BEST AND NEXT BEST GOVERNMENT.

ACCORDING to a newspaper report, a discourse was delivered the other Sunday at a Kensington Pro-Cathedral by CARDINAL MANNING on "The Progress of Christendom." By the account of His Eminence Christendom appears to be making immense progress, in the ironical sense of that word. The progress of Christendom is the progress of a crab. Such, however, it has been for a considerable and indefinite time. The Cardinal said that—

"In many countries Christendom was disintegrated and dismembered, and in them there was no longer that Catholic unity which kept the Christian peoples of Europe together, because Kings and Princes had chosen to serve the world and themselves rather than Catholic unity."

Since when, your Eminence? At what date, and for how long, since the "Roman Peace," were the Kings and Princes of Christendom, and the Christian peoples of Europe, kept together by Catholic unity? When, and during what while, did they choose to serve Catholic unity rather than themselves and the world, and to refrain from cutting one another's throats? What Roman Peace was ever enforced by the Rome of Catholic unity? Perhaps your Eminence will, some fine Sunday—or week-day—take an opportunity of naming it.

The disintegration of Christendom is the mischief which has burdened the world with bloated armaments. So, at least, in effect avers our Cardinal.

"What was the result of this disintegration? That there was not a strong Government on the face of the earth unless it was surrounded by armed men. Where could they find a Government strong in moral right and moral power? Perhaps it was to be best found in the four seas of Britain—more genuinely, at least, than in any other place."

There is, of course, one other place, in which a Government, strong in moral right and moral power, once existed. There it existed at the time when all Christendom was kept together, innocent of war and bloodshed, at peace by Catholic unity. It continued to exist

DRAMAS OF THE DAY.

How fast appear, with thrilling interest rife,
Sensation dramas on the Stage of Life,
As though by Nature's management designed
But to divert the British Public's mind!—
Those monster trials, and those acts of crime,
Which Fate produces still from time to time.
Each in succession has a lengthened run,
Succeeded shortly by another one;
And each effacing, in its scream and roar,
The memory of the pieces played before.
How long the "Claimant's" Farce in two Acts ran!
That o'er, a tragic series began.
First the "Whitechapel Tragedy" came out,
And kept the stage for half a year, about.
The "Balham Mystery" was next the rage;
When that had ceased the Nation to engage,
The curtain rose upon the worst of works—
"Bulgarian Horrors," as performed by Turks;
Whence wild excitement being scarce allayed,
Behold, pulled up at Bow Street, "DR." SLADF,
Charged 'gainst the Vagrant Act with having sinned,
By raising spirits, so to raise the wind.
But yet the new performance brings relief
To scenes of violence, and rage, and grief.
For we to comic incident recur,
When tragic scenes too deep the passions stir.
Meanwhile whoso has, or has not, been done,
May European War ne'er spoil our fun.

A New Synonym.

—PRINCE ORLOFF, the Russian Ambassador, at the dinner given at the Russian Embassy last Thursday night, proposed a toast to the Prosperity of France, in which he dwelt on the efforts that Russia "has made, is now making, and will continue to make, for the maintenance of European peace." I said to my son Bob, a promising lad, in the middle fifth at Eton, "That's neat. You can't put that into Latin." "Can't I?" said he. "*Russitudinem faciunt—pacem appellant.*"

RECOMMENDED TO THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC SOCIETY (as a sure Sell which must make its mark).—The Slade-Pencil.

there, with temporary interruptions, from that time, whenever that time was, until a few years ago, till, finally, the year 1870. It was genuinely strong absolutely, not merely so comparatively, in moral right and power. Its moral right was that of Infallibility, and its moral power was the basis of its Temporal Power. Strong in moral power, it did not require for its maintenance to be surrounded by armed men; as indeed we all know that it never was, particularly not by French troops, during the interval between the overthrow of the Roman Republic and the establishment of the Italian Monarchy. Nobody can need to be told that the seat of that Government, which CARDINAL MANNING alleges to have been the model Government of Christendom, was Papal Rome, whilst Rome remained the city of the Sovereign Pontiff, and before it relapsed into the Capital of Italy. But now Rome, as the Rome of Pontifical and Model Government, is Rome no more. In the meantime the next best thing to that Government altogether and entirely strong in moral right and moral power—the best substitute, as times go, for the Government of Catholic Unity—is the Constitutional Government of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The best Government on Earth that ever was, of course, was the Papal; but the second-best is the British. If CARDINAL MANNING is a Papalino first, he is an Englishman afterwards.

Brains v. Muscles.

"Look on this picture, and on that."

(Both from the Tablet.)

A LADY wishes to recommend, as UPPER HOUSEMAID, a thoroughly trustworthy person, who has acted in that capacity six years. Has also been left in responsible charge of a house during the absence of the family. Age Thirty. Wages £25. Town preferred.

GOVERNNESS WANTED, for the Highlands of Scotland, to teach English, French, Music, and Needlework. None need apply who have not had some years' experience in teaching. Salary £20.

EVERYDAY FARCES.

No. I.—"SHELLS OF THE OCEAN."



SEA Shore, about
six miles East of
Shoeburyness.

Mr. Stillso Gently (standing on the Beach at low tide). Ah! my dear! This is, indeed, a happy thought, to leave the whirl, and what-you-may-call-it of the Metropolis, without risk of being found in by one's creditors, or found out by one's friends.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. Yes, love; but if I had not seen the advertisement in the Times,

and answered it myself, we never should have discovered it. So quiet, and so cheap!

Mr. Stillso Gently. I can't conceive why so few cottages are to be found here, and not a villa, or a bathing-machine nearer than Herne Bay, over the water.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. That's the beauty of the place. We may get tired of it, and of each other.

Mr. Stillso Gently. Never, dear! never! It will be a second Honeymoon in another Paradise.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. I say we may; but I don't think it probable.

Mr. Stillso Gently. This is our first day, darling, and the sun smiles upon us. There is an entrancing quiet!

Mrs. Stillso Gently. A beautiful calm!

Mr. Stillso Gently. Exactly. A sweet tranquillity which no human power can encroach upon. The ripples of the tide can just be heard like—like—

Mrs. Stillso Gently. Just so, love; like pens upon a plate.

Mr. Stillso Gently. Or rain-drops on the panes.

Mrs. Stillso Gently. Yes, love; or the water coming into the cistern.

Mr. Stillso Gently. In moments like these (tenderly) a man feels what a true protector he is to the woman he loves.

[An unearthly scream is heard, and a mass of iron, hurtling through the air, falls into the muddy sand in front of them, sending up a small geyser of water into the air. MRS. STILLSO GENTLY falls screaming on her face, and STILLSO GENTLY makes a rush for shelter.]

Mr. Stillso Gently (behind a hedge). Goodness gracious! What can that be? (Looking over the hedge, he observes Mrs. STILLSO GENTLY screaming and kicking on the sand.) Don't be a fool, AURORA! If you are not crippled, get up, do! What the deuce can it be?

[A Range-finding Sergeant of Artillery, on horseback, is seen riding his way towards them, and gesticulating.]

Mrs. Stillso Gently (recovering). Oh! please don't kill me!

Mr. Stillso Gently. Armed forces! then we are safe. AURORA, I am near you. There is no further danger. The Commander-in-Chief has sent his Aide-de-Camp to inquire after you.

Range Sergeant (riding up). Tare and 'Ouns, come out o' that! Sure the Eighty-worn Ton's practysing, and your familiee won't know ye from the filly fish av ye stay down here. Begorra, there's the Carman spakin' again!

[Another scream worse than the first, and a rush as of mighty pinions, followed by a crash, leads the STILLSO GENTLYS to understand why their rent is so moderate. Tableau.]

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Experiences—Avoca—Meeting of the Waters—Inspiration—On Car-riding—Janus adapted—Woodenbridge—Hotel—Prospect—Dublin again—En route—Companions—Killarney—The First View—The Second—The Bell—Complications—Off for the Lakes.

I QUIT Glendalough with regret. One hour ago I was in such ecstasies with the place that, even had PLUMPTON AND SPRY telegraphed to me "Come!" I should have wired back "P. AND S. be blessed! I don't stir from here for weeks."

This is my constant experience in this country. A lovely place on Tuesday is followed by a lovelier on Wednesday, and by a still more beautiful one on Thursday. So you go on, exceeding superlatives. We drive away over the mountain, and down the other side at full trot. "The English people," says my man, "don't see the best part of the country, for the Carman won't take them this a-way: 'tis too heavy a road."

So it appears I am in luck; though which is the best part of the country where all is so striking, it would be difficult to say. However, I put this down to my driver's politeness, and his desire to give me the greatest gratification in the shortest possible time.

Now my Carman falls to quoting "TOMMY MOORE," as he calls him, and informs me that we are in the Vale of Avoca.

In the Vale of Avoca at the Meeting of the Waters.—A jolt, a snap, a crack, and the car comes down, or, rather, one side of the car comes down, with a bump. The springs have "given" somewhere.

Happy Thought.—We mark our arrival at the "Meeting of the Waters" by the "separation of the springs."

Luckily, there is a blacksmith's near at hand; and so, pointing out "TOMMY MOORE'S Oak," my driver leaves me to wander about the meadows, and admire the scenery, while he refreshes himself and the horse, and gets the spring mended.

A lovely spot! And, *à propos* of "TOMMY MOORE'S Oak," a traveller in Ireland ought to have MOORE at his fingers' ends. Inspired by the traditional poetry of the place, I lie by the stream, and burst into song:—

"I'm here at Avoca
Arrived in a Low car,
But now I have no car
Bekase the spring broke."

"The lambkins are bleating,
The minutes are fleeting,
The waters are meeting,
By 'TOMMY MOORE'S Oak'."

Happy Thought.—For this, as a May poem, to call it, in allusion to the accident that brought me here, *The Break of the Spring*. The car is mended with some cord and a stout piece of wood. As

the driver professes himself satisfied, why, so do I. Of one thing I am perfectly certain, that, as far as mending the spring goes, I could not have done it better myself. Again he urges on his wild career.

Undoubtedly there is no more advantageous way of seeing the country than travelling everywhere by car. At first you run the chance of *strapping a wry neck* for the remainder of your days. This can be avoided by occasionally changing seats with your driver, to whom position is not nine points of the Law of the Road. Riding on a car is an art; and only those who have a *natural turn of the neck* for it acquire it easily. The question is how to be the looker-on who will see most of the game with the least amount of discomfort, including the smallest possible chance of being jerked off, inadvertently, round a corner.

The first method is to sit side-saddle-wise, holding, of course, on to the rail. Every Saxon visiting Ireland for the first time holds on to the rail of a car. The *habitué* does not. The latter rides fearlessly, jauntily, easily. He seems to spring *with* the car, to rise when it rises, to fall when it falls (which I *didn't*, thank goodness!), and, in fact, to yield to all its motions gracefully.

You feel, on a car, that the *possibility* is offered you of looking all ways at once; that somehow this can be done, if you only know *how* to do it. You can't help trying it. You look behind; you look before; you look to the right; you look to the left; and you wish you were Janus—the only person except Argus, perhaps, whose natural peculiarity would have specially suited him for an *habitué* of an Irish outside car.

Happy Thought.—Combine the two as a title for a Tourists' Book, and call it *Fe-argus O'Janus; or, Two Heads are Better than One! Being a Narrative of a Journey of a Thousand Miles on an Outside Car*.

Woodenbridge.—Another lovely spot! Such an air of calm and rest as we arrive, at eventide, at this comfortable-looking hotel, which commands a view of one of the most picturesque parts of the country through which the line of rail passes. I dine, and am thankful. I am thankful for small mercies, as the dinner is but a sorry affair for such a bright-looking Hostelry. Perhaps "in the Season" it may be better. Let us hope so. I am "out of the Season," and, like most things out of season, perhaps I am not worth the trouble expended upon me. The accommodation (so to speak) is about equal to that at Rathdrum, only, being more pretentious, it ought to be better. It isn't a patch upon the sweet little Hotel of Glendalough. So wake up, Woodenbridge!

No message from PLUMPTON AND SPRY. So back to Dublin, and thence to Killarney.

Killarney! Am I indeed going to Killarney! Dreams of my

childhood! Songs of my youth! I can scarcely believe that to-morrow morning I am actually going to Killarney! And to think that one has to take a ticket for the journey to Killarney just as if it were an ordinary place!

Along the Canal, which, but for the dirtiness and dinginess, would make me think I had got suddenly into Amsterdam instead of Dublin,—by GUINNESS'S Brewery,—shaving corners,—narrowly escaping kicks from the feet of other passengers on other cars,—nearly jerked off by the confounded tramways—*per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*—I arrive at the terminus.

The English travellers in the train (for Killarney) with me do me the honour of taking me for an Irishman, and consult me on the subject of Dublin, Bray, and Wicklow generally. This is gratifying. I am acclimated. Only I wish they wouldn't ask me about "the hunting here in the winter"—and "what those mountains are in the distance?" Also, an elderly Saxon asks me, "What counties are we passing through now?" I don't like to guess, and I don't want to dispel the illusion,—which has something in it of comedy for me—by referring at once to *Black's Guide*.

Mem.—Another time to read up the *Guide* beforehand. With a very little superficial knowledge, "crammed" at breakfast time, one could impose on these simple-minded tourists to any extent. Then they would write in their diaries, "Met an Irish Gentleman in the train, who told us that the finest trout were to be obtained," &c. &c. "He also gave us some valuable information as to the state of the country. He seemed intelligent, with a very pronounced brogue, probably that of some Western provinciality."

Killarney.—At last! My first view of Killarney is from the window of the Hotel omnibus, about nine o'clock on a pitch-dark night, only illumined by the occasional gas lamps, which show me that I am being taken through some sort of a town, then out of it, by a tediously long drive up to the Hotel on the Lake, named after Her Most Gracious Majesty.

Of the Lake or the Mountains I cannot even catch a glimpse. I have arrived like the guest who *will* come too early to a party, and who has to wait till the candles are lighted, before he can see the decorations of the *salon*. Or, I have arrived after the opera is over, and the box-keepers have draped the house in majestic brown-holland. Or, I am not "in the Season," and Killarney is not on view. At all events I must wait either till "The Moon has lit her Lamp above,"—as the ballad in the *Lily of Killarney* has it,—or, if the Moon doesn't do this, I must patiently await Aurora. Being a Lady, she has a right to be unpunctual.

On retiring for the night, I attempt to make out something from the bedroom window. I fancy I see the lake. It is very close—not the lake, which may be a mile off, for aught I know—but the weather. "They say" it always rains at Killarney.

Morning.—'Tis all my fancy painted it! 'tis lovely, 'tis divine! The "Victoria" is beautifully situated—couldn't, in fact, be better; and of course everybody showing the height of civility—but in Ireland, *cela va sans dire*. What if my bell is more ornamental than useful? and what if I vainly expend my labour in attempting to summon the Boots, or the Chambermaid? Am I not more than repaid for my trouble by the pains immediately taken by the Manager, by the Proprietor (who comes from some distance on purpose), by the Barmaids, by the Boots (who ought to have heard it ring, but didn't), by the Waiter (who happened to be standing near the other Waiter, when it "might have rung, and he not known it"), and, lastly, by the Ostler, who, having nothing whatever to do with the interior economy of the house, goes out of his way (happening to be passing through) to give *his* opinion as to this particular bell? And these all assemble—first in the passage, then on the stairs, then outside, on the lawn, to look up to where my room is, when I harangue them, as if it were an election, from the window. As only my upper, and my better half, is visible, the effect, from below, must resemble that produced by Punch in the show, when he is looking out for that provoking puppet "Joey" the Clown, who will insist on hiding round the corner. My audience, one after another, give their opinion and their advice on the subject: a proceeding which occupies a good half-hour after I have already employed twenty minutes in vain endeavours at making the bell sound.

I venture to say I never yet met with so much genuine and hearty commiseration, so much real sympathy, and so little help (for no one *did* anything), as on this occasion of my not having been able to make my bedroom bell heard; and when the subject is finally exhausted, I have quite forgotten what on earth it was I had wanted when I first pulled that bell-rope.

The Landlord offers to change my room. I shall be provided with a first-rate bell, only I shall not have such a first-rate view. I prefer my present *belle vue* to his view of the bell. (This *jeu de mot* can be worked up to thus: "When SYDNEY SMITH was travelling in Ireland, he happened," &c.)

I stay here some days, and the bell never *does* answer, and, consequently, no one ever answers the bell. But as some external repairs are going on, which necessitate the presence in the garden of at least three of the household at a time, including always either the Manager or the Proprietor, I find that, when I want anything, my most simple plan is to, *first*, ring the bell, *on the chance* for while there is life and a bell-pull there is hope—or while there is a rope there is a hope), and then put my head out of window, repeating the Punch performance, and shout, as if I were being held back by an assassin in the bedroom, and were struggling to escape on to the top of the verandah, until some one below asks quietly, "What is it, Sorr?" or politely, "Did you call, Sir?" It's a long process, but it is an exercise of several virtues, *and, in the end*, it succeeds.

Early Morning.—The usual thing, of course. There is nothing for it but "the beaten track." There is, however, only one tourist besides myself at the Hotel just now—the others are leaving, or have left—and he has started independently. I put myself in the Landlord's hands. He tells me I shall want a horse and car, a pony for crossing the mountain, a couple of boatmen and a boat for the lake, and luncheon for myself and the aforesaid boatmen. Great preparations. But lead on! I follow!

The trap is at the door—outside car of the highest respectability, and with the best-looking horse I've yet seen. "*He's new to the work*," says my driver, "but he'll be all right. Jump up, Sorr!" And we trot away.

DIARIES, DIARIES, DIARIES!



Messrs. T. J. SMITH & Co. (of Queen Street, Cheap-side,) have shot down on Mr. Punch a batch of their multiform Diaries, Clerical and Professional, Commercial and Scribbling, Official and Pocket, in foolscap and quarto, octavo and post-octavo, long and short, fat and lean, limp and stiff, ruled and plain, with blotting-paper and without, in cases and out of cases, for house and office, for washing and account-keeping, to be hung on the wall or laid on the desk. In whatever form, or for whatever purpose days can be recorded, here is a record handy, from the firm of SMITH.

If, as there is wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, there were saving of time in the multitude of Diaries, no man need henceforth lose a day. But is there

not reason to fear, on the other hand, that, in the multiplicity of Diaries, days may be lost—as men have been lost in the labyrinths of the catacombs? Meanwhile, we shall look with respect at Messrs. SMITH's heap of multiform Diaries as a reminder of the value of those days whose employment we fear Mr. Punch will never enter in them. Of "scribbling" he has sufficient already from his Correspondents: and he has enough to do in recording the day's works in the week's pages.

"In that New Land which is the Old."

"Messrs. GOSHEN and JOUBERT, representatives of the English and French Bondholders, leave Paris this morning for Egypt."—*Times*, Oct. 6.

By prayers of Egypt's victims sped o'er ocean, GOSHEN starts homewards—to the land of Goshen. May miracles be wrought at his commands, Until his client's Bonds are off their hands!



AMENITIES OF THE HONEYMOON.

"DON'T MOVE, DARLING!—I'M SO COMFORTABLE, AND YOUR HEAD IS SO SOFT!!"

THE MOST IMPORTANT MEETING YET.

THE Three Tailors of Tooley Street met yesterday in as large a number as was possible, in order to discuss the position of the United Kingdom with regard to the East.

The Meeting would have been held with closed doors, but there being only one door, it was considered superfluous to close it, particularly as no strangers showed any desire to come in.

The Second Tailor voted the First Tailor into the Chair. This was immediately seconded by the Third Tailor, and carried by a very large majority.

The First Tailor said that he should have been most proud to have taken the Chair, but unfortunately it had already been taken under a distress for last month's rent. (*Loud cheers.*) The proposed Chairman went on to say that it would be quite in keeping with the object of the Meeting, and with their professional capacity, if they were to sit cross-legged. (*Great cheering, during which the Meeting crossed their legs and took their seats.*)

The first Resolution was proposed by the Third Tailor, who said that he considered that all Turks should be exterminated. With that view he had already expunged Turkey from a map belonging to a friend of his, and hoped it might aid the cause materially. (*Cheers.*) He would move a Resolution to the following effect:—

"That this Meeting, comprising as it does the principal inhabitants of the United Kingdom"—(*"Hear, hear!"*)—"would suggest to HER MAJESTY that all affairs of State should be at once committed to their charge, when probably a proper solution of the Eastern Question would be arrived at." (*Loud cheers.*)

The Resolution was carried by an overwhelming majority, the President giving his casting vote.

The Second Tailor thought that some pecuniary relief should be sent out to the sufferers (*"Hear, hear!"*), and that it should be done at once. (*Great cheering.*) He should therefore ask the President of the Meeting to lend him a shilling; half of which he would pledge himself to spend in beer (*Cheers*), and would promise to owe the other half to any honorary Treasurer who might be appointed.

The President, after having re-crossed his legs and remarked that he was in hourly expectation of letters of apology from all the Crowned Heads of Europe for not attending the meeting, went on

to say that he fully concurred in what had been said. With regard to the shilling it was matter for consideration, and would probably take some weeks to decide. Nevertheless, he had no objection to other members of the meeting subscribing largely to the relief of the sufferers. (*Murmurs.*) Should HER MAJESTY decline to accede to their petition, they might take matters into their own hands. They surely ought to get something out of it. (*Loud cheers.*) He concluded with a fervent appeal to the Second Tailor to stand something. This having been seconded by the Third Tailor, it was carried by an enthusiastic majority.

A somewhat warm discussion followed, after which the meeting uncrossed its legs and tossed for coppers till it dispersed.

NEW READINGS OF BYRON.

In a late number of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, the property of MR. JOSEPH COWEN, M.P., we find a full report of a recent speech by that Gentleman on the Bulgarian Atrocities. The speaker quoted—very much to the purpose—BYRON's well-known picture of the lean dogs holding their carnival over the dead under the walls of Corinth. The report in printing the quotation gives us—

"From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye feed the pig when the fruit is fresh."

We have been accustomed to see the line printed—

"As you peel the fig," &c.,

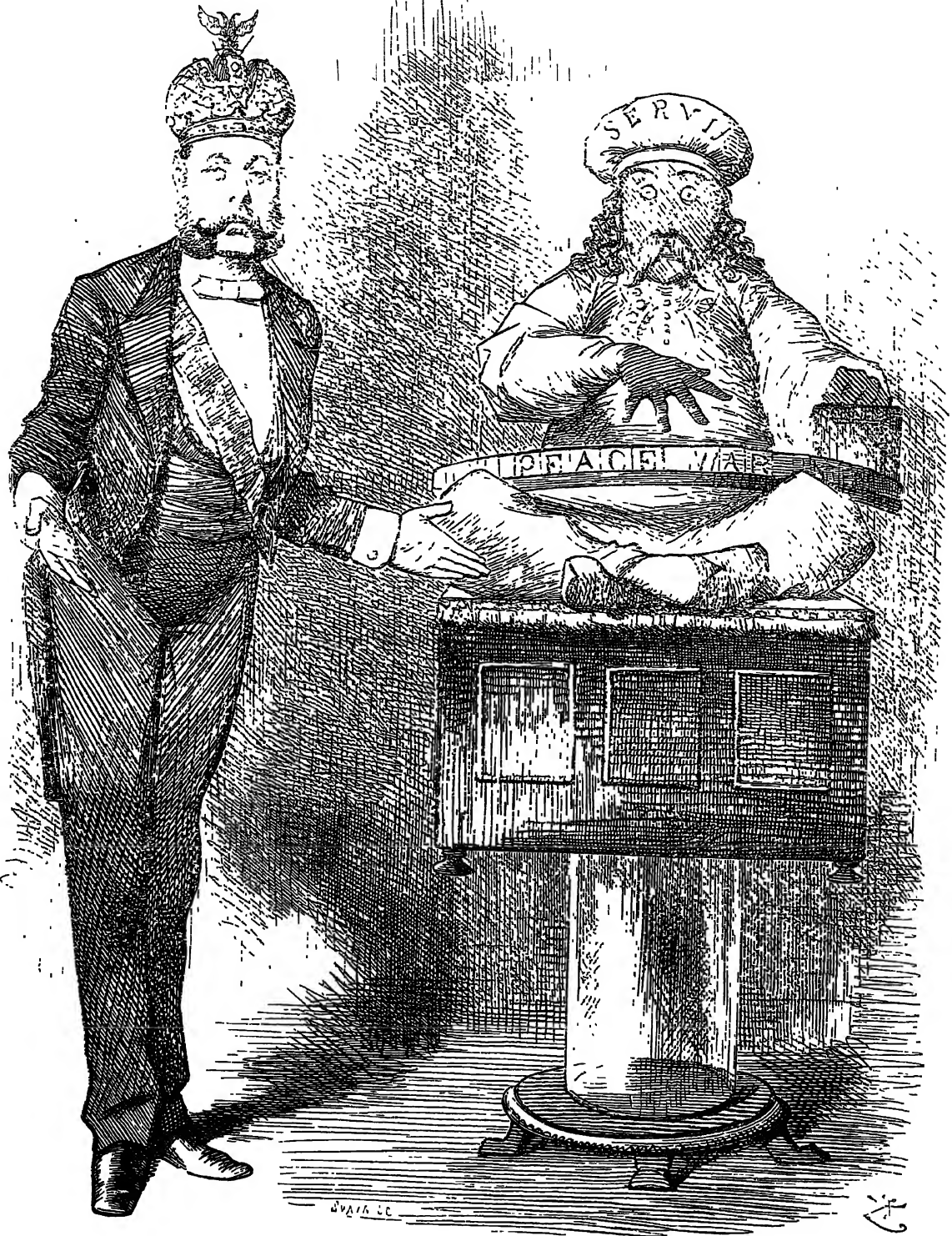
but we fully acknowledge the boldness of the correction.
So for the accepted reading—

"As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,"

MR. COWEN's organ gives us—

"As they largely resembled the bones of the dead."

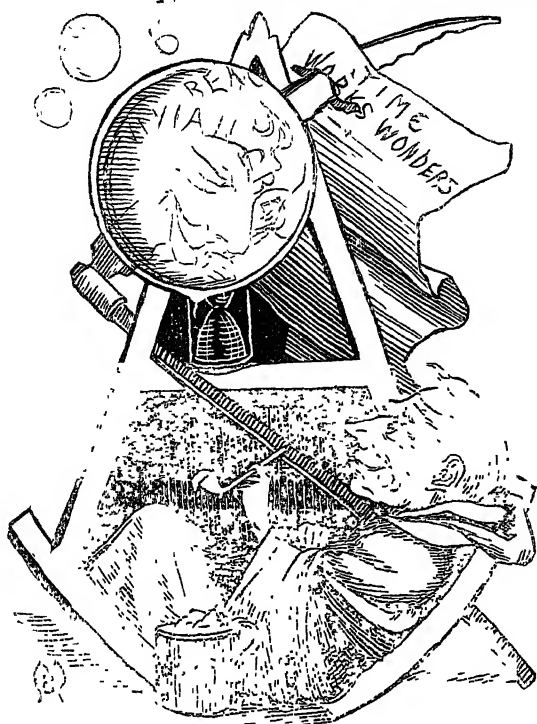
To whom are we indebted for these improvements—to MR. COWEN's Composer or to MR. COWEN's Corrector? In either case, we have to thank him for a sensation. "*Crede BYRON?*" Not we—in future; till the noble Bard has passed through the office of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.



PSYCHO À LA RUS(S)E.

RUSS-MASCULINE. "IT MUST BE PLAIN TO EVERYONE THAT I DO NOT IN ANY WAY INFLUENCE THE MOVEMENTS OF THE FIGURE!!"

DIFFICULTY AND DARING.



QUESTION may be raised on the motto adopted by LORD BEACONSFIELD: *Forti nihil difficile*. Is this true? Can it be verily affirmed that nothing is difficult for a brave man? Is not Latin difficult? Is not Greek difficult? Is not Geometry difficult? Is not Algebra difficult? Nay, are not French and German difficult, and is not simple Arithmetic difficult; are not Multiplication, Division, the Rule of Three, and Practice difficult, and a doosid deal too difficult, for numbers of brave men? Is there not far too many a brave young man as ready and willing as naturally qualified, to lead a forlorn hope, who, mainly perhaps because of that very qualification, is debarred from ever doing so in any higher capacity than that of

a private soldier by his inability to pass a difficult examination? Suppose instead of "*Forti*," his Lordship were to read "*SEVENTY nihil difficile*? Is he prepared to put the difficulty to the test, by trying to persuade England into his view of the Eastern Question and how to answer it? Or is he too old a bird to try?

NOT BEFORE IT'S WANTED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

In your public capacity as Mentor and Adviser, will you kindly suggest to Preceptors of Colleges and the Committee of Council for Education that a new Science be added to the existing Curriculum—a science imperatively called for by the wants of the present day. I mean the "Science of Drawing-room Navigation," by the study of which young men may be enabled to move in society without entangling their heels in Ladies' dresses, crushing lap-dogs, pulling over articles of *virtu*, or light furniture, plunging ankle-deep into pots of valuable ferns, upsetting ink-stands, card-trays, &c. They may also acquire the art of resisting the attraction of the lace antimacassars of chairs and ottomans, which seem to have a peculiar tenacity of adherence to any button more prominent than usual.

Yours to command,

OLONAISE.

UTRUM MAVIS ACCIPE.

CANON LIDDON and MR. MALCOLM MCCOLL in their voyage down the Danube, saw bodies impaled on the Turkish shore. MUSURUS BEY, Turkish Ambassador in London, writes, at once, to the *Times* to deny this on the part of the "proper authority," and to charge the reverend witnesses with "optical illusion, if nothing worse."

Which is most consonant with probability and experience, that the Turk should shrink from staking his victims, and that two English clergymen, with characters to lose and their senses about them, should have said or seen the thing that was not, or that the "proper authority" in Turkey should have first told a lie, and then charged MUSURUS BEY to repeat it?

We leave the Bey impaled on whichever horn he pleases of that dilemma.

One thing we should recommend him, at all events; not to stake his own credit on that of any Turkish authority—proper or improper.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Music Feast—Dinner—CLAY and WAGNER.

DEAR (SIR,

WHAT chances are these! Music's the food of Love. Why, here's my own WAGNER in London, with MR. CARL ROSA at the Lyceum. Ah, Rosa! *Bonheur!* (an artistic *jeu de mot* at eighteen-pence an hour,—reduction on taking a quantity).

Haven't I returned from Bayreuth full of WAGNER. As MR. BYRON says in *Little Don Cesar de Bazan*, "Am I not a man and a Bey-reuther!"—which, of all the puns—Oh, Sir, I squeaked with delight. I dug my elbow into my neighbour's ribs—there is no moral law against digging your elbow into your neighbour's ribs, I believe—and then I had my fun, for I explained the joke to him. By the way, Sir, I know a man (with most people you may generally interpret this phrase correctly by inserting a negative before the verb; but not so with me)—well, I know a man who, being naturally obtuse, has determined to obtain for himself a fine appreciation of humour. His theory is, "It must be in me—just as my muscles are in my arm—only that they won't lift fifty tons unless I exercise them: so for my 'sense of humour'—my eighth sense—that, too, is in me, and if I only work it, it will be strong enough to grapple with fifty puns." So what does he do?

Why, he passes his life among wits—not professionals, who don't throw away their capital, but among amateur wits, funny men, sayers of good things at small parties, and he works out their *jeux de mots* on paper, just as he would so many problems in Algebra. Let *x* be the meaning of the joke which has escaped him. Good: then he gets the other known quantities, including the joke itself, puts on his dressing-gown, spreads his paper, pours out a libation of ink, flourishes his quill—and at it he goes, with all the vigour of a COLENSO reducing the Book of Numbers to a question of figures.

I was dining with my old friend and pitcher, the ex-Turkish Minister's private ex-secretary, who held a post in the Turkish Army years ago (after a dinner with me, I have seen him *holding a post*,—a lamp-post in Piccadilly—and most unwilling to part with it) and the rare old Moslem,—his name is PEGWELL BEY—a small chap, a mere shrimp of a fellow to look at, but a prawn in pitched battle, a lobster in the field, a crab in a combat,—he says to me, sipping his second bottle of sherbet—(we call it sherbet, out of

respect to the Bey's scruples, but if there ever was real good Pom-mery from the caves of MADAME POMMERY, and if ever there was Comet Port—with nuts—in this world, it was between us, *entre nous*, at that moment), he says, "How about music to-night?"

I replied—

"Last night, when undisturbed by State affairs, Moistening our clay, and puffing off our cares!"

"*Bombastes!*" cried the wily Bey, as well-read a man as any that ever wore *fez* or drank *fez*!

"The Bulbul is right," I replied, in true Oriental fashion; for though a man of the world, he still likes to be called a Bulbul. "You are right. Did you notice I said *clay*?" I asked.

"CLAY, by all means," returned the Bulbul, chucking up his cap in the air. "Here's his health!"

"How about *Toto*?" I asked my PEGWELL BEY.

"Allah is good! Allah is kind! MAHOMET is his Prophet! CLAY is good; and I hope *Toto* is his profit. I have not seen it."

The worthy Mahomedan paused. His eyes trembled. Then he said, "I prefer real good *Clay* to any mere *sham*, and—and—" he paused, and I was sure that he had something good to follow. Then he went on—"and I hope that he has succeeded in *toto*."

"That, my Bulbul, would make a capital advertisement," I observed, "Success in *toto*."

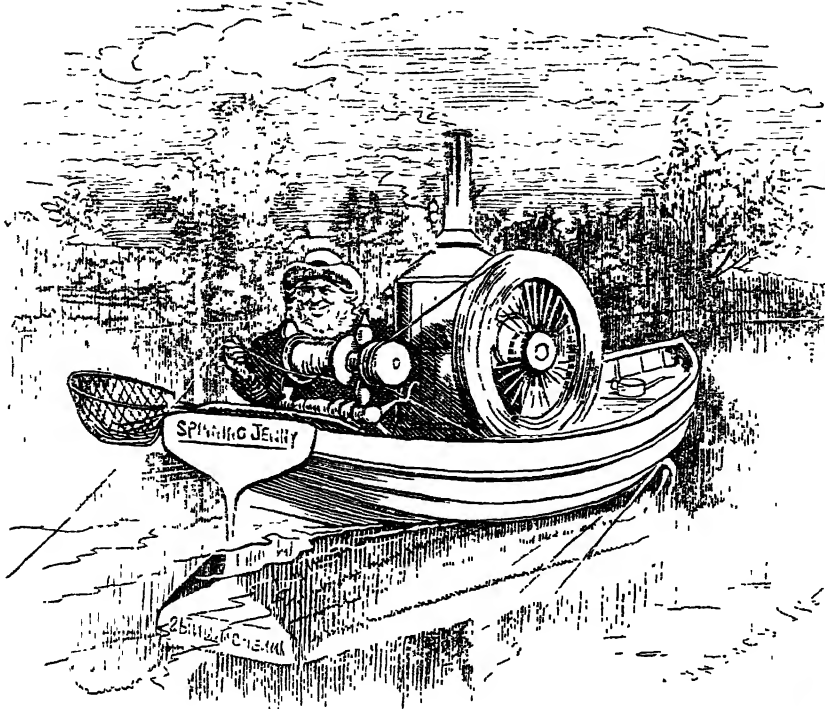
"True, my jolly Christian dog," returned the Bey. "Good sherbet needs no bush, but a *Clay* is all the better for a little judicious puffing."

I suggested a programme;—a night wi' CLAY, and one with WAGNER.

"What night with CLAY?" asked the Bey, who is such a Wagnerite that he might be called the Bey of Bayreuth.

"My distinguished Bulbul," I replied, "will see that CLAY's night is, at present, *Don Quixote*, the *Knight of La Mancha*."

There's no difficulty just now in London in hearing the works of WAGNER. They've got extracts from that composition whose name can scarcely be mentioned to ears polite, I allude to the *Götterdämmerung*,—while SATTLEBY is airing his *nobby lungen* (Bavarian dialect for "wonderful lungs") at the Lyceum in the *Flying Dutchman*. The Bey, whose English gets muddled occasionally, could not remember this title; he would call it the *Flying Dustman*, and I rather fancy he was thinking of the Italian version, *L'Olandese*



MECHANICS IN SPORT.

No. 2.—STEAM EJECTOR AND SPINNING APPARATUS FOR JACK AND CHUB FISHING.

Dannato when he informed me that the second title was the *Schiedam Hollander*. I set him right on this point while we were listening to MR. RIPLEY's Holbornian Restaurant Band assisting our digestion with the melodious overture to *Tannhäuser*.

Then to the Alhambra.

The Bulbul was delighted with the Ballet, and the performances of the Fiendish GIRARDS, who are fearfully and wonderfully made up. They are not out of place at the Alhambra—on the contrary; but they are out of place in the Comic Opera, *Don Quixote*. MR. CLAY has written some charming Ballet music, and the Chivalry Song is the best in the piece.

But the Opera should have been a *Bouffe*, somebody like MR. FRED VOKES (though the GIRARDS outvokes VOKES, I'm afraid); for the Don, and MR. PAULTON, with the Song of "*Proverbs Gone Wrong*," as *Sancho Panza*. Anyhow, the GIRARDS, who have nearly put the noses of the "Fiji Flutterers" out of joint (lucky for the latter it is "noses," and not legs or arms), are well worth a visit.

Then to the Lyceum. It was the second night of the *Flying Dutchman*, and if a crowded house and genuine enthusiasm—(the singing of MDLLE. TORRIANI and MR. SARTLEY in the Second Act created a perfect *furor*)—go for anything, then MR. CARL ROSA may congratulate himself, as I heartily congratulate him, on one of the biggest operatic successes that has been witnessed in town for many a long day. With the Lyceum orchestra and chorus there is scarcely a fault to be found; the size, the acoustic properties of the house, and HERR WAGNER's wind instruments, being taken into consideration. The music flows on from first to last, never once interrupted by that cold-water curse of English opera, which has been hitherto considered necessary to the intelligible rendering of a plot—the dialogue, which generally falls as flat as the "spoken" in an old-fashioned comic song.

The Second Act of *The Flying Dutchman* is, to my thinking, too long, for the climax is reached when *Vanderdecken* enters, and is recognised by *Leuta*. To bring the act-drop down on this situation would have been a dramatic effect too conventional perhaps for HERR WAGNER. I propose, Sir, to return to the consideration of this striking opera on another occasion. After it, the Bey and myself sought the Lane of the Maiden where we are accustomed to pass some "half-hours with the Best Oysters." And so for the present I remain, Wagnarianly,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A RAY OF INTELLIGENCE IN THE DARKNESS OF SPIRITUALISTIC FOLLY.—PROFESSOR LANKESTER.

THE SITUATION AT STAMBOUL.

SAYS *Suaviter in Modo*To *Fortiter in Re*—

(Alias HENRY ELLIOT

To IGNATIEFF)—says he,

"Let me convince the Padishah,

MIDHAT, RUSHDI, & Co.,

That as LORD DERBY sees things,

They things should see also."

To *Suaviter in Modo*Says *Fortiter in Re*,

"You may argue with the Turcos

Till blue in face you be.

But your Turco knows one pressure—

Of a fist upon him thrust:

And your Turco knows one reason—

"I must—because I must."

"So, *Suaviter in Modo*And *Fortiter in Re*,

If they're to work to profit,

In their working must agree.

I'll find the hand of iron,

You may find the velvet glove,

And, hand in glove, by acting,

We may force the Turk to move."

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.

We hear of meetings for discussion in Bicycling Circles. Is every Member of a Velocipede Club a Spokesman?

HAPPY THOUGHT (TURKISH).—Any Porte in a storm.

RUMOURED TURKISH REFORMS.

It is whispered that the following particulars, amongst others, of a project for Turkish Reform, have been submitted by the Great European Powers to the Sublime Porte:—

The SULTAN to accord his subjects a Constitution, and himself to be transformed into a Constitutional Sovereign. Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia to be consolidated into a Limited Monarchy, with Representative Institutions.

The Legislature, with the SULTAN, acting by responsible Ministers, at its head, to consist of a Senate and Chamber of Deputies; the latter electing the former, and elected itself with Vote by Ballot and Universal Suffrage, embracing the political Rights of Women.

Mahometanism, as the State Religion, to be disestablished and disendowed, and all sects and denominations to be placed upon a footing of absolute equality.

The universal establishment of Trial by Jury. Jurors to be eligible irrespective of creed.

A general system of Compulsory Education, admitting denominational schools; but where these are found inadequate, administered by School Boards, with authority to levy Rates to any amount sufficient to defray all necessary expenses.

Cheap administration of justice by means of County Courts, to be established in Counties, into which the entire Turkish Empire shall be divided for that purpose. Regular and periodical Gaol Deliveries, Assizes, and Quarter Sessions.

THE BEST PART OF A LIFE.

THE strength of Onions is proverbial. Hercules may be supposed to have been typified by the Onion, because the Onion, like himself, is so uncommonly strong. But though it be excellent to have an Onion's strength, 'tis tyrannous to use it like an Onion, such an one as one WILLIAM ONION, had up on Wednesday last week at Worship Street, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and with having committed a violent assault on ROBERT HILL, 101 H. ONION had been found by the Constable in Leman Street, Whitechapel, standing over a man whom he had just knocked down, like an ONION strong enough and savage enough to knock down anybody. The Constable tried to persuade him to go home, when ONION refused, and, besides expressing himself in generically strong language, abused his strength by violently kicking the Constable's shins, and trying to kick him in a still more dangerous manner.

"In answer to questions by the Magistrate, the Constable said the prisoner



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Irate Young Lady. "MR. COX, I DECLARE YOUR MACHINES ARE THE WORST I EVER SAW!—THERE'S NOT EVEN A LOOKING-GLASS!"

Proprietor of Bathing Machines. "WHY, MISS, IF THERE WAS LOOKING-GLASSES, WE SHOULDN'T GET YOU LADIES OUT OF THEM 'ERE MACHINES FOR HOWERS AND HOWERS!"

had been convicted over one hundred times for drunkenness, disorderly conduct, and violent assaults on the Police and civilians. On one occasion he was charged with killing a man, and was committed for trial, but acquitted; in fact, he had spent the best part of his life in gaol."

No doubt he had; and it is a fact which, however obvious, is not perhaps so well considered as it ought to be, that the best part of every ruffian's life, and of the life of every habitual offender and criminal, is that which he spends in gaol. This truth was perhaps within the view of MR. DE RUTZEN, the Magistrate before whom this most offensive ONION was brought to justice, when he sentenced that specimen of the dangerous classes to six months' imprisonment with hard labour, during which term his life will be made the best of that it can by the employment of ONION's strength at the crank and on the treadmill. It is a pity the Magistrate could not have given him more. The best part of a life such as ONION's is spent in gaol indeed when he is kept there longest.

WHYS AND MEANS.

WHY do people write that they "accept with pleasure" an unpleasant invitation, when they really mean that they do so with reluctance?

WHY do Ladies bid their servant say that they are not at home, when they mean they are engaged or unwilling to see visitors?

WHY do Cockneys often say they have been cruising in the Channel, when they mean that they have had a shilling sail at Worthing?

WHY do Actors grumble that the Drama is going to the dogs, when they mean that they themselves are not in favour with the Public?

JONES, ON HIS HOLIDAYS.

So, I've finished my holiday outing;
And now that I've come back to Town,
May indulge in a glance retrospective
O'er the weeks which like lightning have
flown.

My brain is not yet fairly settled;
My blood's in a sort of a flame;
And I don't feel recruited—but then I
Know BROWN feels exactly the same.

I've scampered through beautiful countries,
Done the lions in no end of towns:
My name is inscribed in high places,
With other SMITHS, JONESSES, and BROWNS.
I've knocked off peaks, passes, and glaciers,
In such shoals that scarce one can I name.
But while the Swiss round I was doing,
BROWN was doing exactly the same.

I've discounted both dirt and discomfort,
As one must, in a stick that's called
"cleft."

Tossed on beds, too, which "beds" is no
word for;

Put up with extortion and theft.
I've risked life and limb in the mountains,
With no special taste for that game;
But from strict sense of duty, because I
Knew BROWN bent on climbing the same.

I've spent in my short weeks of outing
The savings of all the past year;
And have learnt little more than the lesson
That outings come awfully dear.
The salve I apply to my conscience,
In friends' eyes will clear me of blame—
'Tis that I've done precisely what BROWN
did,—

And I'm certain that BROWN feels the
same.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

No wonder MR. ORR EWING, M.P., should
throw cold water on the Dumbarton Atro-
city-Indignation Meeting. He gets his
living by Turkey-red dyeing.

THE DEVIL'S IN THE STATE.—Quoth
SLADE, "Don't you hear 'Old Scratch'
at work?"

Why do Men tell their Wives that they will be detained by busi-
ness, when they really mean to be detained by a Club dinner?

Why do Women bid their husbands escort them to the West-End,
when they really mean to make them pay for a new bonnet?

Why do Singers speak with diffidence of the powers of their voice,
when they mean to swallow greedily all the compliments you give them?

Why do Inviters often call their country house a "little place,"
when they mean to show you a palatial residence?

Why does your Friend tell you "any toggerly will do," when he
means himself to sport a dress suit and white-choker?

Why do China Dealers name so preposterous a price, when they
mean to jump at less than half if they be offered it?

Why do people say they will be really charmed to see you when-
ever you drop in, whereas they really mean to shelve you by so
vague an invitation?

Why do Voters whisper "Oh, no; I couldn't think of it," when
they mean to pocket as much as may be handed them?

Why do Pianists complain that they are sadly out of practice when
they are asked to play, while in reality they mean they want more
pressing, and then will gladly yield to it?

And why do Waiters generally tell you they are "Coming, Sir!"
when nine times out of ten they mean that they are going?

Arms and Arts.

"LORD BEACONSFIELD'S arms have been duly registered at the Herald's
College."—*Daily Pipers.*

A NEW Coat of Arms when his new Lordship quarters,
Can he keep—that's the question—his former supporters?



“FOR FRENCH OF PARIS WAS TO HIM UNKNOWN”!

First Cad (with a view to impress the other Passengers). “I SAY, ‘ARRY, FUST-CLASS CHAMPAGNE FRED GIVE US LAST NIGHT, WASN’ IT?”
Second Cad. “I B’LIEVE YER! ‘AVE YOU TRIED THAT NEW SPECIALITE SHERRY?”!

A SONG FOR A HARVEST SUPPER.

(By an Eastern Counties’ Disciple of SIR WILFRID LAWSON.)

Now Haryest be over, let’s sociable meet,
 And enjoy the delights of a Temperance treat:
 All liquors fermented right nobly we scorn,
 Fur they lead men to mischief, sure’s ever they’re born.

No Beer nor no Cider we’ll draa fur our feast;
 They turn a good Christian into a beast.
 Nor we doan’t need no Sperrits our mirth to inspire,
 Fur we doan’t want to set brain and body afire.

Haarvest homes we hev heerd on, most turrible tales,
 Wheer drink ‘toxicatun were sarved out in pails:
 Wheer chaps sot a swillun like hogs in a sty,
 Till most on ‘em under the taable did lie.

Nixt marnun hids achun hands shakun they feel,
 No appetite nayther to swaller a meal;
 And tho’ to their day’s work they strive fur to tarn,
 No more’n a brass farden they manage to arn.

In no sech divarsions enjoyment we find;
 Fur losing our sinses ain’t much to our mind:
 We purfer to set sober, and keep our hids clear,
 And not make un duddy wi’ drinkun drugged beer.

We like to lead dacent respectable lives,
 And save a few puns for our children and wives:
 Not go waastun our waages in wettun our throats,
 And pawnun for drink both our weskits and coats.

So come, my brave comrades, Teetotallers all!
 Three cheers fur our Maister and Missus I call!
 Fur she is a good woman, she purwides us good cheer,
 Tea and Corfy in galluns, and prime Gingerbeer.

Come, fill up a bumper! come, fill every man!
 Fill to brimmin the Tea-pot, pass round the Milk-can!
 No hidache ull harm us, no fever we’ll fear,
 While we drink nawthun stronger nor good Gingerbeer!

A FIELD TOO OFTEN PLOUGHED.

THE excitement created by the Bulgarian atrocities will have subsided only to be followed by another outburst of equally vehement indignation, which cannot but be aroused by the following passage in a letter to the *Times* on the subject of “Ostrich Farming at the Cape”:-

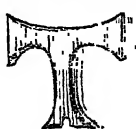
“Birds are kept solely for the feathers. They are plucked every eight months, and will average at each plucking £10 worth of feathers after the first plucking, which are chicken feathers and are not so valuable.”

What amount of torture inflicted upon poor dumb animals by vivisection, for the benefit of suffering humanity, can equal the torments to which wretched Ostriches are subjected periodically every eight months to no worthier or better purpose than that of subservience to the vanity of Fashion? Let every Professor, or Graduate who has once been a student, imagine what it must be to be so repeatedly plucked. Of course the anti-vivisectionist enthusiasts, who even during the busy Summer found time to stomp the country inveighing against the barbarities perpetrated by physiologists on frogs, cannot now for very shame fail to devote a portion of their Autumnal leisure to corresponding denunciation of the cruelty for which Ladies of rank and wealth are responsible by continuing to wear head-dresses which require thousands of Ostriches to have the quills of their tail feathers wrenched at intervals of only eight months each from their quivering sockets. Nor can it be but that amiable humanitarians, who sympathise so keenly with vivisected rabbits and guinea-pigs, will everywhere exert their utmost influence to get petitions drawn up for presentation to the QUEEN, humbly imploring Her Most Gracious MAJESTY to be graciously pleased to command that the usage of wearing Ostrich feathers at Royal Drawing-Rooms and State Balls be henceforth discontinued.

ANIMAL AUTOGRAPHS.



The Bear.—Elegant Action of—Agreeable Manners—Charming Tenor Voice—Fond of Waltzing
—At the Head of the Pole—Has a Hug for every Friend.
The Fox.—Naturally frank and open—Would not hurt a Chicken for Worlds—Always liked



THERE is a Book announced under the title of *Animals Painted by Themselves*.

The Fox is the only animal we know of who possesses a brush, but whether he can paint with it we have yet to learn. But this is, of course only our little joke, which we must have: we know perfectly well that the title may be taken figuratively. The headings of the chapters no doubt will be more or less (more, perhaps) as follows:—

The Lion.—King of the Beasts—Much received in Society—Adored by the Ladies—Never met GORDON CUMMING—Paws soft and effeminate—Naturally mild and philanthropic.

Sour Grapes—The Best Friend with Hounds.

The Pig.—The Victim of Slander—His Clean Habits—His Sweet Home—His Abstemiousness and Remarkable Temperance—His Plaintive Warble, and his Love of Hebrew.

The Ass.—His Musical Talents—His Tender Lips—Activity in Bondage—Willing Acquiescence when asked to Gallop.

The Monkey.—Greek Type Developed—Superiority to Man—Dramatic Powers. &c., &c., &c.

The Work promises to be most amusing, if not instructive. We only hope it will be illustrated by Animals. Why not? Badgers have been most successfully drawn by Dogs; and few Horses but have drawn a *carte de visite*. So we repeat, Why not?

Poor Womankind.

DEAR OLD PUNCH,

I HOPE you do not approve of such truly *manly* selfishness as DR. SLADE'S, who, after his wife has gone to her rest, cruelly breaks it by making her come back to *earn his bread for him!* As a Married Woman I protest against such behaviour to one of our ill-used sex.

Your old Friend,

MAY (BUT WOULDN'T).

THE BELL-RINGERS.

(A Devonshire Dream, after the Church Congress at Plymouth.)

"The bells are the external voice of the Church, and as Catholic as the Church itself."—REV. C. P. H. BARLOW, in the discussion on "*Church Bells, and How to Use Them*," which wound up the meeting of the Church Congress at Plymouth.

"Any man, however dull his intellect, can learn to do what is called round-ringing. Change-ringing is very different . . . The learning of the latter is a matter of impossibility to some men; others only go a very short way in the art; and, of course, others attain greater or less proficiency."—MR. G. A. W. TROYTE, President of the Devonshire Guild of Ringers, on the same discussion.

THE Jackdaw, perched on the belfry-eaves,
As he peeped through a network of ivy-leaves,
Saw a Clerical Congress, in cassocks and copes,
Tugging away at a tangle of ropes,
To the sound of something between curse and benison,
The comment of outspoken ARCHDEACON DENISON.

The cassocks rustled, the copes and stoles
Fluttered and flounced, as those well-meaning souls
Toiled, tugged, and strained, *but they couldn't keep time!*
Which, of course, plays the mischief with peal or chime.
So the net result was a vigorous jangle,
With the clappers at odds, and the ropes in a tangle,
And the pullers as loud as their bells in wrangle!
"Oho," quoth the Jackdaw, "hereby hangs a tale!
In their craft these black-coated Bell-ringers fail:
I must teach them there needs more than vigour and zeal
In the pullers, to sound an harmonious peal."
Then he hopped in among them, *sans* bow or apology,
And propounded his views upon Church Campanology.

"Brother black-coats," he cried, "out of tune, out of time,
While you thus tug, no wonder your bells fail to chime.
Round-ringing! Most likeness, methinks, might be found
In your work to what pugilists mean by a 'round.'
Change-ringing! Suggestive in these days of 'movements,'
Of changes the country calls aught but improvements;
Though e'en mutability's gale you might weather,
If somehow you'd manage to change all together:
But some change in one key, and some in another,
And each ringer's chief aim seems his fellow to smother,
Till trebles and basses, to keep time unable,
Clash into cacophony—mere bells of Babel!

Peal-ringing! Well that, one would think, might be, verily,
A labour of love all would join in right merrily;
Tintinnabular pastime instead of a toil;
But e'en *jubilates* a jangle will spoil,
And joy-peals are marred, if some obstinate bell
Will go in, on its private account, for a knell.
To join in a treble-bob-major sounds fine,
But if one treats his bell but as summons to dine,
Another as cow-bell, of pasture suggestive,
A third as alarm to hearts high and restive?—
If this fiery Archdeacon deems Church-bells the tocsin
Which calls to a fray he would fain exchange knocks in;
While that blindest of Bishops would rather decide
Their note is the *couvre-feu* bidding men hide
Latent fires of Dissent?—if to others they be
Mere muffin-bells, telling of tattle and tea,
Or factory-bells, brisk *réveillé* to work!
For cowards to funk, and for sluggards to shirk;
Or wedding-day clashes, or funeral knells,
Or parties' loud psalms, or souls' passing-bells—
What wonder, in short, if '*ensemble*''s past hopes,
With as many Minds as you've Men at the ropes?
Now, since to keep tune is a dream, were't not well,
To muffle your noisiest tongues for a spell?
Or at least not proclaim in too public a way,
That a symphony's just the one thing you can't play?
While each tugs his own rope, and will tug it alone,
As heedless of time, as of tune and of tone,
Expending his strength in his self-centred labours,
With a cool disregard for the 'notes' of his neighbours,
Why, unison, harmony, music, are things
Which not WAGNER himself could get out of *your* 'rings'—
And English Church-music, however you strain,
As 'music' must still 'of the future' remain."

Here the Bird hopped aloft, and those Bell-ringers stared.
A few optics half twinkled, but most of them glared.
Said their Leader, at last, "Well, he lays down the law;
But you see, after all, he is only a Daw!
A mere saucy Lay-creature, though given to perch
In saucy intrusion *outside* of the Church.
Pull away! pull away! Give a right Plymouth peal!"
So they tugged—to what tune only Time can reveal.

THE SPIRITUALIST'S LOOVS STANDI.—The Bar of Bow Street.



MECHANICS IN SPORT.

No. 3.—IMPROVED CLOCKWORK HUNTERS, WITH PATENT CAME-SADDLE BUMPING ACTION.

Up to any weight. Quiet to ride. When properly wound up, will stay through the longest run.

CUCURBITS AND CREAMS.

It is now some months too late for the Monster Gooseberry; but the Monster Turnip is in season, having doubtless been very generally developed by the late rains. So, likewise, is the Monster Gourd or Pumpkin. The Eastern Question has, however, excluded both Monster Turnips and Monster Gourds from the columns of most of our contemporaries; nevertheless a local paper announces that there are now on view in a shop window, Above Bar at Southampton, certain Monsters of the Gourd kind, weighing respectively forty and twenty-nine pounds; labelled, "Two Fine Vegetable Creams." Confounding one species of the *Cucurbitaceæ* with another, there are, we have very little doubt, individuals, not yet inmates of idiot asylums, who will not think it too absurd to suggest that Vegetable Creams must be the produce of *Cow-cumbers*.

To the Wood! To the Wood!

THE parishes bordering on the Strand have determined on adopting the Wood-pavement for that much-frequented thoroughfare. Happy Strand! Permitted to exchange the grease and slipperiness of Asphalte, and the jar and thunder of Granite for the elasticity and noiselessness of Wood! But why should these blessings be limited to the Strand parishes? Let all the London parishes still doomed to slipperiness and noise, rouse their Vestries to action in the same direction, and halloo lustily, *not* until they are out of the Wood, but until they are into it.

EVERYDAY FARCES.

II.—"BRAZEN THREADS AMONG THE GOLD."

SCENE—*The Folkestone Terminus. Passengers from Paris to London stowing themselves, their rugs, wraps, and reminiscences, in the Tidal Train.*

MRS. CANDYTUFT, her Daughter, and eldest Son, are assisting an Aristocratic Stranger, of the feminine gender, to the best corner, and administering *Eau de Cologne* and *Salts*, with an abuse of gush that is positively nauseating (so said CANDYTUFT, Jun., afterwards).

Mrs. Candytuft (*patting a rug which her daughter has tucked round the Aristocratic Stranger's lower extremities*). Poor dear creature! It was a bad passage indeed, and I must say I sympathise with you. *Bocoo—bocoo!* And that dreadful Alderman sitting next to you!

Aristocratic Stranger. Would you 'ave the kindness to put that bag and dressing-case close to me. Thanks—oh so much!

[YOUNG CANDYTUFT advances the bag and dressing-case, on which are prominent a Count's Coronet and the Gothic initials "T. K."]

Miss Adela Candytuft (*putting down a parcel on which is written "MADAME LA COMTESSE DE KERYALEC, Londres"*). You almost forgot this—but I snapped it up just as we left the boat. *Hooroo-meng!*

Aristocratic Stranger. 'Ow good of you, my dear young Lady. I don't know what the Count would have said if I had lost it!

Mrs. Candytuft (*aside to her daughter*). How well she speaks English, ADELA. I wish you spoke French like that.

Adela Candytuft (*aside to her mother*). Perfectly exquisite! How odd it is foreigners never can manage their H's.

Young Candytuft. Aw! can I offer you the English papers? There's *Times—Punch—aw!*

Aristocratic Stranger. Thanks so much—awfully kind.

Mrs. Candytuft (*improving the occasion at every opportunity*). My

dear ADELA, do look how well Parisian women of rank's things fit them! Don't you think you could remember the form of that Ulster?

Adela Candytuft (*a sprig of the same tuft*). Why, of course, Ma dear! I have taken mental notes of those pockets *en biais* and that sweet *capuchon* all the way over.

Mrs. Candytuft. Dear girl! Poor thing! I wonder the Count allows such a fragile flower to travel alone!

Adela. Dreadful man! I'm sure he has a curly hat and long-pointed moustaches.

Young Candytuft (*to himself*). Confounded foreigner! If she were anywhere else, I could have a weed now. Instead of which—

[*Dives into the Times, grumbling.*]

Aristocratic Stranger relieves her shattered nerves with some sherry and water from an *Eau de Cologne* bottle.

Mrs. Candytuft (*aside*). Some dreadful French Tisane! Oh, *purmetty*.—Do let me give you just a drop of Cognac—*ur pity vair*.

Young Candytuft (*who had forgotten there was a flask in his Ulster pocket*). Aw—yes. JUSTERIN's best, I asshaw you.

Aristocratic Stranger. Thanks. Awfully thanks. (*She does take a drop.*) That will bring me round, I dare say.

Another hour is supposed to elapse, during which the Family CANDYTUFT are unremitting in attentions to the Aristocratic Stranger, who is observed to snigger occasionally.

Mrs. Candytuft's Happy Thought *meanwhile*. What a catch to get a real Count and Countess at our Winter Dance!

Miss Adela's Happy Thought. How gorgeous to be heard talking French to a sweet Comtesse by those JONES girls, who are so proud of their German!

Young Candytuft's Happy Thought. Like to know this Count fellow. Might introduce a fellow to Judie, you know.

Charing Cross Station. "Charing Cross—Cross—Cross!"

Mrs. Candytuft. *Mon vwawtoor ehteecy*. My carriage—but of course you have your own. Do let AUGUSTUS help you with your things. *Ongshanty de voo revvaw*, you know.



A REPROOF.

Country Gent (lately a Citizen, who has just missed an easy shot). "CONFOUND THE THING!"
Giles (with the Bag). "OH, MEASTER! DON'T I WISH AS I'D HAD A STOAN!"

Adela (aside). Here's the Comtesse's servant. Powder and a red cockade!

Powdered Flunkey (approaching with an affable smile). Well, MISS MARIANNE, her Ladyship expected you yesterday. 'Ow's yourself? [Oh, horror! It was the Countess's Maid, after all!]

Tableau—easier imagined than described.

"SPIRITUALISM" IN SPAIN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* lately attended the Festival annually held at the Shrine of "Our Lady of Montserrat." He quotes the following attestation of something which was a genuine miracle indeed—if true:—

"On the little papers sold as memorials of the day the following is printed:—

"The image of the Virgin which to-day we worship was pointed out to some shepherds, in the year 880, near this steep, by miraculous lights from Heaven. The shepherds told the priest; the priest told the Bishop. The Bishop tried to move the image to Manresa, but it refused to move further than this crag; so they built here a Chapel to receive it, and we worship it here to-day. This is our Heaven-sent Cathedral of the Mountains."

Is the foregoing statement put forth and vended by the permission, or with the knowledge, of the present successor of the Bishop who was told by the Priest, who was told by the Shepherds 996 years ago of the miraculous image to which they said they were guided by lights from Heaven? If he endorses, of course he personally believes it. Now, is the Bishop of Manresa, that now is, a liberal, large-minded prelate, whose ideas are not bounded by his own diocese? Then what a good work is open for him to do for the confutation of scepticism and sceptics all the world over! He has only to take the very slight trouble of attempting, like his predecessor nearly a thousand years ago, to move the object which he permits his flock to worship. Suppose it will not move—refuses to come out of its shrine, or lets itself be carried only so far as it chooses and no farther; then stops short, immovable by any amount of force. This simple experiment, if only successful, could not fail to convince all

doubters and unbelievers, it having been tried in public, with due notice to all mankind, and every possible facility afforded them to see that there was no deception. If, in the sight of all men, the image were to jib, and persist in jibbing, and resisting every impulse or traction, declining even to obey the mandate, enforced with the strong arm of a British "Bobby" to move on, such evidence of intelligent, indomitable, supernatural agency would surely be sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous of even scientific men. The stationary image of Montserrat would be a standing miracle indeed. As such it would infinitely transcend the automatic Psycho, and, if MASKELYNE and COOKE were to investigate and confess they could not explain it, would perhaps induce PROFESSORS TYNDALL and HUXLEY, and even PROFESSOR PUNCH himself, to join in a pilgrimage to Montserrat, with peas in their boots.

COOL!

A YOUNG German Lady of *Mr. Punch's* acquaintance, when a solitary and friendless stranger in London, offered by advertisement to give lessons in her own language and music, and asked for "an answer, naming terms." Here is one of the answers she received. *Mr. Punch* prints it as an illustration of the amazing coolness of some people in their dealings with Governesses:—

"MADAM.—Be pleased to answer the following questions:—Where were you born? Where educated? Where did you receive your musical education? Can you play the compositions of the Great Masters at sight? When and under whom did you study drawing? Can you teach your own language grammatically? Are you prepared to give four hours' tuition daily to my daughters—say, one hour before breakfast, two hours after breakfast, one hour in drawing and conversation in German every evening—in return for your board and lodging? Are you known personally to the Hanoverian or Prussian Consul?"

"By answering these questions, you will oblige. Yours truly,
 "FRAULEIN *****.

"P.S.—Are you of good family?"

****.

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION IV.—HOW TO ENTER THE ARMY.



WHEN Mr. Punch took his customary seat in the anteroom, his four promising Pupils clustered round him. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was first to greet him.

"Sir," said he, "we have come to the conclusion that your Lectures are full of good sense. I have recently paid a visit to the Head Quarters of my Regiment. Well, Sir, when I arrived, I was saluted by the Sentry on duty. Having primed myself with the *Field Exercises*, I requested him to give over his orders. He did so glibly. He said he was to pay proper compliments to all Government property, and to keep the little boys from playing with the

to shoot the guard in case of fire, and to keep the Adjutant's brougham."

"Very good indeed," commented Mr. Punch, with a smile.

"It was very good indeed, Sir," replied the Colonel, "for a first attempt."

"My dear Sir," drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, "do you not think we had better turn our attention to the subject of your Lecture—the mode of entering the Army?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Punch; and, having given dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., a box of snuff and the Rules of Whist (printed in nice large type) to play with, the Sage commenced his Lecture:—

Part I. As an Officer.—The shortest way into the Army for Gentlemen desiring to be Officers is through the Militia. A boy fresh from school has only to attend a couple of annual trainings to be qualified for a Commission in the Line. It is true he will have to undergo a test examination conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners, but, as this will be of a non-military character, he can safely leave the matter in the hands of his coach. His real professional education will be picked up in the Militia. He will consequently be wise to pay the greatest possible attention to all that he sees and hears when he joins his Regiment. First of all, he must remember that the Militia is the old constitutional force of the country, and that in an emergency it would serve as the real line of defence. A Law (which is repealed from year to year) is always on the statutes, enforcing Service in the Militia. Under these circumstances, it will be as well for him to learn the time the Government considers necessary to drill a pack of noodles (only noodles join the Militia), taken from the towns or the fields. After making the necessary deductions for days given over to uniform-delivering and necessary inspection, Sundays, wet days, and half holidays, he will discover that a fortnight is considered ample by the Government to convert plough-boys and costermongers into patriots and soldiers. He will also learn that, evidently with a view of fostering *esprit de corps*, the War Department prefers to give the Militia an inferior rifle and a half worn-out uniform instead of issuing new clothes and the latest improvement on the Martini-Henry. He must carefully remember, when he sees an undersized stripling waddling about in a coat too large for him, trousers up to his knees, and boots after the fashion of those worn by the Negro serenaders, that he is not looking at a snubbed Militiaman, but at one of the proudest specimens of BRITANNIA'S defenders. He must be careful not to laugh at the vain attempts made by the Battalion to which he belongs to get through the work of twelve



months in as many days as a farce, or the Report of the General Commanding the District as a mockery. In the olden days Soldiers were food for powder, now they are only prey for Red Tape.

It is unnecessary to say anything about the mode of entering the Army by competitive examination. Mr. Punch has reason to believe that after next year only Doctors of Divinity and Judges (of twelve years' standing) will be qualified to compete with any chance of success. In 1886 we may confidently expect to find the names of the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, the LORD CHANCELLOR, and the President of the Royal College of Physicians at the bottom of the list of chosen candidates



for the West India Regiments. When this triumphant result has been obtained, doubtless the Civil Service Commissioners will feel that they have raised the education of the Army to the proper standard of efficiency, and then, but not until then, we may hope to see the Drill-Sergeant beginning teaching everybody the goose-step.

Part II. As a Private.—It is a much more difficult matter for a man to enter the Army as a Private than as an Officer. Say that a fine spirited fellow of eighteen wishes to join the service of the QUEEN. He is on terms of affectionate respect with the Vicar of his parish. He goes accordingly to him to ask his advice. He says that he has read stories of daring and adventure, that he wishes to emulate the careers of WELLINGTON and

CLYDE. The Parson starts back—and now the narrative had better take a dramatic form.

Vicar (aghast with horror). What, GILES! You would disgrace your name and family!

Giles. Nay, Reverend Sir, I would but don the Queen's Livery. I shall get good food, excellent exercise, a gymnasium, a library, and be taught a trade. A Doctor will look after my body, and one of your own kind will look after my soul. Surely this is a tempting picture?

Vicar. Vicious and silly boy, can nothing stop you from this deed of madness?

Giles. Nothing, your Reverence, but argument.

Vicar (wrathfully). It is not a matter for argument.

Giles. Pardon me, Reverend Sir, but it seems to me that the bargain is a good one. All the year round I shall be sure of roof, board, and wages. I shall belong to an honoured profession.

Vicar (more wrathfully). An honoured profession! Maniac, will you promise to put aside this silly fancy?

Giles (entreatingly). Oh, call it not a silly fancy! I have looked into the figures, and—

Vicar (most wrathfully). You refuse! Then may a Vicar's curse, &c., &c.!

[Scene closes in.]

Say that poor GILES braves the Parson's ill-opinion, he then will have to appear before a Magistrate, who will warn him of the wickedness of the step he proposes to take. From first to last everybody he meets will attempt to stop him, denouncing Soldiers as ne'er-do-wells and the Queen's uniform as a badge of disgrace. Should he after all this persevere in his determination to enter the Army, then he may proudly call himself a hero—he will find himself duly qualified to lead the forlornest of Forlorn Hopes.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION IV.

Mr. Punch. My dear Pupils, can you tell me what a Forlorn Hope is?

Ensign Eugene. To expect to recruit a Volunteer Regiment without prizes and entertainments.

Colonel Charles. To expect to undergo a month of Military Manœuvres without incurring a private expenditure (to be defrayed by the Officers) of a couple of hundred pounds sterling.

Lieutenant and Captain George. To imagine any Military Man will be satisfied with any scheme proposed by the War Office.

Field-Marshal Sir Frank Geegee, K.C.B. Dear little SIR FRANK knows. It would be a Forlorn Hope for anyone to think he could make any use of dear little SIR FRANK in the case of a European war.

Mr. Punch. My dear Pupils, you have all answered my question so admirably, that I can dismiss you without any further examination.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch, before you go can you tell me why the Clergy are so opposed to the Army?

Mr. Punch. Certainly, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers. The Clergy are opposed to the Army because they like to do all the fighting amongst themselves.



"Our (Old) Boys."

WHEN will *Our Boys* have ceased to run?

"When?" we ask. Echo answers "When?"

To all appearance, not until

Our Boys have run into Old Men.

LOW SPIRITS.



SHADES of the mighty Dead,
whose memories ring
A' halo round the tomb,
whose arms are blazoned
On dim memorial windows,
and whose fames
Hallow the fanes which
house your monuments,
Is this your task-work in
that other world,
To rattle chairs and rap on
furniture?
To write with bits of pencil
on a slate
Ill-spelt, unmeaning mes-
sages for fees
To SLUDGE, the medium of
revelations
That tell of no great past,
reveal no clue
To the dark future, work no
present good?
Can it be that this surrepti-
tious hand
That plays bo-peep, behind
backs pulls my hair,
And 'neath the table plays
about my legs,

Was once an Emperor's? Is 't possible,
These knocks which rap out trivial common-places,
And drop the H in spelling "Ow d'ye do?"
Come from the spirit-fingers that in life
Worked gallant WALTER RALEIGH's fiery will?
If this be really so, *Punch* can but say
However rotten this our world may be,
There's something yet more rotten in the next!

PAPERS FOR PARSONS.

ONE among the various subjects discussed at the late Church Congress in relation to clerical matters was the question of "Periodical Literature and the Daily Press." According to a report of the speeches on that topic:—

"The Rev. ERNEST FITZROY wished that the Clergy would not only take more trouble to supply interesting and early matter to their own organs, but advised them to make more use of the country papers, and to read other papers than those which advocated their own shibboleths."

To be sure. On the contrary, let the Clergy of conflicting sects in the Church look and see what the journals on the other side have to say. No doubt the Evangelicals, for instance, might learn much from the *Saturday Review*, and the Ritualists would gain information by reading the *Record* and the *Rock*. Clergymen of the Ritualist denomination also would do well to study a class of periodicals addressed not indeed to the opposite party, but to the opposite sex. Every one of the Clergy whose cloth is chiefly muslin ought to have *Le Follet* at his fingers' end; and besides, there are the *Queen*, and the *Englishwoman's Magazine*, and *Myra's Journal of Dress and Needlework*, containing the prettiest illustrations, as well as letter-press, from which the reverend devotees of Ritualism might derive no end of useful hints and suggestions for the most charming improvements and inventions of sweet things in ecclesiastical millinery.

Precepts for Parvenues.

NEVER bow to your acquaintances from the top of an omnibus.
Never wear a flower in your buttonhole in the daytime.
Never acknowledge you have earned your fortune by labour.
Never "mop" your brow with a red silk pocket-handkerchief.
Never mention at a dinner-party what your fish-bill comes to in the week.
Never go in morning dress to the stalls of a theatre.
Never give less than a shilling for a farthing play-bill.
Never speak of Pantomimes or 'Ansons.
Never wear a diamond-pin in your shirtfront.
Never parade in conversation the only Baronet you know.
Never speak familiarly of Lords you have never met.
Finally, Look as if every place you enter belonged to you.

ENFANTS TERRIBLES.—Woolwich Infants.



MORE HONEYMOON AMENITIES.

Angelina (who has been perusing the "Births, Deaths, and Marriages"). "EDWIN, I DO SO OBJECT TO THAT HORRID WORD 'RELICT'! IF I SHOULD DIE, EDWIN, PROMISE, OH, PROMISE, YOU WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO BE DESCRIBED AS YOUR RELICT!"

AN EXODUS FROM EUROPE.

THE *Lombardia*, in a letter from its Roman Correspondent, announces a scheme proposed by the Armenian Patriarch, with the sanction of the POPE, and, what is more, the SULTAN, for transferring, as an Irish paper might put it, the Eternal City to the Holy Land. Palestine, according to this project, is to be re-peopled with Catholic emigrants from Europe, who shall be allotted land and cattle, build workshops, and establish and execute all the most thriving industries of the world. The capital of the new state to be Jerusalem, whereto, at his need or convenience, the successor of St. Peter may transfer his Chair. Jerusalem, by means of railways, to be "placed in connection with Bethlehem, the Dead Sea," and, as the writer in the *Lombardia* says, "the other holy places." A grand port also will be constructed at Jaffa; lesser ports at the smaller cities on the coast. With these there must likewise be communication by rail; a Jerusalem and Joppa line, of course, besides the Bethlehem Junction, a Dead Sea Branch, and doubtless a Dan and Beersheba Railway. A network of electric telegraphs must also be extended over the Holy Land, under the auspices of the Fisherman; when the Spiritual and Temporal Power in conjunction, patronised by the Grand Seigneur, are rehabilitated at Jerusalem. The Correspondent of the *Lombardia* only omits to mention that, with a view to this re-establishment of the Sovereign Pontificate in the metropolis of Jewry, arrangements have already been made with an enterprising firm of Engineers at New York, for upheaving St. Peter's Church at Rome from its foundations, and transporting bodily to Jerusalem the whole Papacy, POPE, St. Peter's and all.

Laying Heads Together.

"A WOMAN OF ELEVEN" writes to *Punch* to ask him whether, in his last week's Honeymoon sketch, where one of the *duo* declares the other's head is so soft, it is the Lady who speaks or the Gentleman. *Punch* can only reply in the words of the traditional Peep-show Man, "Whichever you please, my little dear."

ON MY LADY IN A NEW BONNET.

By DANTE ROSSETTI RUMMINS.

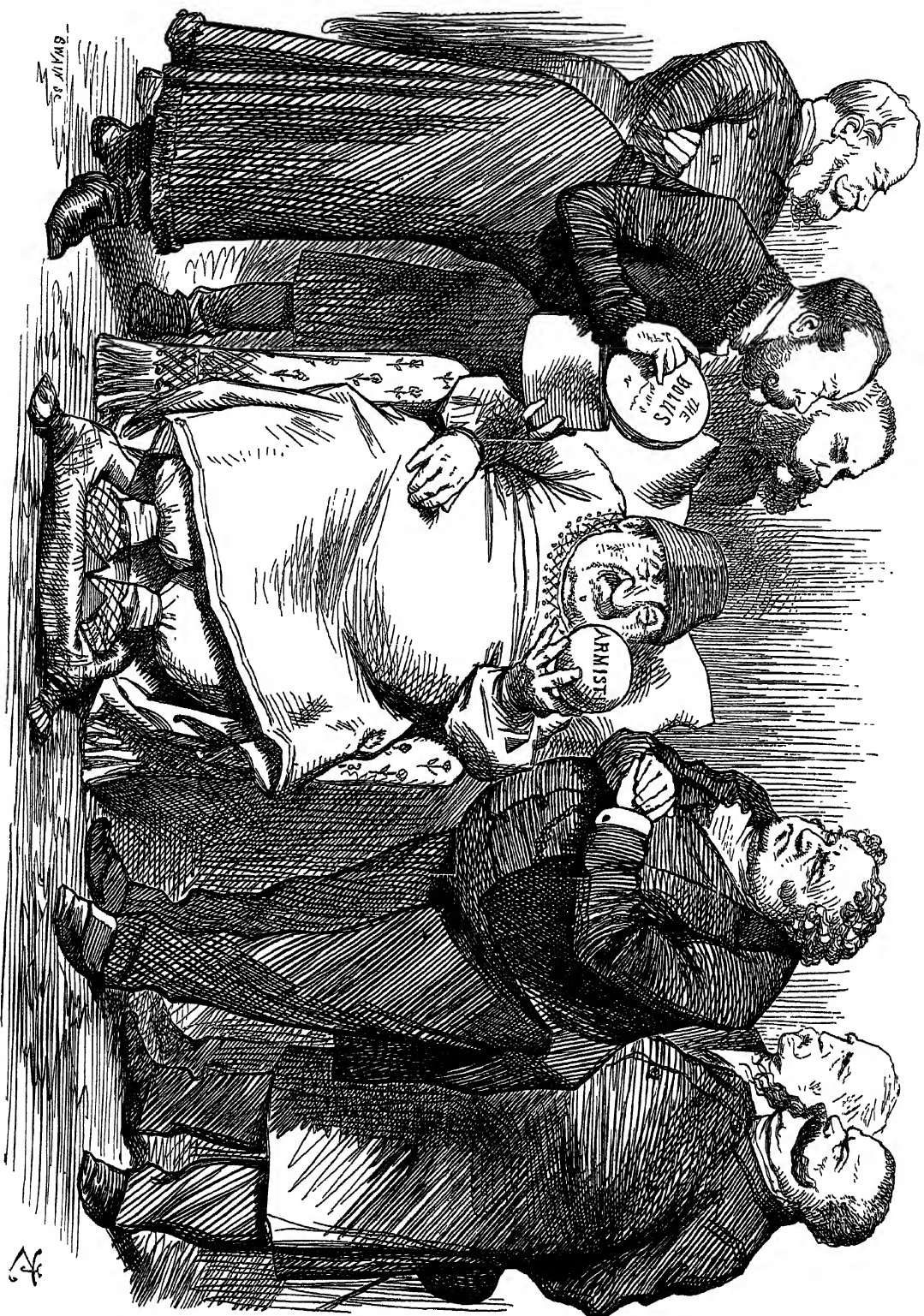
My Lady hath a new and lovely Bonnet,
And in it she doth look so passing sweet,
And, altogether, 'tis so chaste and neat,
That I thereon am fain to write a sonnet.
Meseems, whenas my Lady deigns to don it,
My heart no longer owneth me its master,
But ever beateth on from fast to faster,
Till gentle love hath penned a poem on it.
Pure white it is, with just one little rose,
That nestles next my Lady's shining hair,
As to be planted there were its great joy.
Ah me, that I could share that dear repose—
And shelter me, for aye, in such loved lair—
Draught 'twere to me of bliss without alloy!

The Amenities of Peace.

It is stated that the Artillery Authorities at Woolwich are so delighted that the Eighty-one Ton Gun has broken most of the windows, and shattered a shop-front at Shoeburyness by concussion of the air, that they have in serious contemplation the construction of a Gun powerful enough by its proof-discharges at Woolwich to shatter every pane of glass in London. It is suggested by the Heavy Ordnance Officials that the proposed Gun should be tested at Charing Cross.

ANOTHER ARMISTICE.

It commenced last August.
It will terminate next February.
The parties to it are the Leader of the House of Commons and the Leader of the Opposition.



“A PILL IN TIME!”

DR. BUTT. “WE ARE ALL AGREED THAT YOU MUST TAKE THIS LITTLE PILL AT ONCE, OR ELSE THERE’S NO KNOWING WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN!”

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.



HAT Everybody Does—
The Gap—The Lakes
—The Bugler—DR.
JOHNSON and FATHER
O'LEARY—Dialogue
Imagined—A Bar-
gain—Procession—
Another Compact—
Doubts—Kate—Pot-
heen—The Colleen—
The Curse—Way-
laid—Rescued—
BLUCHER—NAPO-
LEON—The Echoes—
Bugling—Shooting
Echoes—The Colleen
Bawn—A Drink—
The Colleen Again—
The Irish Red Deer
—Away Again.

Excursion to the Gap
of Dunloe.—Every one
does this. But there is
only one other Tourist
here, and he has pre-
ceded me on the same

route. I am started on a car. Quite a private-carriage-car turn-
out. On our road, down a lane, we fall in with a brigandish-looking,
black-bearded, gamekeeperishly-dressed person, riding on what I
should describe as—but that I scorn to flatter—a "Rosinante." Such a
tumble-down, ruined, patched-up-and-put-together-anyhow
quadruped I have never yet seen; in fact, there can't be a worse . . .
except the animal behind him, on which another uncouth brigand,
only of a different shade of hair and complexion, is astride.

Quadrupeds these poor beasts are in appearance, i.e. they have
four legs each, but such legs! And now I perceive a man on foot
following with three other rough-coated, shambling, lack-lustre
eyed cobs, saddled and bridled.

The First Brigand, who has a bugle slung round him, but no car-
bine, thank goodness! salutes me respectfully, and then says some-
thing to my Driver in the language that bothered DR. JOHNSON,—
I mean the original tongue of the Sister Island. DR. SAMUEL JOHN-
SON was never so justly shut up as on that memorable occasion
when, after pedantically addressing FATHER ARTHUR O'LEARY
in Hebrew, and rudely remarking on the latter's ignorance, he was
completely and utterly dumbfounded by the latter's replying to him
in Irish. The learned SAMUEL was a snob on that occasion, and I'm
not sure that he wasn't on several other occasions as well. A man
who affects bearishness must be more or less of a snob, and it is
refreshing to think that the Doctor, who was so accustomed to have
everything his own way, should have met his match, for once at all
events, in the person of an Irish Friar, for whom no doubt the
English Lexicographer entertained the most hearty contempt.

However, this is not the subject which interests my Brigand and
Driver at this present moment.

"What are the wild men saying?" I feel inclined to sing (to
myself of course). Could I translate the real Celtic, I should say it
would mean something of this sort:—

Brigand with Bugle (to my Carman). "I say, you've got a bloom-
ing Saxon Tourist there. Don't keep him all to yourself. Give us
a bit. Let's get something out of him. Do: and I'll give you some
of mine when I've got one."

To which my Driver probably replies, "All right. I'm on.
Halves, you know." And so the bargain is struck. I am bought
and sold. I am the first prize of the season. This is the first
appearance in the Tourist market, and I have been disposed of at my
Carman's valuation.

My Carman touches his hat and says *sotto voce* to me, "That's
the Guide, Sorr; ye'll be afther wanting him, Sorr."

I take him into my confidence.

"Do I," I earnestly ask my Driver, "do I really want him?" I
mean by this, don't deceive a poor Saxon Tourist, who hasn't got any
friends in this Killarney world but you; who is all alone among the
Lakes and mountains; and who would, if he must be robbed,
rather be plundered by one, and have done with it, than be per-
petually asked, politely of course, to "stand and deliver" through-
out the day's excursion.

"Ye must have a guide, Sorr, for the Pass and the Echoes; and
he's the best here."

This is the answer I receive. Come, then, Brigand, be my Guide,
and my own familiar friend. Bring your Bugle and be blown to it.

The Brigand, followed by the Second Brigand, also mounted, trots
behind our car. The three other cobs are left, in the lane, to the

care of a third and younger Brigand—Brigand Junior—while a
fourth Brigand, of a still lighter complexion—(I notice they become
fairer as they get younger—or rather I should say they grow darker
as they get older—and this connection between hair and villainy
might form a subject for some future chapter in *Typical Develop-
ments*, Vol. X.—only that my Brigands are not villains—quite the
contrary)—follows us on foot.

Our party at present consists of the Driver on one side of the car,
myself on the other; while "in our wake like any servants follow
also the bold" Brigands, two mounted,—our Cavalry Brigands,—and
one *Fantassin*, or Running foot Brigand.

Why does Brigand Number One, I ask myself, wear this battered
coppery-looking Bugle? I get my answer (*from myself*), "Because
he is the leader of the band." The others, however, I observe, have
no instruments.

Wild and weird becomes the scenery, and the east wind blows at
me "like," as BISHOP'S Glee has it, "infant charitee—ee—ee,
h—i—i—ke in—fant cha-ritee."

Well, uprose ye then, ye merry, merry men (the Brigands), for
'tis your opening day. And it is, to put it theatrically, the first day
of a new tourist.

How they bound forth to meet me! how glad they are to see me!!
—the Beggars.

Here is a whole party of them at KATE KEARNEY's Cottage, and,
bless me! here's KATE KEARNEY's great-great-granddaughter, with
a jug of something in the one hand and a glass in the other. She is
preparing a libation to the Angel Tourist myself. But the Angel
Tourist has luckily seen the KEARNEY family from afar off, and has
said to the Bugling Brigand and the Carman, "Gentlemen both,
I mind me that things are come to a pretty mountain pass indeed,
when an innocent, unoffending, peaceable Tourist cannot go two steps
without being assailed by these lawless nomads" (the Bugler bows,
and from this moment I believe the word "nomad" to be genuine Irish
—and I had been talking it without knowing it! Wonderful!).
"Now to you my Guide and familiar friend, and to you my Charioteer"
(Carman delighted), "I say this much,—I will give ye both *largesse*,
mark me, *largesse*, if you—both of you, for yourselves and each
other, and for your heirs and assigns for ever—undertake to keep
far from me this ragamuffin horde of rascally beggars."

They swear emphatically and solemnly, by all they hold most
sacred, that, for a consideration, they will do my behest to the be-
hest, I mean the best, of their powers.

En avant! I cry, and we dare the dangers of KATE KEARNEY's
Cottage. Oh, did I ever hear of KATE KEARNEY? Yes; but not of
KATE KEARNEY's great-great-granddaughter. Poor old KATE! I
don't believe you're any relation to the original, and maybe, old
Lady, your name isn't KEARNEY at all. I will not swallow all you
choose to tell me, and I distinctly refuse to swallow that yellow sort
of hair-oil in that bottle which you are pleased to call "potheen."

No, thank you, Ma'am, not if I know it.

"Divil a drop o' potheen is it at all at all," my Carman whispers
to me, confidentially, as we drive on quickly. We are hand and
glove now.

"Grrr—wrikra—grrr, Colleen," says the Brigand Bugler, in
good round-in-the-mouth Irish, to a very plain, elderly Lady with
bare legs, who insists on pressing her attentions on me.

She stares. Can she believe her ears? No; for she is at me
again. The Brigand Bugler advises her to "be off," in such gut-
turals as make my hair stand on end, and which are sufficiently
forceful to stagger the Colleen, who has one more shot at me *with a*
photograph of herself at forty, i.e. about ten years ago, and then,
seeing my Bugler's determined aspect, she vanishes despairingly;
not, however, without hurling just a trifle of good Celtic (in ques-
tionable taste as coming from a Lady's mouth, I should say, even
though she had bare feet and unkempt locks), directed at our party
generally, but specially at the Bugler's head, whereat my brave
followers laugh.

Ha! ha! What care we for the ban of the Mountain Witch? Do
we blench at a Crone's Curse!! Never!

(*Happy Thought.*—What a title for a Christmas Book—a real,
genuine fireside, cheerful style of story, with startling illustrations,
—*The Crone's Curse!* Must write to POPWOOD AND GROOLLY, and
ask 'em if they'll have it for their Annual, just to hit that publica-
tion up a little.)

Now, my boys. *En avant*, as I said before.

More beggars—swarms of them. They waylay us; they come by
short cuts, over peat bogs, over rocky ground, for miles they come.
The old Lady—the Colleen with the photograph—hides—dodges me—
comes up suddenly when least expected; and, when (oh! the wicked
old slyboots!) a turn of the road and a huge boulder have hidden me
from my brave companions. "No, no," I say; "I don't want your
photographs. *Avant!* Here! Hi! *Au secours! A moi!*
Come on, can't you . . . and take her away!" She is firing photo-
graphs at me. She has several of herself. Oh, vanity of vanities—
she has photographs of her relations, of KATE KEARNEY's Cottage,
of the Gap of— Be off with you! Arrah worristhrew bedad



UNREPORTED "ATROCITY" IN THE CITY.

City Miscreant. "WHERE DID YOU GO THIS AUTUMN, BROWN? SCARBORO'?"
WELL, DID YOU ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY, OR DID YOU TAKE YOUR MISSIS!"

begorr—no, I don't know any Irish, except "*Grammachree ma Cruiskeen Lawn*" and "*Savourneen Dheelish*," and neither will suit the present occasion.

Ha! BLUCHER is coming to the rescue—I mean the Bugler. Like the French at Waterloo, at the sight of the Prussians, the Colleen turns and flies. I shut up my telescope. Up, Guards, and at 'em! The Bugler and his *Fantassin* send flying a score of urchin beggars, and for a while we are left in peace and quiet.

"Tell them next time," I say to BLUCHER. "Tell them that there is a large party of Tourists coming up a long way behind us."

Is this an *Alba una*? A white one? 'Tis not a black one certainly. For behind us, i.e., to-morrow, or next week, or this day twelve months, will assuredly come a large body of Tourists. And is not all fair in war? Am I not in a mountain pass with beggars lying in ambush on every side? Shall I be robbed and bothered?

My Carman quits me. His vehicle is of no further use. I have to mount the bag-o'-bones which the Second Brigand hath till now bestrode.

Will he not tumble? I ask. He will not, is the positive answer.

I mount. In my long grey Ulster, and my much-enduring, pliant wideawake, with the Guides following afoot, and the mounted Bugler by my side, and the wild scenery round about us, I remind myself of some picture I have seen (DELAUROCHE's perhaps) of "*Napoleon Crossing the Alps*."

Now come the Echoes. The Bugler is off his horse and performing a solo. Such a solo! O MISTER LEVY! O shade of KOENIG! O my ears! There is the Bugler giving himself a blow out—such a blow out! He is becoming as purple as the heather; he is swelling visibly. He has awoke the Echoes!

Awoke 'em! Heavens! the Echoes must be a fearful heavy-sleeping family, if they're not aroused by this infernal row.

And how they get up, one after another, these Echoes!

Nymph Echo Number One jumps up a little confused. She seems to be shaking her head and crying out, "Hulloa! What's that?—Is anybody ill? Is KATE KEARNEY's Cottage on fire? What is it?"

Echoes Number Two and Three sound as if a German Band had all jumped out of bed suddenly, had rushed at their instruments, and played a discord madly.

Then the Echo gets clearer, and the last of all is the best, sounding like sweet church-bells far away down in the distant valley. That, my Bugler, was worth hearing.

So onward. But they won't let the Echoes alone. A man comes forward, with a small cannon, and takes a cool deliberate shot at an Echo. Bang! There's an Echo flying away! There's another! A third gets off safely! A fourth is winged, and a fifth is hit very hard, I should say, judging from its faint cry; while a sixth, which was just within ear-shot, dies away down in the valley! What a day's sport we are having! What a bag of Echoes! And—hit or miss—I have to pay sixpence apiece for them.

Will I not take a drop of the crater at the *Colleen Bawn's* Cottage?

Well, my good Lady, give me a glass of your goat's milk, and put in it just the last taste in life of potheen.

Be it what it may, the drink is excellent and refreshing. Bless ye, *Colleen Bawn*—I beg your pardon, *Mrs. Hardress Cregan* I should say—bless you, and the little Cregans, and all the other little kids I see browsing on the hill-side. By the way, there never was such a place for goats and kids as hereabouts. They swarm.

Towards the Black Valley (a magnificent sight, and worth the whole day's excursion) we come upon a School-house in the mountains. Evidently for the kids.

So we descend. How beautiful! how lovely! We are, I think, a good three miles or more from where we first entered by KATE KEARNEY's Cottage. My Bugler and the Second Brigand are stopping behind to effect some financial arrangements on a satisfactory basis with the last Cannon-firer.

I am, thank heaven, alone! sitting calmly and pensively on my horse, looking at the Black Valley—the Valley *Umbrae Mortis*. Ah! let me enjoy such a scene undisturbed! O Solitude where are thy charms? Here, where there seems to be a sordid accompaniment of the most pianissimo music played by insect musicians. Nature's silence is the one universal Harmony around me... O Ireland, fair, beautiful, grand bewitching—

"You'll buy my fottygruff, Sorr, won't ye, Sorr, for your poor Colleen's sake, Sorr," says a foggy potheenish voice, just below me, at my saddle-bow.

I look down. Heavens! it's that disreputable old *Colleen Bawn* again! She must have taken short cuts and tracked us all along the valley for three miles! For here she is. She clings to my coat! In despair she implores me, "Sorr, Sorr, ye'll buy the poor Colleen's fottygruff—your poor Colleen's."

No, I'm — if I do.

Au secours! Hi! à moi! And I raise the very deuce of a *clameur de Haro*.

Once more BLUCHER the Bugler appears. With a yell of despair and an expiring *Blessing in Irish* she gives up the game, and disappears behind a rock—and for aught I know down through a trap-door into the Gnomes' Kitchen.

Happy Thought.—What a stage this would be for the Incantation Scene in *Der Freischütz*.

But really, if there must be a *Colleen Bawn* (who has no connection whatever with Killarney, except by a legendary link) and a *Kate Kearney*, and a blind fiddler (who is the only honest old soul among them—poor man! he's been "dark" for years), and cannons, and buglers, and pipers, and boats, and beggars, *et hoc genus omne*—why not put the whole affair into the hands of—say, for the sake of employing local talent—MR. MICHAEL GUNN, of the Dublin Theatre, and, as he has been accustomed to getting up Grand Operas and Pantomimes, let us have the thing done really well, with a good *out-of-door Ballet troupe*, a charming *Kate Kearney* (with a song), and at the *Colleen Bawn's* Cottage let us have a set of wax-work figures, with *Father Tom* and the *Colleen*, and *Hardress*, and *Myles-na-Coppaleen*, while a barrel-organ, hidden away somewhere behind the "arras" (which is also Irish, I believe, for wainscot), should discourse the "*Cruiskeen Lawn*."

At the entrance of the Glen there should be a wicket, as at Black Gang Chine, and a staff of civil check and money-takers. One payment should include everything from one end of the Glen to the other, and no fresh ticket be required until the Tourist reaches the Lake and meets the boatmen.

Now that's my idea for the Gap of Dunloe. Of course the prices should be "*done low*" as possible, for the sake of the name.

As for the Lakes, divided like a "*Fifth Form*" into Upper, Lower, and Middle, what can I add to all that has been already written about them? Nothing,—



A LIVELY LOOK-OUT FOR JONES.

"OH, MAMMA, THAT'S CAPTAIN JONES'S KNOCK! I KNOW HE HAS COME TO ASK ME TO BE HIS WIFE!"

"WELL, MY DEAR, YOU MUST ACCEPT HIM."

"BUT I THOUGHT YOU HATED HIM SO!"

"HATE HIM? I DO—SO MUCH, THAT I MEAN TO BE HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW!"

[Revenge is sweet, especially to Women.]

HYMN TO A HEATHEN DEITY.

JUPITER PLUVIUS,
Pourer of Power
Blazing Vesuvius!
To drown in an hour;
Jove, cloud-compelling,
Drencher of meads,
Turnip crops swelling,
Mangolds and Swedes.

In thy dominion
Are Mushroom, and ring
Set with champignon;
Hail, Toadstool-King!
Thine the boletus,
Thine the puff-ball,
Crying, "Come eat us!"—
Truffles and all.

Men with galoches
Caoutchouc are shod;
In Macintoshes
Clad at thy nod.
Thou too, as well as
Dry land and main,
Holdest umbrellas
Under thy reign.

Oh, may'st thou never
Spoil festive scene!
Spare us, as ever
Thou sparest the QUEEN!
Ne'er in bright faces
Drizzle or pour;
Pic-nics and races
Spare evermore.

But when the Rabble,
Blatant and blind,
Throng to hear gabble
After their kind,
Set thy hose playing;
Water their fire:
With douches allaying
Temper their ire.

Mob demonstration
Quenched may it be;
Fools' fermentation
Damped down by thee:
That none may the Masses
The Great Unwashed call,
Pump on those Asses,
Cleansing them all!

"AN UNHAPPY MEDIUM."—DR. SLADE.

except that I saw one of the majestic red-deer, and he saw me. He wouldn't move until he felt quite sure of our being out of sight. Then he rose grandly, flourished his trumpets—I mean his antlers—and disappeared, head first, down some perilous declivity.

When I saw that Irish stag, I exclaimed—

Happy Thought.—MR. BUTT!

Of these Home-Rulers of the forest not many are left; and as for the others, the political Home-Rulers, they are "out" just now, they are "not-at-home"-rulers; and the best and the wisest of them mean nothing more than Local Government. As for these being anti-English, except in that honest sense in which every nationality should be anti-every-other-encroaching-nationality, why I say, with the guileless TOMMY MOORE—

"Contempt on the minion who calls them disloyal."

Off with his head! So much for Buckingham—so much for the Stag on the shore of Killarney.

To-morrow for Muckross. Then to Glengariff. Then farewell Ould Ireland for awhile!

CONUNDRUM FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

WHAT is most like the Imaginary Gooseberry?
A Currant of Air.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Love Winked his Wicked Eye.*" These exquisite words have been allied to the most witching melody yet conceived by our popular composer, BRUXELLES SPROUTS. After such a union, the Poet and Musician must be dearer than ever to each other, and the Public.

"*Tired Out.*" By CLARINDA ITHURIEL. Never has this gifted muse known so well how to touch the vibrate chords of our sympathetic hearts, that listen while the big tears course down their manly cheeks as they sing. Fifth Thousand.

"*Angels Flutter round the Fender.*" By the Author of "*Spirits Bless the Furtive Mourner.*" Truly beautiful are the solemn verses which accompany the thrilling harmonies of this delicious composition. Every home should seek the benignant influence of such publications shed over a family.

"*Golden are my Loved One's Freckles.*" A perfect gem. Taste, culture, and harmony combined. By the Composer of "*Nobody's Nose is like My Nose.*"—Singularly happy.—*Vide Press.*

"*Wilhelmina's Whelks.*" ALBERT BUMPSHER'S latest hit! A continued roar!! Adapted to the aristocratic drawing-room or the plebeian Free and Easy.

Chorus—"For I can freely back her
To prefer a plain alpaca
To all the best of satins or of silks;
And you'd love my WILHELMINA
If you had only seen her
Eat a saucerful of pickled whelks."

Music and words undeniable, and totally free from offence.

CURIOUS AWARDS.



THE Philadelphia Exhibition Awards to Exhibitors from Great Britain and Ireland, as published last week in the *Times*, will well repay a little careful investigation. Let us address ourselves to the task, without any serious considerations as to the endowment which may reward our research.

A stumbling-block lies right across the threshold of our inquiry. What are "Dyed Silestias"? The Office will remain open till a late hour this evening, for the accommodation of those favoured experts who may be disposed to call and give the required information.

"Cotton Gun." We disseminate the announcement of this Award with some doubt and mistrust, not unmingled with a feeling of regret at the action of the United States in this particular instance; seeming, as it does to us, to be tantamount to giving a premium to intemperance. (Is "Cotton Gun" a sort of "Shrub"?)

"Pleasure Carriages." In the absence of more precise information as to what these Carriages are, we can only venture pretty

confidently to assert what they are not—they are not Omnibuses, or Four-Wheeled Cabs, or Third-Class Railway Compartments.

"Middlings." At first this seemed utterly incomprehensible, an impenetrable mystery, baffling conjecture, and defeating surmise. But a little reflection reminded us that history is not without examples of honours, awards, distinctions, prizes, and emoluments, falling to middling, very middling, individuals, and things. For instance, there are some very middling statues in our own Metropolis, to which first premiums have been awarded; and it is within the memory of many persons now living that Cabinets have contained some very middling Statesmen. Is it possible, therefore, that at Philadelphia some middling articles may have slipped into a better place than they actually deserve?

"Mustard Plasters," &c. Our private advices assure us that the competition in this class was very keen, and that the heroic Judges, resolutely bent on testing the merits of the various Plasters by personal application, went through untold suffering before they could conscientiously award the palm of victory.

"Automatic Stoker." Strange to say, the mechanical engine-driver and the wonderful clock-work guard are not even mentioned. Perhaps they are reserved for the Supplementary List.

"Job Printing-Press." Some evils we know must always exist—such as mosquitoes, marriages for money, indifferently cooked potatoes, taxes, duns, and jobs. Let us therefore be thankful that, as regards jobs at least, there are special Printing-Presses to make their existence known and give them publicity, and so aid in diminishing their occurrence and thwarting their operation.

"Dental Porcelain." We conclude this is an elegant euphemism for false teeth. A tribute of admiration is due to the self-sacrifice and patriotism of those Judges who submitted their gums to the necessary experiments.

"Blarney Tweeds." Highly recommended as very suitable for those members of Society who are called upon to make complimentary speeches, election addresses, and parliamentary harangues. Indispensable also to persons of both sexes engaged in the composition of love letters. (It is almost superfluous to add that these articles are of Irish manufacture.)

"Lastings." Many will be the guesses hazarded as to what these articles may be. As proprietors of a few little boys and girls, we can but hope they are boots and shoes, and articles of wearing apparel.

"Special Award. Irish Setter Bitch." Great jealousy on the part of the English Bull-dog and the Scotch Terrier.

N.B.—Of all the successful firms, not one takes our fancy so much as "YOUNG AND STRONG." We shall be glad to negotiate with these gentlemen if they have a vacancy in their house for a nice well-disposed youth, who could be taken in without the formality of a premium, and who might look forward in a few years' time to a share in the business.

SOUTH-SHIELDS SWORDSMEN.

"The tongue is a sharp sword."

How excellent a thing is urbanity in those who sit in the seat of Council! And how valuable the function of the local reporter who daily or weekly gives to the little world of his own city or town the utterances of its municipal wisdom. The more literally this is done no doubt the better on the whole; even if the result may sometimes be startling. Some municipal worthies, not satisfied with calling spades spades, will insist on putting upon their spades an edge of very sharp and strong language. Thus in the report of a recent Council Meeting at South Shields, we read—*a propos* of a question about the renting of a Rate Collector's office:—

"ALDERMAN DALE considered it was only right that MR. ELLIOTT should have an office.

"MR. YOUNG: It is really too bad; it's a piece of d—d impertinence. (*Sensation and 'Order!'*)"

"In reply to a question by MR. MABANE, he was informed that the furniture for the office was ordered.

"MR. MABANE: Then I will press my Amendment the stronger.

"The Vote was then taken, when there were for the Amendment, 9; against it, 11. The Amendment was declared lost, and the original Motion carried.

"MR. YOUNG: Then I will move another Amendment, that the men who ordered the furniture pay for it.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: The Motion has been put and carried, and the subject has been settled.

"MR. YOUNG: I say it has not been settled; it is not true.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: Sit down, Sir!

"MR. YOUNG: No I won't; I will see you d—d first. (*Sensation, and 'Order!'*)"

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: You have heard the expression made use of by COUNCILLOR YOUNG. It is neither the expression of a Gentleman nor a Councillor. I hope this Council will not permit it—(*'Hear, hear!'*)—else I shall not long have the Chair.

"ALDERMAN JAMES: MR. YOUNG should withdraw the expression.

"MR. ENGLISH: I ask MR. YOUNG to withdraw that expression. There is no occasion for it.

"MR. YOUNG: Well, I formally withdraw the expression, but I feel very strongly, and—

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: You have apologised, and need not say any more.

"MR. YOUNG: But—

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: Sit down, Sir!

"The subject was then dropped."

Perhaps the sooner MR. YOUNG is treated like the subject, the better.

MR. MABANE, who figures in the above lively passage of arms, was himself forced to appeal to the protection of the Deputy-Mayor before the meeting was over. The question was as to a vote for the School-Board expenses (on amendment of the amendment).

"MR. BOWMAN spoke against the amendment, and hoped that those who voted for the one previous would stick to their colours, and not make fools of themselves by voting in favour of the present amendment.

"ALDERMAN WILLIAMSON: Then you say that those persons who do not agree with you are fools.

"MR. BOWMAN: I did not mean that; only that those persons who voted before in a certain line should stick to their colours.

"The vote was then taken, when the voting was precisely the same as on the previous occasion, and the amendment by MR. SCOTT was lost.

"MR. DONALD moved another amendment, that the estimate for the School-Board be £3000.

"MR. YOUNG seconded the amendment.

"MR. MABANE protested, as being unfair, that after they had scored two victories, a Gentleman, who had previously been neutral, should now rise up and propose another amendment. It was unfair and ungentlemanly.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: I must call you to order. It is improper to make use of the word 'ungentlemanly.'

"MR. SCOTT: It is a very improper expression.

"ALDERMAN GLOVER: MR. MABANE must withdraw that remark.

"MR. MABANE: Well, for the sake of getting on, I will withdraw the expression, but I still hold to my opinion that it is unfair.

"The vote was then taken, when there were, for the amendment—13. Against—10. The amendment was declared carried, and with this emendation the report of the Finance Committee was adopted.

"MR. MABANE: It is disgraceful.

"MR. SCOTT (to MR. MABANE): Go down to the schools and see for yourself.

"MR. MABANE: Everybody has not a brother there. (*Laughter and confusion.*)"

"After order had been somewhat restored, MR. MABANE informed the Deputy-Mayor that MR. SCOTT had called him a donkey—(*laughter*)—and he hoped the Deputy-Mayor would make him withdraw the word.

"MR. SCOTT: I withdraw the 'donkey.' (*Loud laughter.*)"

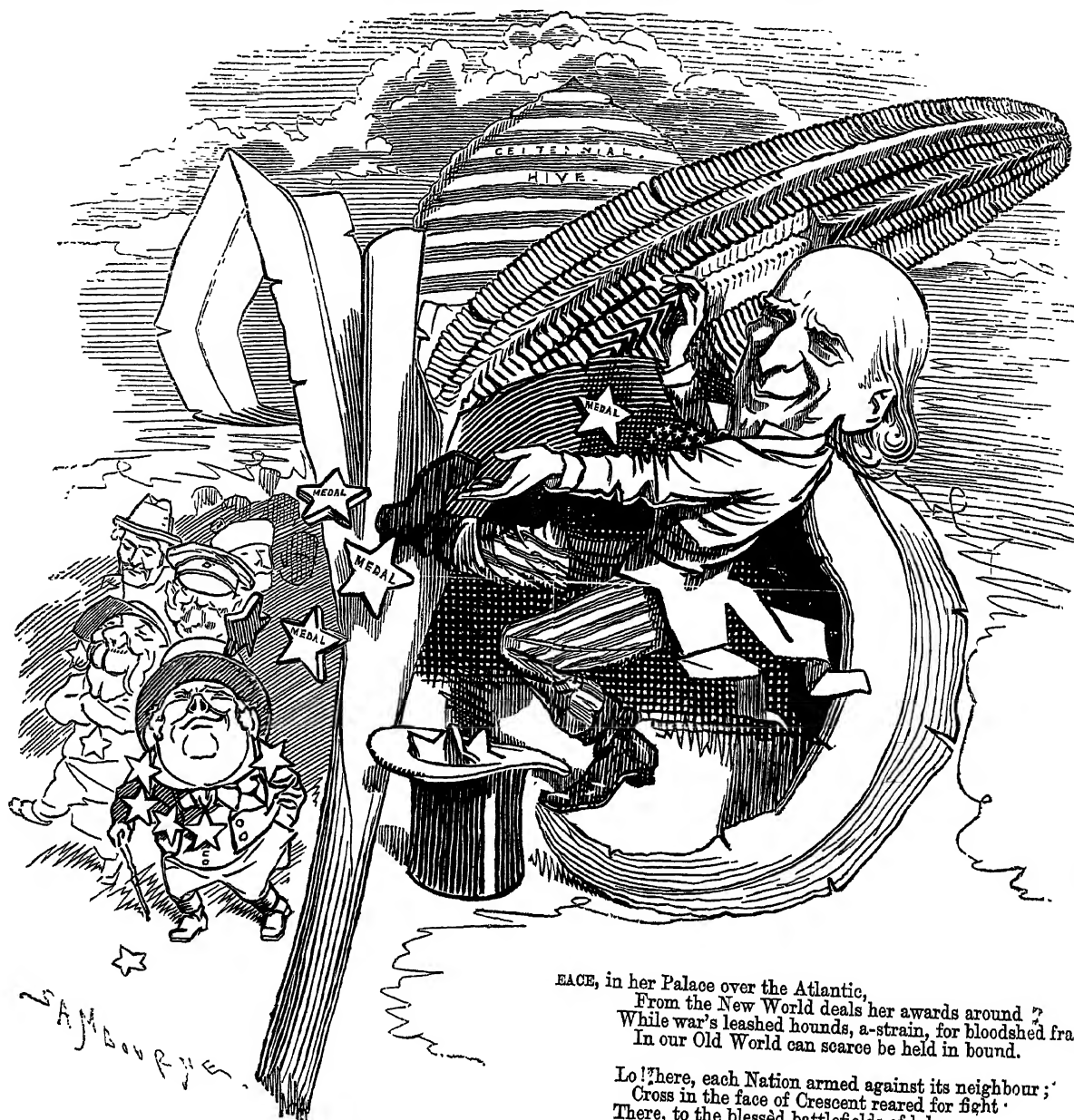
Will our readers do as MR. SCOTT did?

A CAPITAL PROSPECT.

We learn from the Posters that MRS. JOHN WOOD is about to open the St. James's Theatre, with *Three Millions of Money!* Evidently the Theatre will want no "Property Man."

INCOME-TAX RETURNS.—Does it? Not if the Commissioners are aware of it.

TWO WORLDS—THE OLD AND THE NEW.



EACE, in her Palace over the Atlantic,
From the New World deals her awards around ?
While war's leashed hounds, a-strain, for bloodshed frantic,
In our Old World can scarce be held in bound.

Lo! There, each Nation armed against its neighbour ;
Cross in the face of Crescent reared for fight
There, to the blessed battlefields of labour
United States that all the world invite.

For a far different shock from the impingings
Of broadsides 'twixt a *Chesapeake* and *Shannon*,
The strife of *Corliss* and his monster engines,
With *Cyclops Krupp* and *Essen's* monster cannon.

Happy young *Titan*, that between two oceans,
Thy guardian *Atlantic* and *Pacific*,
Growest apart from our Old World's commotions—
With room to spread, and space for powers prolific.

Wisely exchanging rifles, swords, and rammers,
For spades and ploughshares, axes, saws, and treadles,
Thou putt'st thy strength in engines and steam-hammers,
And thy gun-metal mouldest into medals.

Earth has no clime, no sky, but thou commandest :
No growth, but thy wide-spreading soil can bear :

No ore, but the rich ground on which thou standest,
Somewhere or other, bids thee stoop and share. :

No height thou hast but all thy sons may reach ;
No good, but all are free to reap its profit :
No truth, but all thy race may learn and teach,
No lie, but whoso lifts its mask may scoff it.

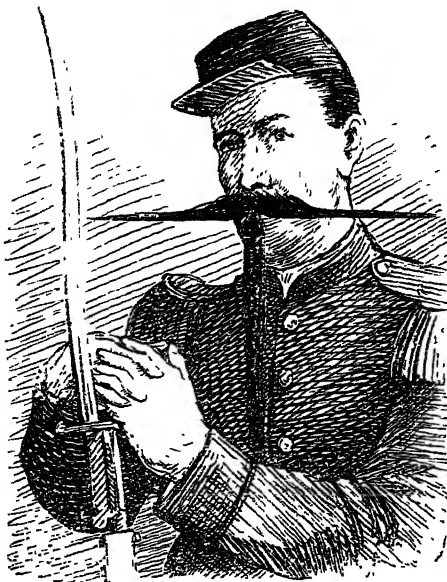
Oh happy in thy stars, still rising higher,
Happy e'en in thy stripes so lightly borne.
How far may thy meridian growth aspire,
That showest so majestic in thy morn ?

To what height may not Heaven's high favour lead thee,
In cycle of the ages yet to be,
When these first hundred years of life have made thee,
For Arts and Strength, the Giant that we see !

LIGHT CLOTHING FOR THE EAST.—Russia Ducks, *alias* *Canard-Russes*.

MR. IDE, the Winner of the Fifty-Mile Walking Match, walks so well he must be one of the *Ides* of March.

WAR RUMOURS.



THE PRIME MINISTER is in hourly communication with all the Cabinets of Europe. He has speaking-tubes put up between his official residence and the country-seats of all his colleagues. He never sleeps, and devotes his few moments of leisure to a hasty perusal of SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S *Soldier's Pocket Book*. His Private Secretary is going through a course of instruction at Woolwich and Aldershot simultaneously, so that he may be prepared for the worst.

THE Directors of the Penny Steam-boat Companies have been requested to immediately forward to the War Office a list of their vessels, with a view to the transport of twenty-two Cavalry regiments from Colchester to Egypt.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has caused a special Captive Balloon to be kept suspended over the War Office night and day, so that His Royal Highness may have the means within reach of proceeding at once to Gibraltar.

THE Bathing-machines at Herne Bay have received a fresh coat of paint, and are now on their war footing.

18,000 London Cab-Horses have been purchased by the Government for immediate service in the 1st and 2nd Life Guards.

SUB-LIEUTENANT JONES, of the Royal West Somersetshire Militia, has been made a Lieutenant, and will soon leave England for Ireland.

A PLAN of St. Petersburg has been constructed at the Offices of the Royal Geographical Society, has been amended by the Board of Inland Revenue, countersigned by the Treasury, submitted to the Admiralty, and consigned to the Model Room of the War Office, where it will remain until required on active service.

LISTS of the strength of our Fleets, Armies, new military and naval inventions, torpedoes, &c., &c., with explanatory descriptions and diagrams, have been furnished by the War Office and Admiralty to the Editors of all the British, Colonial, and Continental newspapers.

THE Directors of the Metropolitan District Railway have been warned that their line may be required by the Government for the next two months for the transport of troops between Sloane Square and the Temple.

THE Westminster Aquarium, Alexandra Palace, and MADAME TUSSAUD'S, in certain emergencies, are likely to be converted into hospitals.

THE Beefeaters are to be immediately armed with Gatling guns.

ALL the broken windows in the Tower of London are to be mended.

THE sentries at the doors of Drury Lane Theatre are to be doubled until further notice.

ALL the Australian Meat in the Kingdom has been ordered to be purchased by the Government, with a view to supplying the messes of the Household Cavalry and Infantry with food whilst their respective regiments are on their line of march.

THE shares of the Chelsea Bun Company (Limited), have fallen $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$.

THE Bears at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, have been desired to consider themselves "under arrest."

MR. JOHN BRIGHT has recently been appointed a sergeant in the Volunteer Corps lately raised at the instigation of SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, Q.C., the Common Serjeant.

THE Lord Mayor's Trumpeters have been armed with new bugles; the Sword-bearer has had his weapon sharpened, and the Common Crier has ordered his Mace to be polished and read. The corps of Ancient Men in Armour is being re-organised.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, Temple Bar, the Duke of York's Column, and the Marble Arch are immediately to be supplied with 81-ton guns.

AND lastly Mr. Punch has given Toby instructions to hold 85, Fleet Street to the bitter end—with a pop-gun!

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

An evening or two with PEGGUL BEY—Something about a Hall, and a new Theatre; also a report on the St. James's and the Strand Entertainments, and a midnight mysterious meeting to finish with.

SIR,—Don't tell me (you never did, but you might) that advertising is of little value. Don't tell me that good wine needs no bush: good wine needs a bush as much as does the indigenous South African. But what I am coming to (and what I hope I am going to, one of these festive nights), is this, how should Canterbury Hall ever have entered into my head, but through an advertisement meeting my eyes? My dear old Mahomedan friend, PEGGUL BEY (this, he says, is the correct method of spelling his name, and *not* as I wrote it a fortnight ago), was dining with me the other evening, and talking over various important subjects connected with the new loan which he is proposing to bring out at sixteen per cent. Well, Sir, the illustrious Bulbul of Stamboul is attempting to convert certain Turkish securities into something negotiable, and I am doing my best to convert the illustrious Bulbul. I am trying to induce him to see the error of his Mahomedan ways, and he has got so far as to take kindly to what he waggishly calls the "Sublime Port" (mine is a fine old crusted '34 wine, which I don't drink myself), which he sips with his walnuts, just like a Christian. On this occasion the Bulbul had been reading the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S recent charge, and was so highly indignant, that, on my proposing to him to go to the Canterbury Hall, he flatly and peremptorily refused, on purely theological grounds.

"No!" exclaimed the Bulbul. "Bechêsm, on my dear eyes be it!" He was once a Commodore in the Turkish Navy, which excuses what would otherwise have been a rather strong expression, "Which isn't swearing," he went on to explain, speaking more in sorrow than in anger; "but I will not put one penny into the Archbishop's pocket by entering his Hall."

I explained that it was not a Hall by the See of Canterbury, but the irate Bulbul wouldn't hear of it. He finished the bottle, pocketed the remaining walnuts and the crackers (which he keeps under his pillow, so as, if he wakes up in the night, and wishes to say something droll, he may have a companion by his pillow-side to crack a joke with,—an Oriental custom), and, saying "Allah il Allah!" he went to bed,—or, to describe the proceeding in excellent French, and to make an international *jeu de mot*, "Allah il Allah!" *s'écria-t-il*, "Allah il Allah!" *et il ALLA se coucher*. This is one of those *jeux de mots* which are registered for transmission abroad, and warranted to keep in any climate. Allowance made to shippers and skippers.

The next night I read the advertisement aloud to my Oriental friend.

"You will see," I said, giving him the cream of the extracts, "that the 'startling feature' is *A Sliding Roof*."

"I don't rink," replied PEGGUL BEY, "and I don't slide; though," he added, thoughtfully, "if I went on a roof in this country, I probably should. However," he continued carelessly, "let it slide. Go on!"

Headless of the interruption, I continued my selection of attractions from the advertisement in the *Era*. "You will enter through 'Romantic caverns, overlooking mountain and vale.' Fancy that, my Bey, in the vicinity of the New Cut and what Mrs. Brown calls 'QUEEN VICTORIA'S own Theatyr!'"

"Are there Houris?" asked PEGGUL, with a sly look over the rim of his glass.

"There is, I see advertised, a *Première Danseuse Assoluta*," I returned, gravely.

The Turbaned Turk misunderstood me. Chucking up his fez, he exclaimed, "By the Beard of the Prophet! *Imaun!* We will go and see this *Danseuse Dissoloute!*"

I was shocked. I reminded him that he was being converted, and, as a threat, I protested I would take him to see *Blue Beard* at the Folly Theatre, if he didn't behave himself. He trembled.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, piteously; "anything but that." Presently recovering himself, that is replacing the fez on his head, he asked, "Why have they changed the name of the Charing Cross Theatre to The Folly?"

"The Manager," I answered, "explains in a handbill that it is because he intends 'shooting Folly as it flies.'"

"What's Folly done to his Company that they should murder her? If he only wounds Folly, she will, of course, cease to fly, and be unable to run."

"True, PEGGY. But when he takes aim, he hopes to make a hit."

"But," returned the Mahometan, astutely, "I see that a piece, founded on *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and called *Pecksniff*, is to be produced. Does the Manager, MR. ALEXANDER HENDERSON, call this 'shooting Folly as it flies'?"

"Sir," I replied, drawing myself up, as if I were a legal document, "these are questions which only a Sage can answer. I am not DIOGENES."

"Nor ALEXANDER," said the Bey, flippantly.

So we dropped the subject, and went to the St. James's to see *Three Millions of Money*, with Mrs. JOHN WOOD and MR. GEORGE HONEY in the two principal parts.

MR. HONEY always was funny in *Money*, and of course it was not to be expected that his humour would be limited by the exact sum having been named. I never saw the French original, *Les Trois Millions de Gladiateur*, but if there is not more in it than these two adapters have got out of it, it cannot have been, originally, a very humorous production. It is always pleasant to witness Mrs. WOOD's performance, she seems so thoroughly to enjoy the fun whenever it occurs, and whatever success *The Three Millions* may obtain with the Million, it will be owing to the acting, for there is very little to laugh at in the dialogue. MR. GEORGE CLARKE's American millionaire must be taken, I presume,—as a truthful representation of the reality. I never met the reality, and so, though "I may presume as much as I darned please," I could not presume to criticise this particular delineation of character; but I do presume, that, had the adaptation been made by the experienced MR. MADISON MORTON, the dialogue would probably have been as amusing as that in *Woodcock's Little Game*.

PEGGY BEY was highly pleased with the mock Italian duett between Mrs. WOOD and MR. HONEY, though he expressed himself in excellent monosyllabic Turkish on the merits of the piece generally.

"Give me more music!" he exclaimed, and so I took him to hear *Toto*, at the Strand.

For charming scenery, for bright dresses, and for brilliancy generally, apart from music and libretto, *Princess Toto* is, I fancy, unsurpassed in London at the present moment. It commences well, it promises well, but it is disappointingly childish. It revives hope now and then by an occasional flicker. For instance, the business of the scene with the Indians (MESSRS. COX and PENLEY being capital in this) is immensely funny, as is also the situation where *Prince Doro* (MR. MARIUS) hits upon the expedient of providing the monotonously forgetful Princess with his visiting-cards, so that she may remember his name during their love-making. The whole plot seems to me to be a development of the idea suggested by that first-rate comic song (written, I think, by the librettist and composer of this comic opera, and sung in one of the GERMAN-REED pieces at the Gallery of Illustration), where the oblivious lover would propose if he could only think of the Lady's name, which he at last remembers is "MARIA," but too late—for she is another's. The germ of *Toto* was in this song, while the notion of persons being obliged to assume characters quite alien from their real natures, may be found in the same author's *Creatures of Impulse* and *Happy Arcadia*. There is not in *Toto* such a song as MR. CLAY's "*Nobody Knows*," or somebody else's "*You are a very Handsome Man*," in both of which MISS SANTLEY made "big hits" at the Alhambra. Perhaps that kind of music was considered too "Music-Hally" for Comic opera,—only isn't this *Toto* more of the *Bouffe* than the Comic Opera? Isn't the book more suitable for a setting by OFFENBACH than by AUBER? and wouldn't something like "*Nobody Knows*" score a success with the habitués of the Strand Theatre, who do like to be enlivened occasionally with a vulgarian atrocity?

MR. COX's makes-up, first as *King Portico*, and then as the Indian Chief, are admirable, and the burlesque imitation of *Hiawatha* couldn't be improved, either by the author, who has evidently written it in his happiest vein, or by the actor, MR. PENLEY, whose delivery of the lines was so imitatively funny as (when Your Representative was there) nearly to obtain an encore. It is not often that a speech in an Opera is singled out for such a distinction.

"Allah il Allah!" said PEGGY BEY, as he lit his fragrant

minaret, a kind of Turkish cigar, chiefly paper. "WAGNER, with his *Flying Dustman*, hath nought to fear from these Boshibazouks."

He was melancholy, and needed a something that cheers but does not inebriate. When I allow him to indulge in anything that *does* inebriate, the Bey, though generally so smooth and tranquil, becomes most unpleasantly Bosphorus—I mean, boisterous.

"Christian Dog!" he exclaimed, addressing me,—it *sounds* insulting, but it isn't, being merely the Turkish equivalent for "Sly dog,"

"Jolly dog," and suchlike familiarities, which neither breed, nor imply contempt—"Christian dog! I am athirst! I am hungry! Im-pale-ale me! Lead me to the Steak!"

"Bulbul," I replied, in excellent Turkish, "*Im-awn!*"

And so,—"*Yes, we together*"—as the duett in *Norma* has it—sought the Cavern of the Good Genii of the Silver Gridiron, where Grim Goblins do nightly congregate, and midnight poachers gloat o'er their golden eggs. Hush! Give the pass-word! Now the counter-sign! Now the grip! Now the secret order, for the Waiter is in the room! Ha! there are two down on their marrow-bones! Nay, then, resistance is useless! To the rescue . . .

Excuse my finishing thus hurriedly, but I see that GENERAL GORGBUSTER and the two O'BEDYERS have just entered, and in another minute there will be very little left for the faithful, but famishing, individual, who signs himself now as ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—The Bulbul, who in the process of conversion is deeply interested in all ecclesiastical questions, wants to know if there is such a dignitary as the "Bishop of Soda and Bee." I seem to have heard the name somewhere. Also hasn't my Mahomedan friend got things a trifle muddled in asking, "When there's a Church question for the Spirituous Peers, doesn't a Jorum of Bishops decide it? How many make a jorum?" And again, "How do you make a real Bishop? Do you use more than two lemons, and ought there to be any Curate-so in it or not?" I fancy the Bulbul has either got out of his depth, or has found an old recipe book of drinks.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.



UTSIDE of Covent Garden. Evening.

Enter a Young Lady and Gentleman.

Gentleman. Come, KITTY, to GATTY. He hasn't got PATTY, But makes, my dear queenie, A pint of Bassini; We'll see, dear,—while we "tea" Or "coffee,"—ARDITH, Who beats time so strongly. His name is spelt wrongly; It should be, my KITTY, Writ SIGNOR HARD-HITTY.

We'll hear, too, BIANCHI.

Come, KITTY.

Kitty.

Yes, thank ye.

[Exeunt into Covent Garden Theatre.]

A True Economist.

Who says "The Wise Men" came from the East? It was from the North, depend upon it. Hark to this far-sighted wisdom of a Baillie of the gude town of Elgin:—

"BAILLIE ALLAN said he was of opinion that it would be money thrown away to repair the engine. There had been no fire in Elgin for some fifteen years, and, if one should occur, the best way to deal with it would be by way of using buckets and such like means. A fire-engine was a mere piece of nonsense. The question of having one had come up before the Commissioners three or four times while he had been a member of the body. It had always come to nothing, and it would do so again."



BEWARE HOW YOU INTRODUCE YOUR INTIMATE FRIENDS TO EACH OTHER.

THE TOMKINSONS THINK THOSE DEAR JENKINSONS WOULD GET ON SO WELL WITH THOSE DELIGHTFUL WILKINSONS THAT THEY GIVE A SMALL DINNER-PARTY TO ENABLE THESE TO MEET.

BEHOLD THEM AFTER DINNER:—THE WILKINSONS AND JENKINSONS ARE GETTING ON SO VERY WELL TOGETHER, THAT POOR T. AND HIS WIFE ARE COMPLETELY LEFT OUT IN THE COLD, AND HAVE TO FALL BACK ON THEIR OWN PHOTOGRAPH-ALBUMS!

THE PUBLIC ORATOR.

THE University of Cambridge has lately been electing a new Public Orator. Much curiosity having been aroused as to this functionary, we have made it our special business to inquire into his duties, qualifications, privileges, perquisites, and emoluments, and now hasten to lay the result of the investigation before our impatient Readers.

The Public Orator is expected to know by heart the works of DEMOSTHENES, ISOCRATES, CICERO, QUINTILLIAN, BURKE, PITT, FOX, SHERIDAN, CURRAN, GRATTAN, DANIEL WEBSTER, and LORD CHESTERFIELD.

The Public Orator must be prepared to respond in Greek, Latin, or Hebrew, to the toast of "The University" at any dinner, luncheon, or other public entertainment, connected with the Freemasons, the Odd Fellows, the Volunteers, the School-Board, or the Philosophical Society.

It is the duty of the Public Orator to give lectures in Elocution, and to hold classes for instruction in the art of Reading, the delivery of public Recitations, and the management of the voice in the Pulpit, at the Bar, in Parliament, and at Congresses.

It is also the duty of the Public Orator to attend the debates at the Union, to applaud those speakers whom he may consider deserving of encouragement, and to express, by audible tokens of dissent, his dissatisfaction at any defects in style, diction, manner, gesture, and action.

That the Public Orator may keep himself thoroughly well acquainted with the best examples of modern eloquence, it is his privilege to be present, either in the House of Lords or Commons, at least one night in every week during the Session; and when any debate of especial interest is expected to arise, he must make arrangements to remain within an easy distance of Westminster until its close.

Once at least during his University career, every Undergraduate is entitled, on payment of a fee of one guinea, to request an inter-

view with the Public Orator, and to call upon him to listen to a recitation from the works of one of the great Orators or Dramatists of ancient or modern times, or to an extempore address on the Sewage Question, or some other prominent topic of the day.

The Public Orator presents all candidates for degrees from extraordinary D.C.L.'s to ordinary B.A.'s, and acquaints the Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors with every particular of their previous lives in the choicest Latin and the best superlatives.

Once in each term the Public Orator delivers an address in the Senate House, or other commodious public building, on the principal occurrences of the time, whether of local or national interest, first in Latin to those who are *in statu pupillari*, and then in English for the benefit of the ladies, who on the conclusion of his speech shower their bouquets at his feet and wreath his cap with garlands. At the annual Commencement he recapitulates the history of the past year, either in prose or verse, and a collection for his benefit is made at the close of the proceedings by the Pro-rectors and Esquire Bedels.

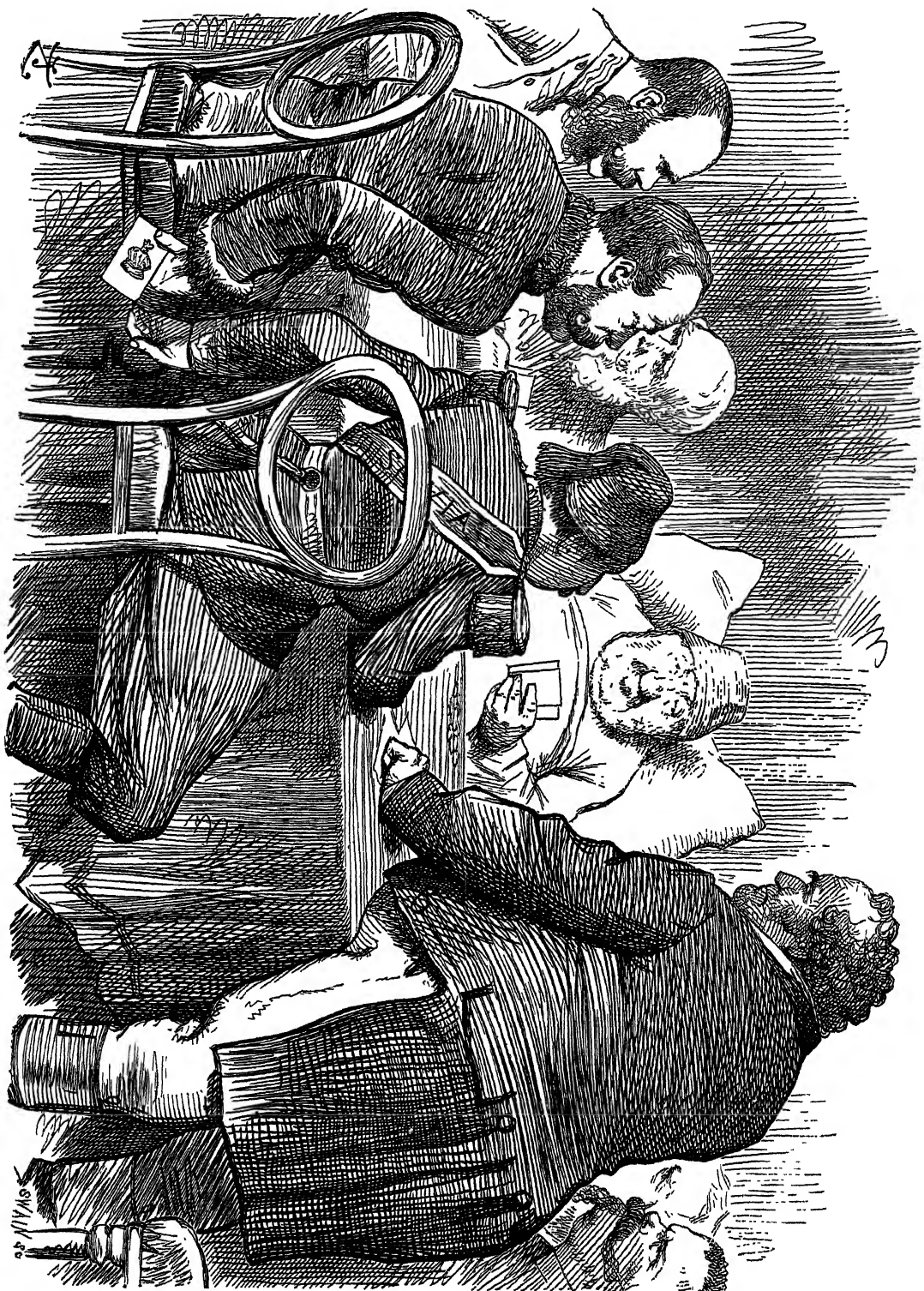
It is the privilege of the Public Orator to receive an invitation to the wedding-breakfast of the daughter, grand-daughter, or niece of any of the Heads of Houses or Professors, and to return thanks on behalf of the Bridesmaids, in his ex-officio capacity.

If a daughter of the Vice-Chancellor for the time being receives a proposal of marriage, it is the Public Orator who composes her answer in elegant Latin, and on gilt-edged paper.

A suitable residence, with spacious grounds, in which he may pace up and down when preparing his public exercises, is provided for the Public Orator, rent and taxes free; with coals, candles, gas, and firewood, at the expense of the University. The house is known as "The Oratory."

The Public Orator is paid by results; that is to say, according to the number of speeches he makes in the course of the year.

There can be no difficulty in distinguishing the Public Orator, as he invariably wears a violet velvet robe, with blue silk sleeves, on which are embroidered in gold the monograms of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*.

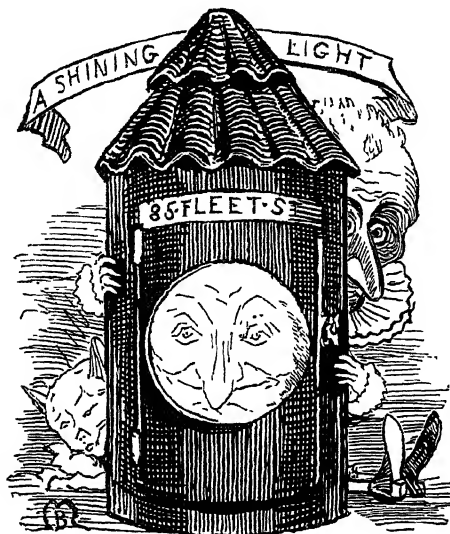


A BREAK IN THE GAME.

JOHN BULL. "YOU'RE NOT PLAYING FAIR!—I THROW UP MY HAND!—BUT I WON'T ALLOW THE STAKES TO BE DIVIDED!!"

HARD LINES FOR HERETICS.

(A Pastoral, done into doggerel, and dedicated to the BISHOP OF MINORCA.)



We renew and we repeat this
our excommunication

'Gainst Heretics of every sect,
and each denomination,

Their adopted children, pupils,
every soul that sits at meat with 'em;

Their fathers, mothers, tutors;
all who deal with 'em or treat with 'em.

We hereby excommunicate all
those who've a kind look for 'em,

Their helpers and their servants;
all who wait on 'em or cook for 'em.

All those that dare to Heretics to let a habitation,
School, Hospital, or Church, we doom to excommunication.

And we hereby sentence each and all that, despite our prohibition,
Give Protestants, or lend, or leave, them money, to perdition.
And also all with Heretics who live on terms of amity,
Or speak or write a word for them in trouble and calamity.

Our Clergy, in the Mass whilst they perform their holy functions,
We charge throughout our diocese to read out these injunctions
On three successive Sundays—day and deed alike the better—
And make their flocks by acts of faith obey them to the letter.

FICTION IN THE PULPIT.

In the days before Music Halls, there were Supper-Rooms, also musical, at one of which, once, was wont nightly to be sung by a comic vocalist, a song with the chorus:—

"No science to me is a mystery,
I've read every book through and through.
I was always the fondest of 'istory,
Because we all know it is true."

As, for example:—

"JULIUS CÆSAR invented gunpowder—"

And so on; with similar illustrations of historical truth. To which might now be added a duly versified extract from a political discourse in the form of a sermon, reported to have been preached by an Eminent Personage in a chapel on Friday last week, being the feast of St. Edward the Confessor. "That great mass of corruption, the Roman Empire," having begun, said His Eminence, "to die by its own law of dissolution":—

"At last a Roman Emperor—CONSTANTINE—embraced Christianity, and no sooner had he been converted to the faith than he translated his throne to Byzantium, which became Constantinople, because his instinct told him he could not reign supreme in the city where the Vicar of Jesus Christ dwelt. The sovereignty of this world then gave place to the sovereignty of the Incarnate Word, and from that day onwards Christian civilisation spread from Rome as its centre. In the person of the Vicar of Christ the two offices of Pontiff and King were united, and, because united in him, they were separated in all others who bore authority."

Suppose any student at the College in course of formation, under the auspices of CARDINAL MANNING, at Kensington, goes up to pass an examination in history, conducted by any commonly competent examiner. Should he be asked to name the time at which the Popes acquired temporal sovereignty, would the Cardinal, to whom the foregoing statements are ascribed, recommend him to assign the date at which CONSTANTINE "translated his throne to Byzantium," and turned that city into Constantinople? Would he advise him to back this answer by alleging certain "Forged Decretals," so called, to have been genuine documents, and the commonly accounted fictions

"Donation of CONSTANTINE" an actual transaction? If not, ought not the Cardinal, on consideration, candidly to acknowledge that the historical views propounded in the last of the above quotations exactly resemble those referred to in the first of them, and exemplified in the second? The sole difference is inessential, being no more than that between secular and ecclesiastical history, and the latter, he also might sing, is as estimable as the former, "because we all know it is true." Only, instead of singing to that effect on a Music Hall stage, he says as much in a Pulpit. There, it is wonderful what a man of undoubted knowledge, and of veracity under less exalted conditions equally unquestionable, will occasionally work himself up to affirming, in a flight of faith and fancy. It seems all the more wonderful that CARDINAL MANNING should sometimes run on in that way, seeing that he is a strict Teetotaler.

A MODEL MAIDEN.



'Tis not alone that she is fair,
And hath a wealth of golden hair;
'Tis not that she can play and sing,
To charm a Critic or a King;
'Tis not that she is gentle, kind,
And wears no chignon huge behind,
Nor high-heeled boot, nor corset laced
To show her slenderness of waist;
'Tis not that she can talk with ease
On well-nigh any theme you please;
'Tis not that she can row, and ride,
And do a dozen things beside:—
The reasons why I love Miss Brown
Are that she never wears a frown,
Ne'er sulks, or pouts, or mopes,
Or frets,
Or fusses about "styles" or "sets";
Ne'er nurses Lapdogs by the fire,
Nor bids her friends their charms admire;

Ne'er bets upon the Derby Day,
And when she's lost omits to pay;
By bonnets does not bound her talk,
And is not indisposed to walk;
Ne'er bullies her small brothers, nor
Esteems their childish games a bore:
With pigments ne'er her cheek defiles,
Nor practises coquettish wiles:
Needs not a Maid to pack her things,
Nor plagues Papa for diamond rings:
On biscuits is content to lunch;
Loves SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, POPE, and Punch:
Never descends to vulgar slang,
And ne'er was known the door to bang!

Strike in the Painting Trade.

WE are sorry to report that all the Journeyman Painters in the service of the eminent Coachbuilders, MESSRS. PANNELL & Co., have struck work. The reason alleged for this proceeding on the part of the men is not any quarrel about wages, but the fact that MR. PANNELL, Senior, having consented to sit for his portrait, has commissioned the President of the Royal Academy instead of employing one of his own painters. This naturally wounds the self-respect of his men.

"FESTINA LENTE."

IN the last great Thames Sculling-Match—for £100 a side—TARRYER has beat BRYAN. It is the old moral of the Hare and the Tortoise—"Tout vient à qui sait attendre"—"Your Tarryer is safe to win." Besides, a Tarryer was certain to be a stayer.

"HEADS I WIN."

"MORE than fifty Montenegrin heads," we read, "were exposed in the Bazaar at Spouz on the 15th inst." Surely Spouz, and not Martinechi, ought to be the Turkish head-quarters!



ANTICIPATION.

Old John (the "Broad" Man,—they had been after Snipe on the Fen all the afternoon). "I SAHY, MASTER CHARLES, NOW WHEN YEAOU GETS HOM' AN' GOT YAR BOATS OFF—AN' HAD YAR DINNER, SUP'N' HOT—AN' THEN SIT AFURE THE FIRE—'TH A PIPE O' BACCA—NOW DOON'T THAT DRAH YEAOU OFF T' SLEEP!"

Mr. Charles (realising the situation). "WELL——"

Old John (yawning). "SO THAT DEW ME!!"

THE ENCHANTED OMNIBUS.

ONE of the most curious tricks to be met with in London is that of "The Enchanted Omnibus." It might, perhaps, have been attributed to the Spirits, the Conductor acting as Medium, but that such a hypothesis has been negatived by the joint action of a gentleman named NETTLEFOLD and ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT CARDEN, who have exposed the *modus operandi*, which appears to be as follows:—

An Omnibus starts, say from Bayswater, and several weak-minded and credulous persons are made to believe before entering the vehicle that they have distinctly read the words, "To London Bridge Railway" on the exterior. On arriving at the Mansion House, however, they are asked to alight, and read again, when, instead of "To London Bridge Railway," the words, "Royal Exchange, Mansion House, Bank," appear. The astonishment of the passengers is, of course, unbounded.

MR. NETTLEFOLD was so astounded that he determined at once to unravel the mystery, and consulted SIR ROBERT CARDEN. These gentlemen did not think it necessary to call in MESSRS. MASKELYNE AND COOKE, but, after a patient investigation, discovered that the trick is done by means of moveable boards painted on both sides, which, while the happy passengers are absorbed in conversation, or mutual congratulation on the convenience of getting all the way to London Bridge Railway for sixpence, the Conductor skilfully reverses.

It is something like a Pantomime trick, though scarcely so amusing to the Passengers, or, when fined ten shillings and costs, to the Conductor.

Cut, not Plucked!

"AN OSTRICH-FARMER," home from the Cape, writes to correct a misapprehension at the bottom of a late lament of *Mr. Punch's* over the cruelty of Ostrich-plucking. It seems that the eight months' crop of feathers is not pulled out by the roots, but cut with scissors. *Punch* loses no time in recording the correction, in justice to our Ostrich Farmers. He can understand, as the feathers are "cut," that they should "come again."

MIXTURE OF TURKISH AND CAVENDISH.—LORD HARTINGTON at Constantinople.

AN AMUSIN' OLD CUSS.—The BISHOP OF MINORCA.

MAORI-US AMIDST THE RUINS OF RAILWAYDOM.

(With Apologies to the Shade of BYRON.)

"Three thousand years hence, perhaps—if it be not within three hundred or three score years—the Art critics may utter sympathetic sighs over the railway embankments and cuttings and viaducts which cross each other at every conceivable level between Clapham Junction and the Great City, and contrast those relics of the artistic ingenuity of the past with the tastelessly utilitarian structures of their own age. Gazing on the long-rusted trusses and girders of the colossal Midland Station at St. Pancras, the enormous span of the Great Eastern Terminus in Liverpool Street, the mouldering piers of the Charing Cross Railway Bridge, the shattered parapets of the Thames Embankment, and the decaying vestiges of the Holborn Viaduct, they may celebrate, in terms of unmeasured eulogy, the grand and harmonious creations of the engineers of the nineteenth century—men whom no natural obstacles could deter, no scientific difficulties discourage, and the merest ruins of whose achievements were pregnant with matter for astonishment and applause, and with models for imitation."—*Daily Telegraph* on MR. POYNTER'S Address before the Social Science Congress at Liverpool.

RELIC of nobler days and noblest Arts,
Shattered yet splendid thy perspective spreads.
Graceful yet grand art thou in all thy parts,
To Art a model, and, to him who treads
Where rust thy sleepers in their clayey beds,
Her light shines through thy cuttings. Here indeed
The Iron Age with Ageless Beauty weds,
Divorced, defunct, in these grim days of greed,
When STEPHENSON and WATT in vain demand their meed.

Alas! no more our feeble hands may rear
Grand and harmonious structures such as thi.
Upon yon rusty rail I drop a tear.
"I'll rust it more! That age was great, I wis,

That could excogitate a girder! 'Tis
The finished fruit of Art's divinest function.
A Railway Bridge! Aha! æsthetic bliss!
We cannot ape, I own with sore compunction,
The charm of Charing Cross, the grace of Clapham Junction.
Ruin, yet what a ruin! From its mass
Many a Maori village might be reared.
Oft as its mighty skeleton I pass,
I marvel how sublimely it appeared
When first its long straight lines and vistas weird
Broke on the Briton's sight;—Oh happy day
For RUSKIN, to whose soul were so endeared
Those glittering glories whose bright sun nas set—
Permanent way and pier, platform and parapet!
Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,—
Gaunt ruins, ye are great e'en in decay.
They had a taste in that far distant time,
Denied to us in this degenerate day.
Arch, girder, truss, vast sweep of roof,—the play
Of Titan phantasy is in your all.
Yon pillars stir my spirit in a way
I have not felt in Karnac's vasty hall,
Or where thy ruins, Rome, are tottering to their fall
Arches on arches! Here proud Albion,
Collecting what was best of every line,
The charms of all her Stations merged in one;
Here Platform did with Terminus combine.
Here Railway minions, bearded, bland, benign,
Shouldered huge loads or wheeled the laden truck.
Ah! if their happy fortune had been mine,
To live ere Railwaydom's last hour had struck,
Ere reigned balloons on high—alas! I'd no such luck!



INCORRIGIBLE!

Medical Adviser. "NOW, FIRST OF ALL, YOU MUST NOT DRINK BEER IN THE MORNING!"

Patient. "NO MORE I SHOULD, OLD FELLOW, BUT IT SO HAPPENS THERE'S NOT A DROP OF BRANDY IN THE HOUSE!"

LINES ON THE SOUTH-WESTERN LINE.

How apt impatience to provoke
The waits and ways of Bishopstoke,
When, with a coolness past a joke,
Trains make full stop at Bishop-
stoke!

"Is't to dig coal, or to make coke
They stay so long at Bishopstoke?"
You ask, with choler fit to choke,
Condemned to wait at Bishopstoke.
If in a smoking-carriage, smoke
The time away at Bishopstoke.
Your clay at leisure you may soak,
And liquor up at Bishopstoke;
Or go to sleep—you won't be woke
In forty winks at Bishopstoke.
Heads out of windows people poke
To learn what's wrong at Bishop-
stoke;

If boiler burst, or engine broke,
Has stoppage caused at Bishop-
stoke;

If a smash or impending stroke,
Of fate is feared at Bishopstoke.
Your grumblers growl and croakers
croak

Their worst, delayed at Bishopstoke.
In oaths and curses wrath is woke
Upon the name of Bishopstoke.
Words to repeat unfit are spoke
Whilst travellers wait at Bishop-
stoke.

Around thee better draw thy cloak,
And sit and muse at Bishopstoke.
That patient animal, the Moke,
Thy model make at Bishopstoke.
Sooner or later, suffering folk,
Trains will budge e'en from Bishop-
stoke.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.—A
Transvaal Boer.

Here, where the Locomotive breathed her steam,
And here, where buzzing Tourists choked the ways,
And sounded shrill the whistle's brazen scream,
While smoke and oil would their sweet incense raise,—
Here, where the British Million's blame or praise—
Unbacked by tips—fell flat on Porters proud,
My voice sounds hollow; stars shed sickly rays
On booking-office void, seats squashed, poles bowed,
And platforms where my steps raise echoes strangely loud.

But when the round-faced Moon begins to climb
That topmost arch, and gently pauses there,
While the stars shimmer through the gaps which Time
Has left in the long roof so blank and bare—
Save where some sparrow builds its tangled lair,
Like tufts on some nigh-bald Director's head—
Then Loveliness in ruins shows more rare;
Then in this vast arena rise the dead:
Tourists once trod this spot!—now on *their* dust I tread!

Where loomed "Refreshments," large the roofage falls
And hides that mystic legend, time-displaced.
Gorgeous Advertisements that decked these walls
With rainbow play of hues—posters that graced
These walls in tatters now hang half-effaced.
Yon "Largest Circulation" means—ah! what?—
The rest is mystery that may not be traced!—
"Hi! Wake up, Sir! Train's in!"—May I be shot,
If I've not drowsed and dreamed over that Leader's rot!

Princeps Secundus.

"Proximos ille tamen occupavit
Princeps honores."

MR. VAL PRINSEP is to paint the scene of the proclamation of the QUEEN'S Imperial title at Delhi. If what we hear of the price he is to receive for the picture be true, PRINSEP'S *Durbar-day* will rank as a colossus among commissions, second only to FRITH'S *Derby Day*.

SIRLOIN AND LADY.

THE Women of England will scarcely, perhaps, consider the following emendation in the *Times* as any improvement of an—

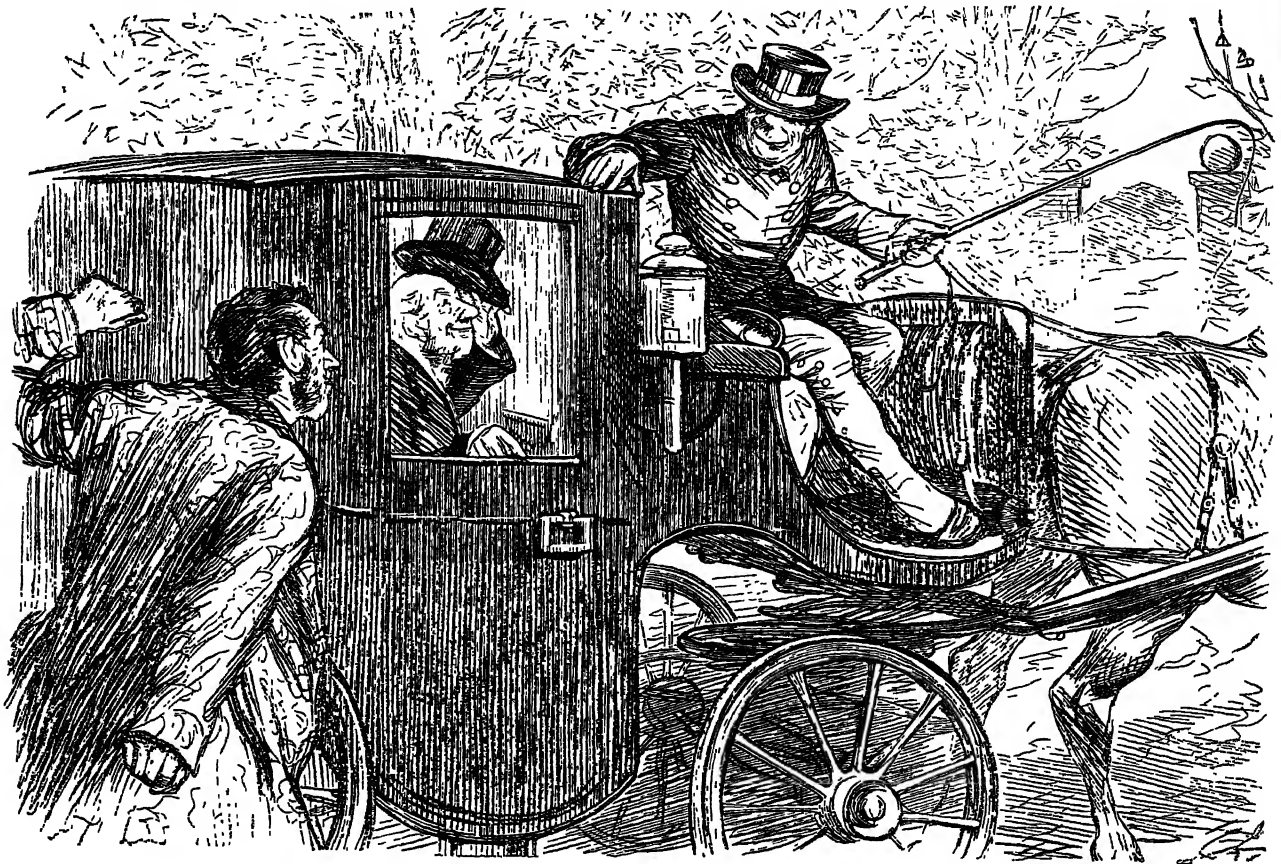
"AMERICAN ERRATUM.—A New York paper, from which we recently quoted a report of a speech of PROFESSOR HUXLEY, made in the United States, represented him as stating that English women had been described by a distinguished American as being rather too 'teethy'; the reader should substitute 'beefy.'"

Whether 'it is prettier in Woman to be "beefy" or "teethy" is a question which depends a good deal upon what "teethy" may mean. It is too probable that the distinguished American misreported to have called Englishwomen teethy, did not intend to flatter by calling them beefy. But the epithet is true enough; not to say too true. What else than being beefy could be expected of MRS. BULL, and her daughters, except those in their nonage, whom perhaps the satirical rogue of a Yankee would rather describe as vealy? Never mind, darlings. Beef is dear to every true Briton. Let not the sneering stranger say, "So is his wife, and so are his girls," meaning that his milliners' and jewellers' bills usually equal, if they do not exceed his butchers'. It is in the power of the Women of England, or, not to give offence to Scotchmen, say Great Britain, to vindicate themselves from the aspersion of being beefy in any but a laudatory sense, by learning to dress themselves upon as nearly as possible the moderate cost of £15 a-year, so as to take care that if they are in some degree beefy, as their American critic terms them, at any rate their beef shall never be objectionably overdone.

Bears All.

"Great war-panic on the Stock Exchange. . . . All Russian securities had a heavy fall."—*Evening Paper, Wednesday, 18 Oct.*

BROKERS and jobbers ought to thank
Their friends, LORDS BEACONSFIELD and DERBY,
For last week's treat—so near the Bank—
Unusual treat, of "*rus(s) in urbe*."



HOSTS AND GUESTS.

Guest. "GOOD-BYE,—ENJOYED OURSELVES SO MUCH!"

Host. "SO SORRY YOU ARE GOING,—NOW, CAN'T WE PERSUADE YOU,—HOW THE TIME HAS FLOWN!—HOPE WE SHALL SOON SEE YOU AG—"

Coachman (confidentially). "WILL OI MAKE 'EM TOO LATE FOR THE THRAIN, SOB? I CAN ASY—"

His Master (in dumb show). "IF YOU DARE, SIR! DRIVE LIKE THE —!!"

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF SPIRITS.

THE Spirits of Spirit-Rappers, and Spirit-Writers, from the style of their messages as published in the Spiritualist papers and periodicals, appear almost all to have belonged to one class of society, of which they still preserve the ideas and language. With scarcely an exception they express themselves like persons of the lower middle class. No Spirits ever affect the peculiar phraseology of Swells, or even use that of educated gentlemen and ladies. They usually talk as though their style had been derived from the perusal of low newspapers, and from sitting under semi-taught Dissenting Preachers.

The names under which they announce themselves are chiefly the familiar and endearing diminutives of common domestic life, such as "ALLIE" and "KATIE" if female, otherwise the ordinary Christian names JOHN, PETER, and so on; though a few assume a pompous pseudonym like "IMPERATOR," and not a few call themselves by ridiculous nicknames—for instance, "KIBOSH."

In short the Spirits, as a body, are intensely vulgar. Every Spirit is a snob. His speech bewrayeth him. He is also a dullard. The utterances of Spirits are generally platitudes of the broadest kind—copy-book precepts diluted. A Spirit professing to be BENJAMIN FRANKLIN talks penny-a-line. SHAKESPEARE, BACON, NEWTON, BONAPARTE, BYRON, philosophers, poets, statesmen, sovereigns, all of them invariably spell out the sentiments, in the idiom, of a loquacious and conceited mechanic, or small tradesman. The mighty dead are also very commonly apt to be facetious in a similar homely vein; and their highest effusions correspond to the eloquence of a temperance orator declaiming at a "Tea."

The truth appears to be that, whether or no the Spirits ever impart messages in foreign or dead languages, in French, German, Spanish, Hebrew, Latin, and Greek, their communications in the vulgar tongue, not, to say in plain English, never rise above the

level of a mediocrity, which, without a pun, may be said to be that of the Medium—though it comes nearer to *ænea* than "*aurea mediocritas*."

On the "Inclusive" System.

THIS is a good example of what one may call "lumping" it. From the *Daily News* of Oct. 18:—

WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.—A Lady having started a SCHOOL in a good and rising neighbourhood, has to resign it in consequence of domestic arrangements, and wishes to DISPOSE OF the same. Six pupils, two forms, large writing-table, and scholastic door-plate. Price £3. Comfortable apartments.—Address, &c.

More Vulgarian Atrocities!

To ask for that delightful Song, "*'Tis the Arp in the Hair.*"
To give bad Champagne, which you can't afford, instead of good Bitter Beer, which you can.
To eat Malted Butter with a knife.
To talk of how you "moved in the best Society" at the place you last came from.
To torment Horses with Bearing-Reins, for the sake of making them toss their heads and champ their bits.

A CHILD THAT IS "TAKING NOTICE" AT LAST.—The Occupier of Temple Bar.

THE Inhabitants of the Strand are anxious for Wood Pavement. We would suggest Beech.



"THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE."

Darwinian Coster (to thrifty Housewife). "WELL, FISH IS DEAR, MUM; YOU SEE IT'S A GETTIN' WERY SCA'CE IN CONSEQUENCE O' THESE 'ERE AQUERIONS!"

THE MINSTREL OF THE MANSION HOUSE.

EVER has the City King,
Whilst he filled the Civic Chair,
Given his People cause to sing
Glory to the Great Lord Mayor!

Great Lord Mayors have, in their day,
Won, ere COTTON, high regard,
But their fame has passed away,
For they lacked a sacred Bard.

That shall ne'er be COTTON's fate;
Nor will *Punch's* line alone
COTTON's name perpetuate:
'Twill be deathless in his own.

Nought he needs another pen
Verse on his behalf to do;
For the Chief of Aldermen
Ranks among the Poets too!

When did Lord Mayor yet before
Civic Crown with bays entwine,
Tuneful lays 'midst business pour,
Cultivate the Sisters Nine?

Lo, Cheapside, Pieria's plain;
Thames, the Heliconian rill;
Mansion House, a Delian fane;
Mount Parnassus, Fish Street Hill!

Bards in Grub Street now no more
Lacking grub in garret pine,
As they did in days of yore,
'Ere by Lord Mayors asked to dine.

Pass the Loving Cup around!
In it plunge, in turn, each nose;
And, as guests in duty bound,
Drink his health before he goes.

May the Poet's life be long,
When the Lord Mayor's day is done:
As Apollo, Lord of Song,
Hail the Civic Setting Sun!

FANATICS AND FOOLS.

Hrs Holiness the POPE, the other day, receiving the Carlist Pilgrims, led by the rampant ARCHBISHOP OF GRANADA, at the Vatican, made, says the *Times*' Correspondent, a discourse "as remarkable for its moderation as the address delivered to him by that fiery Prelate was for its intemperance;" inasmuch that—

"Never, perhaps, did the POPE employ fewer pious invectives than on this occasion. He welcomed the Pilgrims, told them that he recognised them as his children, and that they reminded him of the many martyrs whose blood had made the soil of their country holy—the doctors, the confessors, the founders of religious orders, and others, who through their virtues have contributed to the greatness of Spain."

This explanation was of course not required by the faithful who heard it. Nor could most other people have well misunderstood whom the POPE meant by martyrs in Spain, even if he had not described them as victims "whose blood had made the soil of their country holy." The Martyrs of the Inquisition bled very little. Cremation before death was unattended with much if any bloodshed. The Act of Faith, so called, can now be spoken of only in the past tense—even in Turkey. But a British fanatic might have subjected himself to it lately at Rome, if Rome were what Rome was, and is now no more. So much evidently appears from a further statement by the authority above quoted:—

"As an instance of the strict impartiality observed by the Italian authorities, I may mention that an English Dissenting Clergyman, officiating in Rome, issued a placard to the effect that on Sunday last he would discourse on the subject of 'Papistical Pilgrimages and the Christian Pilgrimage.'"

The Italian Authorities did wisely in "sequestering a poster which might have been read by many as a provocation"—whence a fool might have got something for himself, if not so bad as fire and faggot, yet unpleasant enough, and richly merited. Suppose he had been put under a pump, and subjected to punishment by the milder element, who will say it would not have served him right? Are fanatical Pilgrims or fanatical Protestants the greater Asses? Perhaps the Donkeys' ears are about of a length.

ANGLO-MOSLEM IRREGULARS.

IN publishing the statement below quoted from a column of "Naval and Military Intelligence," was a contemporary hoaxed, or flying a *canard*?—

"A scheme in connection with the chances of a war with Russia has been proposed, according to the *Whitehall Gazette*, and has met with what may be termed conditional approval by the authorities at the War Office and the India House. It is to call for Volunteers in India to serve in a cavalry contingent. The rank and file of this force would be composed exclusively of Moslems, and be commanded by officers who have served in the Indian irregular cavalry."

If this announcement is true, the authorities at the War Office are apparently contemplating the creation of a new arm of the Service, in the form of British Bashi-Bazouks. Should such a corps be constituted to fight the Russians, may it not be feared that we shall too soon be horrified by Russian atrocities committed by other than Russian troops?

Election Movements.

In a paragraph relating to the approaching School-Board Elections we read, with some surprise, that "Mr. A. B. C. (Wesleyan) will run as an Independent Candidate, and Mr. D. E. F. will run as an Independent Church Candidate." How fast this age of ours is becoming! Candidates used to be contented to "stand"—now they must "run!" Has the growing passion for athletic sports any connection with this change?

Shakspearian Quotation.

To be borne in mind when you have to meet that little Bill you backed for a Friend.

SLEN no more * * *

Men were deceivers ever.

Much Ado About Nothing.

POOR BRITANNIA!



NAVAL disasters and Naval waste had been the staple of *Punch's* readings in the evening papers. *Punch* dreamed a dream. He thought that he was standing in a large gallery of paintings, filled with pictures of BRITANNIA's Naval victories. And as he looked at the canvasses, he could not help noticing that there were none of recent date.

"Not a victory for forty years," murmured the Sage.

"No, Mr. *Punch*," said a pert young Gentleman, dressed in a lounging suit. "We didn't do very much during the Russian War, eh? Got hustled about a bit in the Black Sea by the storms, and laid up as snug as fleas in a rug in the Baltic?"

"And who may you be, young Sir?" asked *Punch*, severely: "the Sage loveth not levity and slang."

"JOHN BULL JUNIOR," very much at your service, old man," replied the youth. "I have often heard the Guv'nor talk about you, Mr. *Punch*. It's very seldom he does anything else but talk: he grumbles, and leaves the rest to me."

"You cannot do better than walk in your Father's footsteps," said *Punch*, sententiously. "The Sage is a parent himself."

"So he tells me," laughed the flippant young man. "But between you and me I don't think the old 'un got on much better than I do. Only you see he had the luck on his side, and I haven't, which makes all the difference; don't it?"

Punch and his companion had now left the picture gallery, and somehow (after the fashion of dreams) were standing in a dockyard. The place seemed to be in a state of great confusion. New ships, that had scarcely felt the water splashing against their hulls, were resting in dock, undergoing extensive repairs, boats (cheap in one sense, and dear in another) were being reconstructed, regardless of expense; waste and bad management seemed to be the order of the day on all sides.



THE BICYCLE NUISANCE; OR, A RULE OF THE ROAD WANTED.

Victim of Bicycle Riders (to her Groom). "CHARLES, DO ASK THEM WHICH SIDE THEY EXPECT ME TO GO?"

"We do a deal of tinkering, don't we?" commented JOHN BULL JUNIOR. "The joke of the thing is, the Public never knows the exact cost of a ship. Say we turn out the *Tea Kettle* for £20,000; well, before twelve months are over, repairing the *Tea Kettle*, putting in fresh engines, and replacing the old masts, and changing the timbers of the keel, and all that sort of thing, you know, runs the original £20,000 into six figures. Hallo, Sir! And how are you?"

This salutation was addressed to an old Gentleman, wearing a very gorgeous uniform. The old Gentleman smiled, and put up an ear-trumpet. The question was repeated.

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" said he; "I am as well as can be expected. I don't like the noise and the bustle; but they are all very kind to me, and tell me what to do. Still I prefer my nice quarter-deck, in a quiet harbour, to all this confusion. But you must really excuse me; for if any of my men see me, they will be sure to ask me some awkward questions about their work; and then, dear me, what should I do?"

"The Superintendent of our Dockyard, Sir," answered JOHN BULL JUNIOR, as the old Gentleman hobbled off; "an Admiral, Sir, and, as they would say in SULLIVAN'S *Trial by Jury*, 'A good one, too.'"

Punch and his companion now passed a number of Warrant-Officers, who seemed to have much spare time upon their hands.

"The Carpenters, Sir," explained the young man. "In the GUY-NOR'S days they used to look after the building of their ships, and when they were built lived in 'em until they were tugged into dock to be broken up. Now-a-days we keep 'em hanging about until we think they are wanted."

The Sage and his guide were now in an office. Scattered over the floor were dusty bundles of papers, tied up with red tape, and on the walls were plans of foreign Iron-clads.

"Not bad these," said JOHN BULL JUNIOR, pointing to the plans; "we shall build some like 'em, some day. Take a weed?"

"I never smoke in office hours," replied Punch, drily.

"I do," observed the young man, as he leisurely lighted a cigar. "Snug hole this? This is where I do my work. What's that you are looking at?"

"A list of the British Navy," read Punch. "Ah! now call out the names of some of the ships, and I will tell you where we should send them in the case of war."

"The *Vanguard*," murmured Punch. "Well," laughed the young man, "we should leave her where she is, to protect the bottom of the sea."

"The *Alexandra*, one of the largest of our Iron-clads?" "Disabled for the present. Both blades of her screw bent."

"The *Rover*, one of our new corvettes?" "Also disabled for the present. Came to grief over the measured mile."

"The *Valorous*?" "In port. Her machinery went wrong."

"The *Opal*, the *Hydra*, the *Boadicea*? All fine ships." "Well, they have broken down, too."

"And the *Thunderer*?" "Now you are chaffing me, Sir," said JOHN BULL JUNIOR. "You know as well as I do that the *Thunderer* blew up, and—"

"Chaffing you, Sir!" angrily interrupted Punch. "Do you think that the efficiency of the British Navy is a matter for chaff? Why, Sir, upon our Navy depends the greatness and grandeur of our mighty Empire! Without the sovereignty of the sea England (whose flag floats in every quarter of the world) would sink into the condition of a fourth-rate power. And you, with these mighty interests at stake, dare to talk to me of chaff!"

And Punch brought his fist down with such force that the shock woke him.

And when Punch was awake he only wished that he had been dreaming!

On several occasions lately CAPTAIN SHAW has been able to report that there were "no fires in the Metropolis." Considering the price of Coals, this is not surprising.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE (In advance of November 9th).—COTTON is fallen.

SWINDLING MADE EASY.



ow should there not be an abundant crop of Fashionable Swindlers when the world abounds in such fools as stand confessed in the case of the "COUNT VON HOWARD"? The more impudent the imposture, the more helplessly yielding the victim.

One can almost imagine after reading of the "Count's" *modus operandi*, that his correspondence with his dupes must have run somewhat as follows:—

BRUSSELS,
April 1st, 1876.

DEAR SIR,

It is true I only know you from finding your name in a *Post Office Directory*, but I take a great interest in you, and hasten to inform you that you are entitled

to Forty-Thousand Pounds under the Will of your relative, MR. WILLIAM NOODLE. I alone can get possession of the Will. I shall require remuneration.

A. NOODLE, Esq.

Yours, &c.,

VON HOWARD (COUNT).

MY DEAR SIR,

LONDON, April 3, 1876.

How can I sufficiently express my gratitude? Of course I shall be most happy to pay you for your trouble. It is true, I never had a relative named WILLIAM, my only relative being MR. TOM NOODLE; but no matter. Send on the Will at once.

Yours, gratefully,

A. NOODLE.

COUNT VON HOWARD.

MY DEAR SIR,

BRUSSELS, April 6, 1876.

A COMPLICATION has arisen. The Will is deposited with a Banker, who claims five hundred pounds on it. What is to be done? I have not the ready cash, or, of course, would at once pay it. Write by return. No gratitude. I only want two-and-a-half per cent.

A. NOODLE, Esq.

Yours,

VON HOWARD.

MY DEAR COUNT,

LONDON, April 8, 1876.

I HASTEN to send you five hundred pounds as requested. Would you like any more? Don't be bashful. Of course I shall be glad to receive the Will or the Forty-Thousand Pounds in due course.

Yours always,

A. NOODLE.

COUNT VON HOWARD.

At this particular juncture the "Count," for some reason or another, breaks off the correspondence, and MR. NOODLE has the hardihood to go into Court and complain of being swindled!

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

About Killarney—A Meeting—The Friar—A few Remarks—Further Deferred—On to Muckross—The Cascade—Price—Paying at the Doors—No Reduction—My American Friend—The Abbey—No Colleen—Truth—Illusions—A New Notion—Progress.

About Killarney and Muckross.—Except in a good old-fashioned house genially decked for Christmas, I have never seen such a profusion of holly in any one spot, as may be observed over and over again along the roads in these parts. These excursions must be remarked in my note-book as Red-berry days, or, more correctly, Holly-days. Christmas, it is true, comes but once a year; but, about Kenmare, the decorations are left up for the whole twelve months. What a sight it must be in the winter! I wonder if PUEB'S Grand Cathedral at Killarney reaps the benefit of so much decorative wealth of holly in the neighbourhood?

Driving out of Killarney, on as fine and fresh a Sunday morning as ever gladdened the heart of Celt or Saxon, I happen upon a sketch that I wouldn't have missed for a trifle. Coming round the corner—whisk—at full trot, is a trim jaunting car, bearing a magnificent specimen of a Franciscan Friar, in his habit as he lives,

his shorn crown as bald and polished as a marble, and shining so brilliantly in the sun, that I should like to lend him my umbrella, for fear of a *coup de soleil*. Odd! he doesn't seem to be struck by the—

Happy Thought.—Put up my cowl.

However, the fast trotter takes him out of sight before I can offer him the suggestion. My driver touches his hat respectfully to his Reverence as we pass; and, not to be behindhand in politeness, so do I. The good Father beams upon us in return, and salutes us with his hand: for you see it would be a trifle difficult for him to return our salutation in kind, so to speak, as he hasn't a hat to lift, or even a forelock to pull.

"He's been saying Mass at Mr. O'SOMEBODY'S house yonder," my driver explains, naming the residence of a gentleman some eight miles distant. The carman is clearly jealous for the honour and dignity of the clergy in giving me this explanation, because otherwise, might not I, as a Saxon, and for aught he knows, a Protestant Saxon to boot, go home and say, maybe at Exeter Hall, that "the Monks in Ireland think nothing of breaking the Sabbath-day, riding about in cars, and going out for jaunts and jauntings when decent people ought to be at church." And I am pretty much of opinion that this is the conclusion that would have been jumped at by many of my prejudiced fellow-countrymen, whom no explanation as to *why* that Friar was on *that* car, at *that* particular hour, on *that* fine "Sabbath" morning, would have satisfied. And while on the subject of cowls and friars, I cannot help noticing the utter absence of the "downcast look," "the hangdog expression," and the "scowl" with which certain writers have depicted "their Rivirinces."

Happy Thought.—The proverb here should be "'tis not the scowl that makes the monk."

The Catholic clergy are, it seems to me, for the most part, fine broad-shouldered specimens of humanity, whose weather-beaten countenances are as honest, frank, and cheerful as any you would wish to see gathered round your own table at Christmas-tide. As for *physique*, the civil P6-lis force and the moral P6-lis force appear to have divided the picked Irishmen between them; for, the constabulary are already famous as a military force, and a magnificent *corps* might be formed out of the Irish clerical ranks. Could BISMARCK be "the O'BISMARCK" for a while, wouldn't he like to try his hand at compulsory enlistment of the clergy? If he did, begor 'tis myself that would wish him all the success he'd deserve—the rapparee, the marauder!

One more note on the subject and I've done with it; if their Rivirinces are not the "scowling," "hangdog" prowlers, that MR. PETER PREJUDICE would have us believe them to be, so neither do they resemble those scandals to their cloth, so brilliantly and entertainingly drawn by the late CHARLES LEVER. As a body, they are unaffected, kindly, genial men, to whose nature the proverbial priggishness of the parson is utterly foreign, while for their Deans and Bishops—well, our friend SMITH'S butler, even in his morning toilette, and at a disadvantage, has far more of the "Don"—not the Spanish, but the College, Don about him—than a whole room-full of Irish ecclesiastical dignitaries in their most gorgeous purple and fine linen.

However, further disquisition as to cause, effect, &c., &c., would be clearly out of place in these brief notes, and must appear in my forthcoming work on *Typical Developments*, though in which volume, in which paragraph, or under what heading, it is, at present, rather difficult to determine. Perhaps, under C., *Cowls*,—for all this sprang out of my noticing that Friar on the jaunting car.

At Muckross.—First, I am invited to see the Torc Cascade.

Happy Thought.—Torc about it.

Another Tourist is bound on the same errand. He is an American. He is disputing a point with a respectable, middle-aged man, who may be a bailiff, or a gamekeeper (and, in fact, turns out to be a sort of both), who is demanding sixpence as the price of admission to the Waterfall. Really? "Yes. Sixpence for the Waterfall, Gentlemen, if you please: it's MR. HERBERT'S charge." Thank you; and here are our tickets. Shall we leave our sticks and umbrellas at the wicket? Are we to take care not to breathe upon the glasses? Oh, I beg pardon! there are no glasses; and it is not a peep-show. Well, then, do our tickets admit to the pit, or boxes, or stalls? Or, if not, to what part of the house do they admit us?

"Oh! not to the house at all," replies our simple Showman, taking my satirical question literally, "and you can see the Ruins afterwards."

Entrance to the Ruins means "sixpence more," and another ticket. Why it reminds me of Cremorne—not the place, but the system of charging. As to the mere amount of sixpence,—well, I've no doubt, we should have given that enormous sum,—and, being of a generous turn, more—to any Cicero who might have been so fortunate as to conduct two such Millionnaires as the American Tourist and myself over the place. But, as it is, we are paying MR. HERBERT; and MR. HERBERT ought to be here himself to take us round his domain.

There is a story of an impoverished Nobleman, who used to

request his visitors to give him the tips with which they had intended to enrich his servants. "They get their wages," his Lordship was wont to observe, "and don't want the money. I pay the wages, and do." Only if I pay to be entertained by the first Tragedian, I do not get my money's worth if the part of *Hamlet* is performed by a Supernumerary. If I pay Mr. HERBERT sixpence, clearly it should be MR. HERBERT who should act as my Cicerone, and not his subordinate.

Note.—It does destroy the romance of a secluded Fairy Glen and a dashing Waterfall, if you are compelled to give sixpence for seeing them. Only having parted with the coin, there remains *this* advantage, viz., that we have acquired by purchase a perfect right to grumble, and to find fault with everything.

"Why," says my American friend, superciliously, "this ain't a patch on the smallest waterfall in our country,"—and he will hardly look at it.

"Not half as good as the Fairy Glen in Wales," I chime in.

"The trees are only chunks," says my companion, turning back and descending the ravine.

"I'd as soon pay my sixpence for Black Gang Chine or any other show-place in the Isle of Wight," I growl, as my mind reverts to my happy childhood's days when I could see the Swiss Chalet, the Swiss Waterfall, the Stalactite Caverns, and Paris or London by Moonlight, at the dear old Colosseum, and all for one shilling; i.e., only sixpence more than MR. HERBERT's charge for this Waterfall alone—or rather for this Trickle, which is all *Tore* and no Tumble.

Hang it, they might have turned on some more water for the money. However, when there has been no rain for a fortnight, I do think that MR. HERBERT ought to lower the price. To equalise it, let him charge twopence extra after a shower, and sixpence more after a week's heavy fall of rain; and advertise both effects in the local papers.

Happy Thought (for a Gentleman who is fortunate enough to possess a Waterfall and a Ruin on his grounds.—Make something handsome by 'em.

Were I MR. HERBERT of Muckross,
I rather would be with my luck cross,
And lose pennies many
Before I'd charge any
For seeing the beauties of Muckross.

But perhaps the owner of the estate is of a different opinion, and, after all, it is his affair—not mine. The Tourist is requested (on the ticket) not to give any gratuity to the Showman. But isn't the same simple-minded request to be found placarded up on all Stations? And do we therefore refrain from presenting the Guards, the Ticket-Collectors, and the Porters with the furtive, but welcome, sixpence, or the modest, but not less welcome, fourpenny and three-penny for value received? Do we not fee the boxkeepers at theatres where no gratuities are allowed, and where, of course, none are ever offered or accepted? It is a vicious practice, a demoralising custom, but it is a matter of habit; and so, when MR. HERBERT, M.P., requests us not to give his employé a tip, what, I ask, is the consequence? I will answer for myself and for my American friend. . . and, of course, we did not do anything of the kind, that is any more than any other gentleman tourist would when visiting Muckross.

Muckross Abbey.—Worth all the sixpences that ever were coined.

"A kinder sollum place," says my American friend. It is, as he says, a "kinder sollum place," and being both of us considerably impressed by the "sollumity," we, by tacit agreement, part company. I sit in the refectory and think "how many have told of the Monks of old," and what a glorious race they were, and I visit the chapel, and the Abbot's room, and I wander among the tombs, and the cool dark cloisters. Wasn't it from a window in Muckross Abbey that *Hardress Cregan* used to show a light to *Eily O'Connor*, or vice versa; or wasn't it this at all at all, and am I, as I rather think I am, all wrong? For why the D—ION BOUVERCAULT should *Hardress Cregan* be here and not at his mother's house?

Alas! The *Colleen Bawn* has no more to do with Killarney and Muckross than I have. She was drowned in the Shannon, I believe, and *Danny Mann* was hung for it at Cork. The *Colleen Bawn* Rock and Cave are delusions. We tried them. The nose of our boat would scarcely run into the Cave, in which there was about six inches of water, and standing upright was an impossibility. Of course where you can't stand upright and can't sit down, you must stoop or lie—and "Lord! how this World is given to lying!"

Happy Thought. To bring out a new magazine, to be called *The Truth*. What a cruel publication it would be, destroying cherished illusions, extinguishing old lights and substituting no new ones. But if *The Truth* were told, what would become of History? (Evidently a deep subject for an Essay in *Typical Developments*, vol. xx., Article *Truth*.) However, *The Truth* about Killarney is easily told,—it is lovely, beautiful as *Truth* itself in the abstract, and I object to concrete from what I've seen of it, and especially judging from what I've had to pay for it whenever it came into a

builder's explanation as to why the price of the work done exceeded the guaranteed estimate. You mustn't look for truth in the concrete from a builder.

But this is discursory, and as I am clearly exceeding my excursionary powers, let us hie back to the Victoria, and to-morrow away for Glengariff. If I cannot obtain Truth, let my motto be Progress.

A LINE FROM THE LIONS.

(By favour of Mr. Punch, and with his emphatic approval.)



U TILE DULCI! Excellent motto!
Ring as round as O of grotto,
Dangling from my mouth dependeth.
Can't quite see what charm it lendeth
Unto leonine loveliness.
Pigs are ring'd; I fail to guess
Why that porcine gear they try on
Me!—a Thames Embankment Lion!
BULL, a blundering brute, but stout—
Loves me—as his type no doubt.
Makes me ramp upon his banner
In a most unnatural manner.
Sticks me, looking sage and solemn,
Round about his NELSON Column;
Poses me, stiff-tailed, or curly,

Couchant, rampant, slim, or burly,
On each pillar, terrace, arch,
Shop-front, box of patent starch!
I submit. My hirsute beauty
Is content to do mixed duty,
Serve a bard or a balloonist,
Tavern, patriot cartoonist,
Herald, sculptor, antiquarian,—
But, if made utilitarian,
Let me, heedless of high art,
Play consistently my part.
Here I stare, like that chill myth
The sphinx of ALEXANDER SMITH,
With that ring run through my nose—
"Decorative," I suppose—
Stare and see—well, people drowned,
River sights, that much abound.
Sent by slip or casual shove
From the parapet above,
In they splash, and fight, and sink
Close upon the river's brink.
Not a pleasant sight! Perhaps
Those Utilitarian chaps
Won't decline to entertain
The notion of a "Safety Chain,"
Whereat drowning folk may clutch
(They will thank CHARLES MATTHEW much!)—
Such as hang round Steamers' side,
Within hand-grasp from the tide.—
'Twill not shame our nose-rings greatly,
Or impair our aspect stately.
Punch, pray push the project duly,
And you'll much oblige Yours, truly.
This comes, your help to thank meant,
From a Lion of the Embankment.

A SUGGESTION FOR DR. SLADE'S DEFENCE.—Let him prove his ALLIE by.

NEW NAVAL DANCE (vice the Hornpipe dismissed the Service).—The "Breakdown."

OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.—Swindling Bondholders.



CASUISTIC INGENUITY.

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! CHILDREN, CHILDREN! ARE YOU AWARE THAT TO-DAY IS SUNDAY?"
 "YES, MAMMA, BUT WE'RE PRETENDING IT ISN'T, YOU KNOW; SO IT'S ALL RIGHT!"

TYLER'S TIP.

JOHN BULL to a Great Western Director.

"The accident to the *Flying Dutchman*, which occurred on the 27th July, at Long Ashton, differed in its character from most of the recent railway horrors. . . . Its cause is clearly traced in CAPTAIN TYLER'S Report. . . . to defects of the most elementary kind . . . for which the Great Western Company must be held, not constructively responsible . . . but directly so. The *Flying Dutchman*, which connects the West Country with London, is one of the swiftest express trains known in the kingdom. It maintains a speed of some sixty miles an hour. . . . The rate of speed was not in itself dangerous; the construction of the line was perfectly consistent with safety, but the permanent way was not in good condition. . . . As CAPTAIN TYLER observes, 'immunity from accident depends on the preservation of a larger margin beyond what is barely necessary to prevent actual or obvious risk.' That margin 'had not been maintained.' . . . The Bristol and Exeter line extends over seventy-seven miles, in the course of which the inspection discovered nearly 20,000 faults. . . . About 250 defects to every mile of railway gives the *Flying Dutchman* some four chances of a catastrophe to every second it travels at its highest speed."

The Times on CAPTAIN TYLER'S Report.

'Tis the pace, Sir, that kills? Well, not always it seems
 Am I reading plain print or indulging in dreams?
 Two hundred and fifty defects to the mile!
 At that neat little average Death ought to smile.
 Pleased at being so courted in what one may say,
 Without *double entente*, is a permanent way.
 I should envy his nerves who'd regard with composure—
 I own that I can't—CAPTAIN TYLER'S disclosure.

I wish to ride fast, and am willing to run
 The fair risks of the road; but I don't see the fun
 Of four chances of smash to the second, effect
 Of mere miserly pinching, or callous neglect.
 Railway accidents? Nonsense! The name's misapplied
 To the pre-arranged perils of such a death-ride.
 Twenty thousand defects! 'Tis a trifle too much, man,
 In an eighty miles' spin with your fast *Flying Dutchman*.

A Signalman's blunder, a coupling that fails,
 May appeal for allowance; but miles of bad rails,
 Broken joint-plates by hundreds, and sleepers unsound,
 Mean Catastrophe courted, and frequently found.
 You carry, I pay; mine the cost, yours the care;
 I must ask for fair play in exchange for my fare;
 That's our bargain in brief, and whatever you may wish, you
 Shan't shunt on some line of irrelevant issue.

TYLER'S margin, my friend, must in fact be maintained,
 And the means to that end he has clearly explained.
 Neglect here spells Murder! What's needful I'll pay.
 But not for long miles of bad permanent way:
 "Westward ho! with grim Death!"—who must hold a free pass
 On your line—is a bidding suggestive of brass.
 One would almost think Death, that insatiate Spectre,
 Had got a new berth, as Great Western Director!

Milk and Water.

It has been stated that, one day last week, nearly 10,000 persons paid for admission to the Dairy Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Many of these were farmers and other country people, but the greater part no doubt Londoners, naturally anxious to see, for the first time in their lives, samples of genuine unadulterated milk and cream. The Prize Cows were among the principal objects of attraction, but in that department many visitors observed that they missed the Cow with the Iron Tail.

A Sensation.

SCENE—*The Marshes.* (Conversation between an Englishman and a Frenchman, after seeing the great Gun fired.)

Englishman. Vous êtes bien étonné, Monsieur?

Frenchman. Non seulement étonné, Monsieur—eighty-one-tonné!



DOUBTFUL DIPLOMACY.

Mr. Bull (to Lord D^{***}ny). "I SAY, MY LORD!—IS THAT WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DRIVING AT?"

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION V.—AN OFFICER'S DUTIES IN PEACE AND WAR.



WHEN Mr. Punch met his Pupils in the ante-room, to deliver his customary Lecture, he found them all looking deeply grieved. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, and LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green, were surrounding poor dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., who was weeping bitterly. "Why, what is the matter?" cried Mr.

Punch, "genuinely alarmed at his poor little favourite's weakly-expressed distress.

"It is too bad!" drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers Green. "A fellow has written to the papers to say that the miserable little chap should be retired."

"Why?" asked Mr. Punch, in a tone of surprise.

"Because he had had sixty-eight years' service!" exclaimed the Lieutenant and Captain, indignantly. "Why, I never heard of such a thing! The Service, Sir, is going to the deuce!"

"Why, the next thing they will do will be to go into that other extreme," cried COLONEL CHARLES; "they will retire all Militia Captains under two years' service. If they do, all the companies of the Royal East Mudborough Militia will be commanded by Sub-Lieutenants!"

"My dear Pupils," observed Mr. Punch, with a smile, "you may be sure that it will be quite safe. Anything suggested by a civilian will never be adopted by the Authorities of Pall Mall."

Dear little SIR FRANKY was soon consoled by the promise (given by Mr. Punch) that the most powerful influence should be exercised on his behalf to secure for him either the post of Constable of the Tower or the Governorship of Chelsea Hospital. When the sweet little man was smiling once more, the Sage of Sages commenced his Lecture:—

Part I. In Times of Peace.—The general duties of Officers in time of peace should be to popularise the Army as much as possible in the places where they may for the time be stationed. Of course the Colonel, as the Commandant, should take the lead. SIR GARNET WORSELEY, in his excellent *Soldier's Pocket-Book*, to which allusion has already been made, has (at page 13) given "what all Officers should carry in their heads." Amongst the suggestions appears the following excellent piece of advice: "Accustom yourself to time the pace at which you travel, to count the number of telegraph poles there are to a mile, and so ascertain how many yards they are apart," &c. In the same fashion the Commanding Officer should visit the resident Gentry with a view to ascertaining their tastes, &c. He should make it a point to drop in at Five o'clock Tea, with the intention of discovering the number of marriageable daughters, the *penchants* of their mothers, &c. Having made the necessary "observation," he should next proceed to detail the duties of his subordinates. Thus,

he should tell off MAJOR TWENTYSTUN to Brigade Drill, examination of Defaulters' Books, and Whist at penny points with the local Vicar. The Captains, after their companies have been paid and dismissed, should be ordered to judging distances at Lawn Tennis, and Skating Rink Drill. The Subalterns, who are required to act as supernumeraries on Court-Martials, by the Queen's Regulations, might perform similarly honorary duties on Ladies' Committees for Hospital Balls or Charitable Fancy Fairs. In all cases the Commanding Officer should from time to time visit the various places at which he may have stationed his Officers, to see that their duties are being properly performed. Thus he should drop in at the Vicar's, and say, heartily, "Hallo, TWENTYSTUN, another revoke!" He can do no harm in helping a long-service Captain round the Rink, when he discovers that long-service Captain clumsily attempting to master the difficulties of the outer edge; and he should occasionally inspect the Ladies' Committees, to see that his Subs are making themselves generally agreeable.

The Commanding Officer should be always ready to give his subordinates "a lead" in everything. For instance, should amateur theatricals be in vogue in the town in which his Regiment is stationed, he should be prepared at a moment's notice to cast himself for the parts of "the Prince of Denmark" in *Hamlet*, and as "the guilty Thane" in *Macbeth*. The facts that he weighs over twenty stuns and has not the faintest notion of acting should not damp his ardour. In Cavalry Regiments circuses and nigger minstrels have frequently been organised. When this has been the case, the Colonel should assume the principal characters himself—Clown to the circus, and "Centre Man" to the niggers. He must keep up the dignity of his rank even off parade. In like manner the two Majors should be told off to perform the dual duties (bones, tambourines, and jokes) appertaining to the post of "Corner Men."

The other Officers should play a game of follow their leader. They should flirt, sing, and make themselves amiable. Their regimental duties should take about a twelfth of their time—they can devote the rest of their leisure to their friends. As it has been made a punishment to have to wear uniform, they should dress themselves when they can in mufti. Of course fashions change, but the costume most popular at the present moment is a rig out which is equally suggestive of the tourist and the livery stable keeper.

Part II. In Times of War.—The whole duty of a British Officer in the time of War is to remember that he is a British Officer, and—to behave as such!

CONVERSATION ON SECTION V.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch, I have been studying the *Field Exercises*, and really they appear to me to be very difficult.

Mr. Punch. The directions, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, are certainly sometimes a little obscure. No doubt the excellent compiler of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* had a voice in the editing of all military books of instruction. But now let me hear how you would each of you dismiss your men. We will pass over dear little SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., as he is out of spirits, and come to you, COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia.

Colonel Charles. My usual word of command, Sir, is "Umps! Umps! Umps!" The Adjutant invariably gives it the necessary interpretation.

Mr. Punch. Very good. And how, my dear Lieutenant and Captain of the Grenadiers Green,—how would you dismiss a parade?

Lieutenant and Captain George. Oh, by telling the Sergeant-Major, or some fellow of that sort, that I was off for the day.

Mr. Punch. Yes; and you, my dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers?

Ensign Eugene. I should let my men see a clock pointing to five minutes to the time of the departure of the last train, and the Regiment would dismiss itself without word of command. But to return to the Military guide-books. Are not the foreign ones much simpler than ours?

Mr. Punch. Much, my dear Pupils. I am happy to say that this simplicity has been partly taught by the action of English Soldiers. When foreigners have had to meet British Infantry they have found one word of command amply sufficient—"Bolt!"



QUANTITY NOT QUALITY.

Brown, Senior. "WELL, FRED, WHAT DID YOU SEE DURING YOUR TRIP ABROAD?"

Brown, Junior. "AW—PON M' WORD, 'DON'T KNOW WHAT I SAW 'XACTLY, 'ONLY KNOW I DID MORE BY THREE COUNTRIES, EIGHT TOWNS, AND FOUR MOUNTAINS, THAN SMITH DID IN THE SAME TIME!"

TEETOTALISM V. TEMPERANCE.

PRESIDING the other night at a meeting held at Leicester, in connection with that insidious association the Church of England Temperance Society—which aims at merely promoting moderation by moral suasion instead of enforcing total abstinence by law—the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH adopted, on that behalf, the argument of which, *Mr. Punch*, let me tell you, we have heard too much, namely that:—

"One hundred and fifty years ago the upper classes were quite intemperate. There was in those days a proverb, 'As drunk as a Lord,' but could that proverb be applied now? Drunkenness in a peer would be regarded as degrading to his office, and in the middle-class it was now regarded as a disgrace. This alteration had not been the effect of legislation, for legislation was the same now as before; and if there had been this improvement in the higher and middle-classes, why should they despair of its being the case with the Working-Man? Why should the mechanic or the working man be so disgraced any more than the peer or squire? Why should the stigma be thrown on the Working-Man that he was as drunk as a lord?"

Why, Sir? For two good reasons. First, as a ground whereon to demand legislation to prevent the Working-Man from drinking anything stronger than tea. Secondly, because consistency will then require that the Lords and Squires, and all the better classes (inclusive of Bishops) shall be subjected to the same prohibition. No such half-and-half measures—though an enemy to porter and ale, believe me, *Mr. Punch*, I pun not—as these for us! Let the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH waste his breath on those whom he tells that:—

"They might do much to remove the temptation from the Working-Man by closing public-houses or getting him to abstain from attending them. But what were they asking the Working-Man to give up? The public-house was equivalent to the rich man's drawing-room, and he therefore urged upon them to provide for the Working-Men public-houses without drink, and clubs managed by Working Men, not kept in leading strings and driven to the left or to the right at every turn, but clubs in which Working-Men should manage their own affairs in the same way as dukes, lords, and bishops worked their clubs in London."

And so get as drunk as a Lord, a Duke, a Bishop, or any other gentleman now usually gets, and no drunker? Not if we can help it, *Mr. Punch*. No, Sir. On the contrary, we have all put our hands to the plough, and our shoulders to the wheel, and laid the mallet to the thick end of the wedge whose thin is the Permissive Bill, and we don't mean to turn back till we have driven it home and closed all the public-houses, and not only the public-houses for the people, but also the Clubs for the Lords, Dukes, Bishops, and all the rest of the classes who in general practice sobriety and pronounce their aitches. The BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH reckons without his host—I don't mean his publican—in thinking to balk us of the triumph we are bent upon. We will not rest till we have compelled the community against their will to endure a privation which we choose to undergo ourselves. Sir, we fight for principle; we go the whole hog, and more, for pigs are only voluntary teetotallers, and incapable of wishing to impose the blessing of total abstinence on their kind, a peculiarity which distinguishes them from an uncompromising member of the United Kingdom Alliance and an out-and-out

GOOD TEMPLAR.

Generals' Necessaries.

SIR,

I BEG to draw your attention to the following extracts from "The Army and Navy Co-operative" Price List for October, page 147, "Prices reduced. General's Holster with petticoat bags;" and page 156, "Holsters with Petticoat Bags, and Dress Flounce with Crown and Star." Can dear *Mr. Punch* tell me the meaning of it? Though I have often heard grumbling Colonels declare our Generals were nothing but a lot of old women, I never before knew they *really* wore petticoats!

I am, SIR, yours faithfully,

LAURA GUSHINGTON.

October 25, 1876.

APPROPRIATE LOCALS FOR THE DAIRY SHOW.—Chalk Farm.



"CHACUN POUR SOI."

Lady's-Maid. "I BEG PARDON, MA'AM, BUT YOUR DRESS IS TRAILING—HADN'T I BETTER LOOP IT UP BEFORE YOU GO OUT?"

Lady. "NO, THANKS, PARKER, I PREFER LETTING IT TRAIL, AS IT'S THE FASHION JUST NOW—"

Lady's-Maid. "YES, MA'AM—BUT AS THE DRESS IS TO BE *MINE* SOME DAY, I THINK I OUGHT TO HAVE SOME SAY IN THE MATTER!"

WAR CRIES.

The Sub's.—Thank goodness! there's a ripple on Stagnation at last!

The Retired Field-Officer's.—Just my luck! Here I am in the wine trade, when I ought to be at the head of my regiment!

The Field Marshal's.—This infernal gout will give some one a leg up over my head!

The Boy's.—Mother darling, let me be a Sailor!

The Maiden's.—Awfully nice—my love will be a Captain soon!

The Nurse Girl's.—Oh my! who's to push the perambulator now?

The Bullionist's.—A fall of five again to-day, by Jove! What game's to be played next?

The Army Contractor's.—Here's luck! Bring up those jackets which were cast in the Crimean War, and the saddles we could not get rid of in '72.

The Tailor's.—Confound it! Dun those boys at once, before their regiments are ordered off.

The Man's who imagines the British Empire consists of London and the adjacent provinces.—What has England got to do with it?

The Parson's.—Ah! my Christian friends, there will be no peace as long as war continues!

The Old Maids. Isn't it dreadful! We might be invaded and carried off by the Russians against our will!

The Policeman's. Bravo! Robert'll have it all his own way when them lobsters goes on duty!

The Newsboy's. Spesh-hurl Edish-hurn! Hentry of the Roosh-hurn Harmies! Hor-furl Slor-hor-tur—! Dish-hurn!!!

CIVIC POETS.

A COLLECTION of Poems, entitled *'Imagination'* has been published, the Author of which is the LORD MAYOR. Parnassus has been besieged ever since this publication by Aldermen, Sheriffs, and even Common-councilmen, who all wish to vie with MR. COTTON in verse.

Our particular friend, ALDERMAN GUSH, has begged us to accept a copy of his forthcoming volume of verse, entitled *'Reality.'* We hasten to publish specimens:—

LAUS TESTUDINIS.

Wreath my brow with Myrtles,
Parsley, too, and Thyme!
I would sing the Turtle's
Praise in rhyme!
Calpash so luscious—
Likewise Calipee—
Fat so green and gushous,
Dear to me!
Guests flock by the thousand—
Tempt them Ham of York?
Flesh of sheep and cows, and
Lamb or Pork?
Hither Painter, Poet,
Author, Actor, troop
Thee to taste (we know it),
Turtle Soup!
Muse, tuck up thy kirtle;
Ask the Gods to lunch;
Try a plate of Turtle,
With iced Punch!

EPIGRAM

On a Gentleman (calling himself so) who actually did not enjoy Turtle.

To think on earth a savage lives
Disliking Calipee!
So much the worse for him! It gives
One more full plate to me.

Her Proper School.

AMONGST the curiosities in the Philadelphia Exhibition there is an exquisite Bust in butter, the work of a Canadian Farmer's daughter, which has excited such admiration, that funds are being raised to send the Young Lady to study in Italy. We should say, try Greece.

A TERRIBLE BLOW.

A TELEGRAM from Washington announces that the United States have experienced a most severe blow. It is well known that our American Cousins are accustomed to sensations and "big things" generally. Niagara may "stun with thundering sound," and the Mississippi steamboats may blow up at convenient periods. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky may be awe-striking, and Politics may be red-hot, and revolvers protruding from many pockets. All these things our Cousins have long been accustomed to, and apparently enjoyed; but mark the sequel. They were *not* accustomed to MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M.P., nor to MR. PARNELL, M.P., who visited the United States to present an address to the PRESIDENT on behalf of the Home-Rule Party. Consequently the SECRETARY OF STATE decided that the address must be presented through the British Minister in the usual way. With a ruthlessness which cannot be sufficiently commented upon, MR. POWER and MR. PARNELL have decided not to present the address at all! Of course, America is a large country, and her resources are large, but whether she will recover from the shock which has visited her, Time alone can show.

About the Measure of It.

M.P. (addressing his Constituents during the Recess). "Gentlemen, scan the Continent of Europe, &c., &c."

Enthusiastic Schoolboy (in reply)—

Cöntür|bābān|tür Cöm|stanti|nöpö|ltān|
İnnümē|rābīlī|bās | sol|līcī|tādīnī|bās. ||

THE NEXT ARTICLE—IN THE 'GOLOS.'

(Translated from the Russian by Mr. Punch's Private Medium.)



THE time has arrived for speaking boldly and plainly to the half-civilised barbarians who dwell in England, the land of fogs and slaves. As this paper is addressed to the educated classes of the most intellectual country in the world, it will be unnecessary to say a word about the cruelties and "outrages" of Great Britain. Who has not heard of the daily wife-sale in Smithfield, of the wretched hirelings who are forced to gorge raw meat to amuse a senseless and sensual country (in England these degraded wretches are called "Beef-eaters"), of the frightful terrors of that home of murder in Baker Street so gloomily described as "the Chamber of Horrors," of the cowardly injustice of the "Habeas Corpus Act," and all the loathsome "customs" (as the rites would be called in Africa) of "Magna Charta?" Which of our readers has not heard of all these blemishes—nay, plague-spots—upon the civilisation of the nineteenth century? Why should we ask for an answer when no reply is sure to be forthcoming? No, then let us address ourselves to the subject we have in hand and at heart.

First, then, let us say that that august nobleman, PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF, has never been bribed. Although this accusation has never been made by the British Press, there are ample proofs to establish the fact that the Editors of the leading English journals imagine that his Highness has been guilty of peculation. They do not say so, but they must think so. They know what DISRAELI-BEACONSFIELD is like, they know his combinations and trickiness, and they must believe that the noblest of men and the purest of patriots—in a word, GORTCHAKOFF—has been formed in the same mould. Nothing could be more disgraceful, nothing could be more dastardly, and—English! But as this thought must be in their minds, it shall be our duty to expose their callous brutality.

The events of the Franco-German War must still be fresh in the minds of every one. It will be remembered that Russia, with a nobleness and bravery (which must fill every cultivated mind with feelings of the strongest admiration), preserved a strict neutrality—she sided neither with the French nor the Germans. Probably the English Journalists believe that PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF received a present of 2,000,000 roubles from BISMARCK on the one side and GAMBETTA on the other. No grosser calumny could be imagined by the mind of man. Let BISMARCK and GAMBETTA be questioned, and they will assert that PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF did not receive *more than two-thirds* of the sums that have been mentioned. If they deny this, let the Foreign Offices of Berlin and Paris be searched, and then our Prince's patriotism will be proudly established by the *discovery of the receipts!*

The story that PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF offered DISRAELI-BEACONSFIELD £5,000 for a third share in his (supposed—mark the word—*supposed*) profits on the Suez Canal Scheme is utterly false. The offer (it was £6,000) was made to the Premier's Private Secretary, who kicked the Prince's emissary out of Downing Street! On the most reliable information it has now been ascertained that DISRAELI-BEACONSFIELD did not make a miserable shilling by his diplomacy; and as for his Secretary's kick, all we can say is this—it will long be remembered by posterity!

And now we come to the story of the Prince seeking twenty-five Generals' commissions, thirty-six Military orders, and two hundred and eighteen Patents of nobility. Well, of course, all our readers are familiar with the facts of the narrative; therefore it would merely be repetition to repeat them. We assert with the greatest possible indignation, however, that many of the minor details have been considerably exaggerated.

Everybody is aware, too, that our August Chancellor has received for various services at various times 28,000,000 *lire* from KING VICTOR EMMANUEL (paid in paper money, and therefore not very valuable), 4,000,000 florins from the present EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, and 25,000 francs from the Swiss Confederation. But were not

these sums presents? And if he is always asking for *douceurs* from the KING OF THE BELGIANS, His Majesty of Sweden and Norway, the Monarch of Denmark, the KING OF SPAIN, and the EMPEROR OF CHINA, does he always get as much as from his august position he might naturally expect to obtain? Let the mean-spirited potentates, who have only sent *half the sum* demanded, reply to this home-thrust!

And now having answered the charges of the English Journalists (charges that were rather cowardly thoughts than dastardly assertions), we throw ourselves upon the generosity of our supporters.

To our Customers.—Our Collector calls daily (when desired) for orders. As arranged, he will bring the receipted bill (made up to to-day's date) to-morrow morning to His Highness the PRINCE GORTCHAKOFF. Will His Highness (if he should happen to be out) kindly leave the money with His Highness's Secretary. The proofs of next week's article have been sent as usual to the Chancellerie for revision.

DREAM POEM À LA SWINBURNE.

(After a Supper of Pork Chops.)

Soft is the smell of it, sweet the sad sound of it,
Mournfully mingled on yon mountain's top,
Grateful, and green, and caressing the ground of it,
Calm as a calyx, and deep as a drop.

Ah! the enlivenment, dark as the distance!
Ah! the allurements that lavish and lave!
Is there no sound but the sun's sweet insistence,
Night in the forest, and noon on the wave?

Fierce as a festival, fragrant and fading—
Grim as the grandeur that dreams of a day—
Is there no balm in Love's lavish unloading,
Born in the brightness, and grieving, and gray?

Lo! in the glimmering, sweet Aphrodite,
Ghastly and gracious, and groaning and grave,
Brilliant in banishment, mournful and mighty,
Soft as the samite that sinks in the wave!

Light are the laggings that listen and linger:
Ah! the sick kingdoms that grapple and groan!
Red as Republics that point the far finger,
Or hail the horizon, aghast and alone.

Sinks in the distance the Dream and the Dreaming,
Leaves the wide world to its pining and pain;
From the great Universe, lo! in the gleaming,
Blazes the bandersnatch, faithless and fain!

Tea and Spirits.

A TEA-DEALER in a leading thoroughfare of the City announces the first arrival from the "Tea Harvest," of the "New Crop," per steamers *Glenartney* and *Glennearn*. Breathes there the Scotchman who can brook these denominations for steamers conveying cargoes of Tea? What next? Another arrival of Tea, perhaps, per steamer *Glenlivet*, which would naturally create in the Scottish mind a horrid confusion between the "Tea Spirit Robur," and the Spirit of the Glen, Sister Spirit to the Spirit of the Mountain, otherwise Mountain Dew, in short, Whiskey.

Mr. Tennyson on the Eastern Question.

(Dedicated, without express permission, to Servia.)

'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all.

AN OLD WOMAN'S OPINION.

MRS. GAMP expresses her decided opinion that howsumdever much there may be to say agin BENJAMIN BEACONSFIELD, still, in belyin' of him for a Premier with a stockjobbin' policy, leas'tways that there Editor of the Rooshan *Golos* have put his foot in it.

MR. GLADSTONE wanted a General Election—well, Ministers have gone to the Country.

SORS HORATIANA (for Russia).—"Fortiter occupa Portum."
Lib. i., Ode xiv.



TOO SERIOUS FOR JOKING.

Smith (frivolous Joker). "THE 'MURPHIES' COME UP RATHER BADLY, EH, BROWN?"

Brown (serious Gardener). "OH, MIDDLING."

Smith. "I FIND THE CROP WILL BE TEN PER CENT. UNDER THE AVERAGE THIS YEAR!"

Brown. "HOW DO YOU COME AT THAT? THEY ARE NOT GOT UP YET."

Smith (prodding B. with his Umbrella). "BY TRYING 'EM,—BY THE TEN-TATER-VE PROCESS, MY BOY! TWIG?"!! [*Brown has to go in and take something.*]

POETICAL LICENCE.

THE following Advertisement telling of the lavish liberality of Oriental Princes appeared not many days ago in the columns of the Times:—

TO POETS, &c.—WANTED, A LIBRETTO for an opera in Italian. The subject must be tragic. £20 will be given for it, if approved of.—**PRINCE DULEEP SINGH**, Carlton Club, Pall Mall, London.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the notice to "Poets, &c.," must have produced hundreds of answers. Will HIS HIGHNESS **PRINCE DULEEP SINGH** be good enough to say if the following were amongst the number.

Working Man's Literary Institute, Hammersmith.

MR. JOHN JONES, bricklayer, presents his compliments to **MR. DULEEP SINGH**, and begs to say that should he be thrown out of work this Christmas he will be glad to think of **MR. SINGH's** offer. At present his wages are too good to allow of his entertaining **MR. SINGH's** obliging proposal.

Servant's 'All, 2, 473, Grosvenor Square.

JOHN THOMAS SMITH, Esq.'s respects to **PRINCE DULEEP SINGH**, and I wouldn't undertake the job under £25. What with my gentleman's clothes to brush, and the tidying up of the pantry, **JOHN THOMAS SMITH, Esq.**, ain't got much time on 'is 'ands for what I may call literatoore. Thank you all the same.

Grub Street, E.C.

MR. SHAKESPEARE DANTE MILTON SNOOKS presents his compliments to **PRINCE DULEEP SINGH**, and regrets that his appointment as Poet Laureate to the eminent firm of **MESSRS. SHADRACH, MESSENGER, AND**

THE PARADISE AT THE POLE.

(*A Fool's.*)

THE Northern Pole has no punch-bowl
Inside of its frozen rim,
No open sea, as 'twas said to be,
Where the sprat and mackerel swim:

No Paradise walled round with ice
Which Arctic lights illumine;
Where gales smell nice with balm and spice,
And the rose and the citron bloom.

No haven of rest for the rock-built nest
Of the gannet and the gull,
Much less any brake whence trill and shake
Are poured by the sweet bul-bul.

There absolute Cold, in high stronghold,
A Despot reigns alone.
No living thing can that old King,
Jack Frost, brook near his throne.

In the snow of his chair he sits, as it were
The Prince on a Twelfth-Cake, crowned,
With a frozen wall that blocks out all,
Four hundred miles around.

Too daring wights with his teeth he bites.
Beware lest he nip thy nose,
Or turn thee back from thy doleful track,
Adventurer, minus toes!

Hurrah for the bold who braved the cold,
In hard and perilous fight
With that fell foe, to far down below
The zero of Fahrenheit.

But now we know that the Pole's no go,
In a region we can't explore,
Let lives be cost and money dead lost
In a vain attempt no more.

Mrs. Gamp on the Arctic Expedition.

"SAIREY," says **MRS. HARRIS** to me, "'ow comes it as these Diskivery Ships, which was to have brought the North Pole to the British Museum, has been and gone and come back without it?"

"**MRS. 'ARRIS**," says I, "I suppose they've been and comed back from regions only known to theirselves."

A NEW PHASE OF SPIRITUALISM.—Treadmill-turning.

ABEDNEGO, the celebrated Merchant Clothiers, prevents him from accepting the Prince's esteemed proposal. **MR. SHAKESPEARE DANTE MILTON SNOOKS** takes the liberty to suggest that from the nature of the Prince's offer, he imagines that the terms of **MESSRS. S. M. AND A.** will exactly suit the views of his Highness. The Indian Gent Suit (as advertised), from £1 2s. 6d., trousers, coatee, and vest complete.

*Hamwell Lunatic Asylum,
Dangerous Ward.*

YOUR HIGHNESS,
I shall be very glad to undertake the work you propose, for the rate of remuneration you suggest.

Your very obedient servant,

A LITERARY MAN.

P.S.—I would have called upon you in person had I been able to effect my escape.

85, Fleet Street, E.C.

Mr. Punch presents his compliments to **PRINCE DULEEP SINGH**. As His Highness has hitherto maintained the character of a very sensible Gentleman, **Mr. Punch** trusts that the advertisement to which he has called attention is merely a silly hoax.

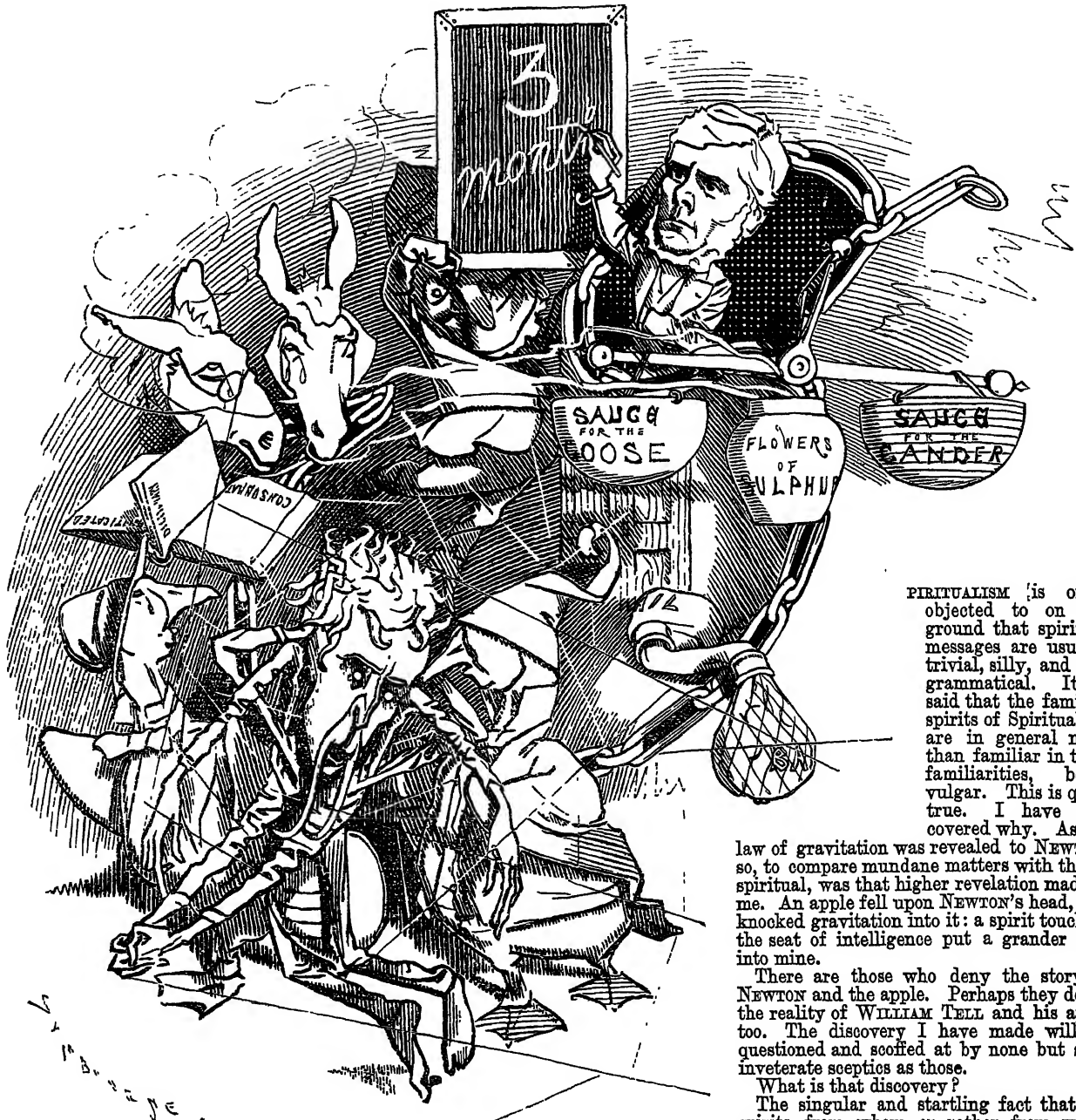
Suspicious.

CAN this advertisement, from the *Wigan Observer*, have anything to do with the "Cow with the iron tail"?

THE WIGAN COAL & IRON CO., Limited, beg to announce that they have commenced to deliver MILK, by Cart, from their Brimelow Farm.

GREAT STEP IN SPIRITUALISM!

(By Psycho Brahe.)



SPIRITUALISM is often objected to on the ground that spiritual messages are usually trivial, silly, and ungrammatical. It is said that the familiar spirits of Spiritualists are in general more than familiar in their familiarities, being vulgar. This is quite true. I have discovered why. As the

law of gravitation was revealed to NEWTON, so, to compare mundane matters with things spiritual, was that higher revelation made to me. An apple fell upon NEWTON's head, and knocked gravitation into it: a spirit touch on the seat of intelligence put a grander idea into mine.

There are those who deny the story of NEWTON and the apple. Perhaps they doubt the reality of WILLIAM TELL and his apple too. The discovery I have made will be questioned and scoffed at by none but such inveterate sceptics as those.

What is that discovery?

The singular and startling fact that the spirits from whom or rather from which those lower communications come, are, in

fact, the spirits of lower animals, mostly, though not always, those of domestic pets. It is these latter that announce themselves as *Annie*, *Minnie*, *Titsy*, *Joey*, and so forth.

One evening a few weeks ago, at our usual friendly *seance*, after the accustomed tippings, and raps which were loud and frequent, a sound of scratching upon the table was heard, and immediately the touch of something light and velvety came on my head. My nose, at the same time, was gently scratched. The Spirit gave by the alphabet the name of *Tibbie*. No party in our circle remembered to have lost any relative known by that endearing appellation; but the pat on the head reminded me that it had been the name of a favourite tom-cat which had recently departed this life. A rapid train of meditation concluded in the surmise that feline spirits might possibly exist, and our unseen visitant be one of them. On inquiry, this, to the astonishment of all present, proved to be really the case.

On subsequent investigation we found that communications purporting to be derived from deceased friends, are often really made by dogs and cats that were allowed in their lifetime to lie under the family table, or at the family hearth, and so to obtain a knowledge of family affairs, often imperfect; whence the spirit misstatements so remarkably common.

The generality of the tricky and mischievous spirits we ascertained to be those of monkeys, mostly from the Zoological Gardens. A tiger once gave the name of *Nero*, and a spirit calling itself *Dr. Johnson* turned out to have been in life an elephant. The customary untruthfulness of Spirits is beautifully accounted for by the moral deficiency natural to the inferior creatures, whose faculties are nevertheless in course of expansion and development in spirit-life. We received, however, some very friendly greetings from departed dogs, particularly a poodle naming himself *Walker*, who afforded us much reliable information.

On one occasion the spirit of an animal claimed to be that of a living writer distinguished by his enmity to *Punch*. It was the spirit of a jackass.



A VOCATION.

Young Genius (gazing with complacency at his Mother's Portrait, to which he has just added the last finishing touch). "WHAT WE REALLY WANT, MOTHER, TO REGENERATE ART AND RESTORE IT TO ITS FORMER HIGH POSITION, IS THAT A MAN SHOULD ARISE AMONGST US WHO SHOULD COMBINE THE LOFTIEST AIMS WITH ABSOLUTELY UNLIMITED POWER!—AND I MUST SAY, MOTHER, I CAN'T SEE WHY I SHOULD NOT BE THAT MAN!"

Fond and foolish Mamma. "I'M SURE YOU MIGHT, ALGERNON, IF YOU TRIED!"

What a cheering thought is that of the improvement and amelioration of the spirits of animals occurring in the spirit-sphere! There, even an Ass learns to spell, however imperfectly. The cry is still "*Excelsior!*" As Man, ascending proportionately in the scale of Being, to what an immeasurable altitude may a Spiritualist, like me, expect to rise above a donkey!

"WILLS OF THEIR OWN."

(Not from the Illustrated London News.)

THE Will and testament of HORATIO GROWLER, of Grumpy Hall, dated November, 1846, has been proved under £200,000, whereby he bequeaths his property in equal shares to his brothers JOHN and JAMES. By a codicil dated August, 1854, he revokes his bequest to JOHN, on the ground that the latter has married a wife with a squint. By a codicil dated January, 1861, he leaves all his property to the Earlwood Asylum for Idiots, with the intent of thereby equitably providing for his brothers and their families. A codicil dated June, 1867, contains mere personal abuse of his relations, as do codicils dated May, 1870, and July, 1872. A codicil, dated September, 1875, leaves all his property to his Cook, "the only woman he ever knew who could make a leg of mutton last from Sunday to Saturday." It is probable that this Will will be disputed.

The Will of HANNAH MARIA SARAH, relict of JOHN FOODLES, dry-salter, dated June, 1870, has been proved under £90,000. Testatrix leaves to her four sons £50 each, and to each of her seven daughters £100, and bequeaths the remainder to the founding of a hospital for lost dogs and cats.

The Will of PATRICK O'FLANAGAN, dated "either July or August," 1872, has been proved under £300. By it £5000 are left to the British Museum, to purchase the ancient sculptures of Ireland; £10,000 to the National Gallery, to encourage Irish Art, and £10,000 to the Zoological Society, to form and maintain a collection

of Irish wild beasts. The testator leaves all his kingdom of Tipperary to his brother-in-law, AUGUSTUS O'LEARY, "hereby apologising for having broken the latter's head at Clonmel Fair"—and also the ancient regal Crown, "when that thief LANAGAN brings it back." By a codicil of a later date, testator bequeaths so much of his stock of blue-stone whiskey, "as may not be consumed at the time of his death," to his cousins, on the condition that "they do not make beasts of themselves at his funeral."

The Will of LYCURGUS SOLOMON, Journalist, dated March, 1874, has been proved under £800, which sum has been left to establish an Asylum for Indigent Authors. To FITZMORRIS BELVIDERE, Actor, is left the *critique*, wherein Testator declared that the aforesaid FITZMORRIS BELVIDERE was "the very worst Actor that had ever tried to bring SHAKESPEARE into contempt." To MONTMORENCY ST. JOHN, Dramatist and Actor, is left the *critique*, wherein Testator declared that the aforesaid MONTMORENCY ST. JOHN was "as little capable of acting the part of a Gentleman as he was of describing one." To GEORGINA LA ROSE, Novelist, is left the *critique*, wherein Testator declared that the aforesaid GEORGINA LA ROSE "had better cease staining her fingers with ink, and devote what little intellect she is endowed with to the making of slippers, or the turning of a mangle." To the Managers of the different Metropolitan Theatres are left several unacted Tragedies, and to the various Publishing Firms of London are bequeathed some hundredweights of manuscript.

The Will of WILLIAM SIKES, Gentleman at large, dated October, 1869, has been proved under a nominal sum. To his "firm pal," JACK, he bequeaths his favourite Jemmy; to his "Rorty Cully," BILL, the "ticker," which he "bunged from the old cove on Denmark Hill;" and to his "Leary Bloke," BOB, his unexpired Ticket-of-Leave.

TWO GATES TO THE EAST WHICH REQUIRE LOOKING AFTER.—Constantinople and Temple-Bar.

THE LAST TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.



ND trumpets, and roll drums, for this Lord Mayor's Show above all its predecessors. Besides SANGER's Elephants and the PRIME MINISTER's speech, and the presence of the Arctic heroes at the Banquet, Lord Mayor's Day will this year possess another source of interest, and that of a

deeply pathetic character. There is a mournful probability that this is the last time the great State Civic Procession will pass beneath Temple Bar. Such being the case, it has very properly been resolved to treat the venerable barrier with every possible mark of respect. The Joint Committee to whom has been entrusted the painful duty of making suitable arrangements on this melancholy occasion, have issued the following programme:—

On the 9th of November, Lord Mayor's Day, Temple Bar, which the utilitarian spirit of the age has doomed to a speedy destruction, will be draped in black, with the word "Farewell" inscribed in silver letters on the façade.

The windows of CHILD'S Bank will be carefully closed, and a black flag hoisted, bearing the motto—"For the last time."

When the procession arrives at the Bar, the military escort will present arms, and the various bands will play a solemn Funeral March.

The Banners of the City Companies will be lowered and furled.

The Bells of the City Churches will cease ringing.

The Lord Mayor will rise up in the State Coach and say a few appropriate words.

The Sheriffs will hide their emotion in their pocket-handkerchiefs.

The Aldermen and Common Councilmen will deposit wreaths of Immortelles all round the base and on the tops of the gates.

At the Banquet in the evening, touching allusions will be made by the Prime Minister and other Speakers to the only drawback to the festivities of the day. The Waiters will be affected to tears. The late Lord Mayor will recite his "Elegy on Temple Bar." Many of the guests will go home and dream of the dear old Bar transported to the Embankment, or South Kensington Museum, or Salisbury Plain.

Physicians and Females.

WOMEN are now eligible for the licence of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Dublin, and other licensing medical bodies are expected likewise to admit candidates of the gentler sex. There are some amongst the brotherhood of Physic who contemplate the admission of sisters with disfavour. Let us hope this does not arise from a feeling of mean jealousy and a fear of competition with women such as that which possesses trades-unionists. What medical man, that is a man, can be afraid of a medical woman? Breathes there the physician, in any considerable practice, who apprehends that the rivalry of females could ever possibly diminish his fees?

ONE Pole Russia will never succeed in coercing—the North.

WELCOME BACK!

(A Home-Coming Hail to our Arctic Explorers.)

"When commiserated with on their frost-bitten cheeks and fingers, LIBUTENANT RAWSON jovially replied, 'Well, at last we feel that the cheers from Southsea Beach have been fairly earned.'"—*Story of the Expedition.*

WELL earned indeed! And as our cheers Rang high and hopeful in your ears, When echoing from white Albion's shore, Went forth our *Vale*, So, hailing your return, they rise, As, clear through chill October's skies, With *Ave* glad old England's roar Greet you right gaily!

From 'Ancient Ice-Sea's silent lip, From bergs' and floes' death-dealing grip, Our Arctic Argonauts return, Though foiled, spoil-laden. On many a coming winter night Tales of their long and well-waged fight Shall make eyes glitter and cheeks burn Of youth and maiden!

Northward, where earth no longer lifts Her barren rock through deep-down rifts Of the Ice-realm, they pushed their quest, Elate, undaunted! Northward, where neither Polar Bear Ventures to make his lonely lair, Nor Seal his bed, nor Knot her nest, Mid wastes death-haunted!

All through that six-months' Arctic night, Whose watches are slow weeks, whose light Is the rare moonshine, they withstood Their Frost-foe stoutly; And with the first reluctant gleam Of the pale Spring's returning beam, Hope's fitful light of promise wooed Once more devoutly.

In vain! Those grim Ice-ridges rose Phalanxed athwart the frozen floes: The Polar Sea's stern outworks mocked Their best endeavour.

And back, with steps now fain to lag, They turned; but left the old Country's flag On the Globe's northmost bastion, locked In ice for ever!

"The pole impracticable?" Well Another day, perhaps, may tell Another tale. 'Twill ne'er deny The meed now given. Skool! to our Northmen—NARES's band! Though from that white and wondrous land To wrench its heart of mystery In vain they've striven.

Welcome! Well done! Whoe'er they be Who o'er that Palæocrystic Sea Strive further Pole-wards, none, be sure, Will *fainéants* find you: Though lubbers funk, and prigs deride, BULL hails his Arctic lads with pride, And prays good rest to the brave four You left behind you!

'AWFUL THOUGHT.

SCHOOL-BOARDS are, we know, a necessary accompaniment of our condition here, but who would have dreamt of their necessity hereafter? Yet it is plain that "ALLIE" (MRS. SLADE), who spells "shown" "shone," would not pass our dictation standard.

THE *Standard* announces, in its largest type, "The Last Conspiracy in Spain." We are delighted to hear it.

THE Great Duke asserted that an Army fought on its Stomach. The Servians evidently have no stomach to fight on.



A COLD RECEPTION

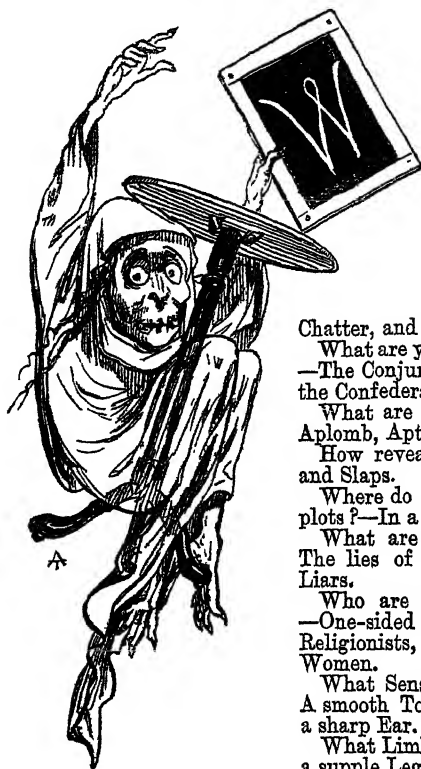
(ARCTIC REGIONS, 1875.)



A WARM WELCOME.

(PORTSMOUTH, 1876.)

THE YOUNG MEDIUM'S CATECHISM.



What is your Name?—That is, like the Spirits, immaterial.

Where do you come from?—America generally.

Where do you practise?—In Europe especially.

What are your Properties?—A Table, a Chair, and two pair of Hands.

What do you most confide in?—Cheek, Chatter, and Chance.

What are your three great Powers?—The Conjuror, the Carpenter, and the Confederate.

What are your Spirits' names?—Aplomb, Aptitude, and Adroitness.

How revealed?—In Taps, Raps, and Slaps.

Where do the Spirits hatch their plots?—In a Mare's Nest.

What are your best support?—The lies of Fools and the folly of Liars.

Who are your best Supporters?—One-sided Scientists, no-sided Religionists, and lop-sided Old Women.

What Senses do you trust to?—A smooth Tongue, a quick Eye, and a sharp Ear.

What Limbs?—A small Hand and a supple Leg.

Where do you expect to go to?

—That depends on circumstances, which, not being Spirits, are beyond my own control.

In Adversity?—To Gaol.

In Prosperity?—To St. Petersburg.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Visit to the Prince of Wales's, with a Short Disquisition on French and English Audiences, and a few words on the present Peril.

SIR,—*Peril*, at the Prince of Wales's, has long since been sufficiently discussed by competent critics, and has undoubtedly made a considerable impression on what is called the "play-going public." Your Representative's esteemed, but somewhat harum-scarum friend, PEGGY BEX, being in an undecided state of mind as to whether he shall return to Constantinople or not—an Eastern question which will be decided for him affirmatively or negatively by a peaceful or warlike solution—(and if there is peace I may sing of my Oriental chum, "He will return, I know him well"—while if there is war he will stay where he is at his house in Tyburnia, and become the Bulbul of Bayswater)—my friend, I say, being in this feverish condition, is no companion for Your Representative, on an occasion when a cool head, calm judicial acumen, and a mind free from bias or prejudice, are in requisition, as they are when anyone interested in the well-being of the Drama visits the Prince of Wales's Theatre, to witness the performance of any piece produced under the management of MR. and MRS. BANCROFT. By this time every one knows that *Peril* is "adapted for the English stage from M. VICTORIEN SARDOU'S *Nos Intimes*"—I quote the Playbill—but, as the qualification "for the English stage" implies so much, I would prefer to consider the Play on its own merits as a production of the

"Rowe, Brothers, Rowe,"

written under a censorship far stricter than that of the official Licensor of Plays. "Adapted for the English stage," is, in effect, an apology for the adaptation; for when so "strong" a piece as *Nos Intimes* is submitted to the process of adaptation, it must be considerably weakened before it can be considered as food fit for such babes as an English audience is supposed, by competent authorities, to be; that is, as compared with a French audience.

There is, I admit, a vast difference between an English and French audience witnessing the same play. An English audience—as it appears to me—looks on at the action of a play as at realities, while

a French audience regards it as representing probabilities—or, as *Puff* says in *The Critic*, "Things just so strange that, though they never did, they might happen"—which, if seasoned with sufficient wit by the Author, and artistically rendered by the Actors, are quite good enough for them *pour passer le temps*. As to anyone in a French audience being either better or worse for assisting at far "stronger" plays, I don't believe it for a moment. Are we, pharisaically, to hold up our hands in horror, and thank Heaven that an English audience is not as a French audience, because the latter only consider as an artistic question what we will insist upon confusing with one of morality? Am I a poisoner, or an intriguer, a plotter, and a man of mystery, because I prefer beguiling my leisure with the works of MR. WILKIE COLLINS and M. GABORIAU to those of DR. CUMMING? No; if highly flavoured *bisque* is too strong for English stomachs, don't water it, and make it into a comparatively tasteless mess, but simply ignore it altogether,—have nothing to do with it. I confess, for my part, I am for giving the English dramatist a range as unlimited as is possessed by his French *confère*, because I feel sure that he would use, and not abuse, such liberty.

Peril, however, has not been "freely adapted," it has been "drawn mild." The "peril" is very slight; I was scarcely "rippled" by it. I did not see that MRS. KENDAL was at any moment in great danger from the advances of that audacious little *Don Juan*, MR. SUGDEN. In fact, the perilous situation was on the whole, just the one on which the success of the piece seemed least of all to depend.

But, on the other hand, how admirably the piece has been put on the Stage! Fortunate is the Author of a Comedy who can find it produced with such attention to even the very slightest detail.

That the Management is to be congratulated on the cast, one glance at the playbill is sufficient to show. *Given the Piece as it is*, and the acting is, on the whole, excellent all round. But I cannot help asking what is the character MRS. KENDAL is expected to portray! Does *Lady Ormond* love her husband? Yes or no? If the First Act means anything—no, decidedly. Does she love *Charley Bradford*? Well—I should say no. But she is supposed to like him considerably, or else, at all events, she wouldn't go such lengths of flirting—or more than flirting—with him. Yet, after all these glances, and sighs, and hand-pressings, when the natural consequence follows, and he declares his love, is she "only pretending," when she refuses to understand him? This Scene is to me inexplicable. Or are we supposed to be witnessing the result of the growth of a gradually overpowering, mastering passion, carrying them both onward with such irresistible force, that, to quote *Mr. Midway* in *Still Waters*, "A Welsh river after a flood is a fool to it"? No. Does she herself give the explanation of the whole difficulty when, pressing her hands to her forehead, she exclaims that "she doesn't know what to think, and wishes she could stop thinking"? Is she a mild sort of *Frou Frou*? The character seems to me, as somebody says in *Hard Times*, "All a muddle," and MRS. KENDAL herself does not appear to be quite satisfied as to "what they (the adapters) meant by it."

The others of the *dramatis personæ* are all distinct characters. MR. BANCROFT is, down to the ground, the middle-aged English Baronet, honourable and loyal, preferring country to town life, thoroughly hearty and consistently phlegmatic. The only fault I could find with *Dr. Thornton* (MR. KENDAL) was that he seemed to me to be a trifle too old for the lover of so young a girl as *Lucy Ormond* (MISS BUCKSTONE). The *Crossley Becks* (MR. KEMBLE and MRS. LEECH MURRAY) are—granting the hypothesis that such people would have been *Sir George Ormond's* guests—undeniably well played. The boy *Percy* ("MR."—it surely should be "MASTER"—W. YOUNGER—and he looks what his name implies) is the best boy I've seen for some time, quite "a model boy." To omit "*Kemp*, the Butler," would be an injustice to MR. GLOVER—and to the Management. The Chief Butler in PHARAOH's household couldn't have been more perfect—and he must have had a very good character from his last place. (By the way, which was hung, the Butler or the Baker?—however, it is of no importance now.) And last, but far from least, is the *Sir Woodbine Grafton* of MR. ARTHUR CECIL, which is in nearly all respects admirable. But if there is one touch of nature in his performance, more than another which makes the whole audience kin, it is his "business" (to speak technically) in the commencement of the Second Act,—so characteristic of an utterly selfish man in a country house, when he has a chance of disappearing with the morning newspapers. If it is a very little overdone, if it has just a touch of the *Palais Royal* hand in it, it must be remembered that some exaggeration is absolutely necessary on the stage, and it really is not until *Sir Woodbine* has surreptitiously collared his fourth or fifth newspaper that the audience begin to enjoy the humour of the scene.

There are few theatres where so enjoyable an evening can be passed as at the *Prince of Wales's*. The piece is mis-named *Peril*, it should have been *The Hare and Many Friends*—but perhaps there were professional reasons against this. Yet surely if this were so, then for the ROWE BROTHERS to make MR. BANCROFT at the end



UNDER TORTURE.

WE KNOW WHAT IT WAS IN THE TIMES OF THE INQUISITION IN THE WEST TO BE "PUT TO THE QUESTION," BUT THAT WAS NOTHING TO BEING PUT TO THE "EASTERN QUESTION" NOWADAYS AT DINNER!!

of the piece bring in a little Hare, shot, was rather against Court etiquette—wasn't it, my brothers, my first ROWE, and second ROWE?

By the bye, I have seen the sliding roof at the Canterbury Hall. MR. VILLARS, the energetic proprietor, appeared twice on the stage to announce the sliding back, and then again the back-sliding. It was a very moving sight. This new place of entertainment is well worth seeing, specially for those who enjoy Ballet. Mlle. PITTERI—or PITT-TIERI, as the groundlings will call her—is *première danseuse*, and the *coryphées* set off MR. ALFRED THOMPSON'S costumes to the very best advantage. There is a wonderful Looking Glass Illusion as you enter, and cool grots wherein to sup. The Hall was crowded, as some rumour had got about that the Primate of All England (which sounds like a set of cricketers) was coming to visit the Canterbury. Of course it was a *canard sauvage*, but, Sir, Your Representative had a real treat on the night of his visit to the *Prince of Wales's*, for there he saw in a stage box LORD BEACONSFIELD and his party! Fancy what a size the box must have been!

I remain, Sir, as usual,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—To-night I don't know where you would like to be represented. I am divided between *Jane Shore* and *The Battle of Waterloo*. MR. WILLS is not the author of the ballad, "*My Pretty Jane, My Pretty Jane, Oh Never Look so Shy*," which does not apply to *Jane Shore*. It would not be a bad advertisement, "*My Pretty JANE (SHORE)*," &c., then, "*Meet Me, Meet Me in the Evening*," when the doors are open at seven o'clock precisely, and orders not admitted after half-past. How would that do for WILLS's mixture?

HOT WATER is to be produced at the Criterion. Crowded houses cannot be expected, for no one yet ever found any difficulty in getting in to hot water.

CRINOLINE may be "out," but our shins are painfully aware that Hoops are "in."

MOUNT PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH is, with reason, proud of his name, but never was so proud of it as now that British heroism and enterprise have joined to affix it to a mountain on the edge of that ice-world from which even British pluck has turned back baffled. He has just received from Portsmouth this flattering communication:—

SIR, Portsmouth, November 4th, 1876.

We have the honour to inform you, for communication to your Contributors, that in consideration of your world-famous services to the cause of wholesome mirth, innocent laughter, and general good-fellowship, to which all Arctic Voyagers are so deeply indebted for the spirit that alone enables them to resist the cold and darkness of a six months' night, and all the other hardships of Arctic enterprise, we have unanimously agreed to give the honoured name of *Mr. Punch* to one of the principal mountains to the northward of Mount Hall. This mountain is the first on whose face, for two days before we saw the sun, we observed the warm glow that foretold the coming spring time, and seemed to us like a greeting from our Southern home.

We have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servants,

THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION

(On board the "*Alert*" and "*Discovery*").

To the Editor of *Punch*.

LA PIETÀ DI PIO.

THE POPE the other day, in the spirit of forgiveness, was pleased to sing a *Requiem* for the souls of all his enemies, who, whilst living, were chiefly instrumental in depriving him of his temporal power. These included not only NAPOLEON THE THIRD, who, to the best of his ability, had befriended His Holiness in keeping the Italians out of Rome, but comprised also COUNT CAVOUR, by whom as much as possible had been done to despoil him of his dominions. The list of his defunct enemies comprehended others supposed to have incurred the "greater excommunication," and among them MAZZINI, who whilst living was, one would think, a sheep as far astray from the Papal fold as even the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. Not only, then, whilst there is life there is hope for heretics and



"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

"NERVOUS? OH DEAR NO! I ONLY ACTED ONCE IN PRIVATE THEATRICALS, MR. JONES, AND, ALTHOUGH IT WAS AN IMPORTANT PART, I HAD NOTHING TO SAY!"

"REALLY? WHAT WAS THE PART?"

"CAN'T YOU GUESS?"!!

excommunicated wretches, if after their death the POPE nevertheless considers them not past praying for, and even has the charity, in fact, to pray for them. We are irresistibly reminded of another illustrious martyr to misrepresentation, equally magnanimous. "Charity, my dear," said *Mr. Pecksniff*, "when I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for *Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit*, who has done me an injustice?" Could he not good-naturedly go a little further in forgetting a quarrel, and manage to make it up with the existing Italian Government?

A JOKE FOR A JOKER.

DEAR SIR WILFRID,

OF course you have read all about the Arctic Expedition; particularly the interesting narrative given by the REV. MR. HOBSON, Chaplain of the *Discovery*. In October of last year, when, Winter began, during which season that vessel wintered in "Discovery Harbour," and the thermometer fell to many degrees, at one time 70° below zero; then, according to the statement of that Reverend Gentleman—what do you think? Why, actually—

"The men had an extra glass of grog served out to them, a walk of a mile in length was made in the ice by scraping away the snow, and this walk for exercise was kept clear during the winter."

Fancy—as if their walking exercise would not have been amply sufficient, at least with the accompaniment of a cup of tea or coffee, to keep the men quite warm enough—the excessive absurdity of serving out to them not merely a glass, but absolutely an *extra* glass of grog! Hence it appears that, ordinarily in the Arctic

ARCTIC DIFFICULTIES.

THE welcome return of the heroic Arctic Explorers affords Society a fresh topic of conversation for the time. The Expedition having come back rather unexpectedly, it is to be feared that Society is not sufficiently well prepared for the demand thus suddenly made upon its stores of knowledge. Let us supply a few simple tests and institute a new kind of "Polo."

Does Society know what is meant by the North Pole, and where the North Pole is? and what is likely to happen to those, if any, who may reach it? what, when they had got there, would be the state of the case as to the compass, and the stars, and the degrees of latitude and longitude, and things in general?

Does Society know what is the latitude of the North Pole, and generally what is understood by the term "latitude," and wherein it differs from longitude, and why both are so called?

What does Society understand by "Lat. 83 deg. 7 min. N."?

Can Society say why such repeated efforts have been made to reach the North Pole?

Does Society know the difference between the North Pole and the South Pole, and whether it is very hot, or very cold at the latter place?

What does Society know about Greenland, Baffin's Bay, the "Palæocrystic Ocean," Zero, Freezing-point, the Esquimaux, and Pemmican?

Can Society name any three great Arctic Explorers, living or dead, besides the Commanders of this last Expedition and SIR JOHN FRANKLIN?

THE DOUBLE EVENT.

REMEMBER, remember,
The Ninth of November!
Birthday at Sandringham Hall—
Speechifications,
Illuminations,
Dinner, and supper, and ball.

Remember, Remember,
The Ninth of November!
Lord Mayor and Sheriffs for hosts—
Church-bells a-ringing,
Glee-singers singing,
Turtle, and Turbot, and Toasts!

DR. SLADE SETTLED.—"*Qui facit per ALLIE-(um!) facit per se.*"

A PORT(£) ADMIRAL.—HOBART PASHA.

regions, even when the cold was little if any below zero, they were allowed at least as much as a glass of grog daily; and, except those who made the grog and those who drank it, goodness only knows how strong it was! Here is an enormity for which pray do not forget, the next time you harangue a Tee-total "Permissive" Meeting, to denounce the Admiralty. And here is a joke for you to let off, after your manner, upon that occasion. Say that the only shadow of excuse to be made for a crew drinking, or being suffered to drink, grog, at a place above 81° North latitude, is that the climate those toppers were in is not a temperate one. This, as a bit of anti-drink fun, will be said to be so like your dry humour.

Ever yours, my dear SIR WILFRID,

ps.

"Sic Vos Non Vobis."

ITALY has set up—and, indeed, established—the claim of ANDREA CESALPINO, of Arezzo, one of her most famous men of science in the sixteenth century, to the great discovery of the circulation of the blood! So England must be content to view HARVEY's claims to the discovery as mere HARVEY's Sauce!

PEN-SLIP OR LANDSLIP?

(*A propos of the Reported Crack in Chelsea.*)

LET us hope it is the report, not the Embankment, that is deficient in foundation.

CHAIRING THE CELT.



sentiment, and the raiser, not only of the needful fire, but the still more needful funds, for this endowment, it is pleasant to know that JOHN HIELANDMAN all over the world, in Canada, the United States, North and South America, Ceylon, India, Singapore, has shown that wherever be his body, his "heart's in the Hielands," by his liberal response to the cry for funds for the Celtic Chair. So it becomes what such a chair should be, a chair resting on Highland enthusiasm and Highland contributions as its legs, with Highland poetry and Highland patriotism for its arms, and the world-wide-spread Highland nationality for its broad and firmly-woven seat.

PADDY and TAFFY, we need not remind our readers, are as Celtic as JOHN HIELANDMAN.

Even JOHN BULL himself, if Saxon in warp, has a Celtic woof worked into his national web, which furnishes some of the brightest threads in the fabric. Why should not Oxford and Cambridge, and Dublin, have their Celtic chairs as well as Edinburgh?

Now the first blow has been struck to such a handsome tune by BLACKIE's strenuous hand, let us hope it may be followed up, and that, South of the Tweed, for the silly attempt to cry down the language and literature of Wales—our nearest Celtic Sister—may be substituted the more intelligent recognition of the value of both to those who dig about the roots of speech, and track the streams of letters up to their fountain heads.

Meanwhile the gallant Professor has striven on behalf of his Celtic Chair, not only by means of speech, subscription-list, solicitation, meeting, and manifesto; he has, besides, written in furtherance of his long-cherished and now happily obtained object, a genial, glowing, and original book, *The Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands*, showing the place of the Celtic in the family of tongues, and some of its leading affinities and principles of structure, with a sketch of the history and characteristics of its bards from the Middle Ages to our own time, including a succinct and sensible summary of the Ossianic Controversy, in which the son of FINGAL and JAMES MACPHERSON are very fairly, as it seems to us, set each on his own bottom.

Let those who have yet to learn the fire and flow of Gaelic verse read ALEXANDER MACDONALD's Song of the *Birlinn*, or GALLEY OF CLAN-RANALD, and DUNCAN BAN's *Ben Dorain*, consecrated to the glory of the red-deer and the stalking thereof. The one was only a village-schoolmaster, the other an Argyllshire gilly, and at his highest a Sergeant of the Edinburgh Town-Guard. But both are Poets by the gift of God. The Professor has done justice to their glowing Gaelic in his strenuous Saxon. And the volume is one that all should read who want to learn why the Professor loves the Celts, their language, and their literature, and to understand and help the movement for the endowment of a Celtic Chair—nay, rather of a set of Celtic Chairs, for the furnishing of a room now vacant in our University Buildings alike in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

QUOTATION FROM PARNELL.

GENERAL GRANT'S refusal to receive the Irish Address has quite upset the balance of POWER.

COMING ROUND.

(From Sairey Gamp, of Shoe Lane, to Betsy Prig, of Peterborough Court.)

DEAR BETSY,

THIS 'ere comes a 'oping as 'ow you are well. It's a wale; And old women like us needs our comforts—I hopes we may ne'er find 'em fail! Which you 'll praps be surpriged at this letter, as well to my PRIG 'tis beknown For some time we ain't hit it together, but each on us monthlied alone.

But now as you 've turned up that WILLYUM—ah! BETSY, 'ow could you, my dear, Put up with that party so long? Yes. I'd nuss him! But there! there's no fear As he 'll step in betwixt us agin, which his last games with that there old Turk Must have jest about doubled 'im hup—as I'm sure is a 'appy day's work.

The artful and bragian traitor! As wanted to bustle my BEN; Which, BETSY, you knowed him as sich, but he's took a new title since then. Ah, you, BETSY PRIG—Lord forgive yer!—did use for to chivvey my pet, Which, now he's so hup, is a thing as I'm sure you must greatly regret.

But WILLYUM! the warmint! Oh, BETSY, that man puts me clean off my 'ead, With his speeches, and pamphlets, and stuff, as is things I despise and yet dread. But now you are down on 'im proper, it comforts my soul, BETSY PRIG.

Let 'im have it, my dear, hot and strong, till he trembles like thingemagig!

Which you soaped him too long; as perhaps he warn't grateful. Ah! few on 'em is.

Why there's even my BEN—but no matter! You rounded a bit, as he riz:

And now—well, my gingham's a good 'un, my pattens is things as strikes terror; But your nasty sly pokes in his ribs is jest lovely, my dear, and no error!

Then your love for the Turk is that touching it oftentimes moves me to tears.

If he only had wings he'd be fit, like a Syrup, for upperer speers. While as for them Scurvy 'uns, ancet'er, your SAIREY sez, "Sarve 'em all right!"

And when BETSY sez ditto to SAIREY, I feel I must bust with delight.

Them Rooshuns is Hogres owdashus. Oh, BETSY, I shakes in my shoes

When I thinks of the knouts, Ultimatums, and other wile 'orrors they use.

Do slang 'em, my dear. You're a good 'un at Bouncers with lots o' big "Caps."

And it does my heart good but to hear you a slogging them Musky-wite chaps.

But wotever you do, my dear BETSY, don't give that ere WILLYUM no peace.

Your Mop and my Pattens must squelch him, or drive him to Rome, if not Greece.

Though you loved him and nussed him so long, chuck him up, he's a dead 'un, you know;

As my friend MISSIS P. M. G. HARRIS, assured me o' that long ago.

And, BETSY, let bygones be bygones! Though doing uncommonly well,

Old SAIREY yet yearns for her pardner. Drop in, dear, and pull the top bell.

The tea-pot and srimps shall be ready. Our sperrits two 'ot withs won't damp.

And a chat o'er old times with her BETSY will comfort

Your own SAIREY GAMP.

ONE of the latest additions to our Fleet is the *Bacchante*. It is feared that she will be a wet ship and generally half-seas over.

*** MR. PUNCH would be glad to hear, confidentially, from his Contributor, "D. Rr."



"SAILING DIRECTIONS."

Old Gent (in the vicinity of the Docks). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO CHARING CROSS?"

Ancient Mariner. "CHARIN' CROSS? LE'S SEE, 'WIND'S ABOUT NOR'-WEST BY NOTHE,—YOU KEEP THE SUN ON YOUR WEATHER BOW, AND YOU'LL JIST ABOUT FETCH—"

[Old Gent hurries off.]

OUR MAYORS.

FOLLOWING a practice which is as old as the time from whence it dates, and has never been interrupted by disturbances at home or abroad, by European wars or revolutions, by commercial depression, or depressing weather—we publish to-day a list of Mayors who have been elected to wield the Sword of Justice and handle the carving-knife of hospitality, to take the chair at public meetings and public dinners, to head processions and subscription lists, to distribute prizes, inaugurate exhibitions, and open bazaars, and to be affable, wise, bland, benevolent, courteous, kind, firm, charitable, impartial, generally useful, and bountifully hospitable during the Municipal year now newly commenced.

There is a breeze from the country blowing about some of these elections this time which is pleasantly fresh and rural. Nottingham has its Bowers, Hartlepool its Groves, Coventry its Banks. Plymouth boasts a Moore, Tynemouth a Green. There is a Heywood at Manchester, a Sherwood at Folkestone (ought to have been at Nottingham), and a Greenhow at Llanidloes; Furse at South Molton, Dewes at Windsor, a Gill at Wakefield, a Hare at Tamworth, and Birchenough at Macclesfield.

There are some strange and unaccountable confusions of places in the list, which no Topographical Dictionaries, or Gazetteers, or Maps and Atlases can rectify or explain. From our childhood we have known that Barnstaple was not in Wiltshire, and yet Wiltshire is now in Barnstaple. Only in disordered dreams and Municipal elections can Galloway be at Gateshead; and if Bedford is in Kidderminster and Melrose at York, there is, after all, some reason to hope that there may be an excellent dairy of green cheese in the moon.

It is satisfactory to find that there has been no exclusive preference for one nationality. The Mayor of Lancaster is Welch, of Newcastle-on-Tyne a Scott.

A King again reigns supreme in Hull, a Bishop (not for the first or the sixth time) in Colchester, and an Abbott in Blandford—there

DÆDALUS AND HIS DONKEY.

A CERTAIN Flying Machine was lately said to have been taken over by its inventor, a British Dædalus, to PRINCE BISMARCK, that he might inspect it in order to see whether it was capable of employment for military purposes. This is a question which may be imagined to be rather more in MOLTKE's way. It could not, however, if the account of the *Morning Post's* Berlin Correspondent is correct, have been solved, at least up to within a few days ago, by either the Statesman or the Warrior. But there may be some mistake in the statement that:—

"MR. RALPH STOTT, the aeronaut from Dover, who has lately made himself here an object of much discussion by his flying machine, has suddenly resorted to every possible excuse and subterfuge to disengage himself from the obligations entered into. His ascent (fixed for to-day) before certain delegates of the War Office, as well as subsequent public representations, is revoked, because Government refused to pay him immediately a sum of £1000."

If this is true, then it may be said that our Dædalus refused to go up because the Prussian Government would not come down. In that case let us admire the prudence displayed on both sides, especially on the side of the Prussian Government. Now if the situation of the parties remains the same, Dædalus, for his part, presents a resemblance to that other British artist, the athlete who was accustomed to divert the public at country fairs by the performance of balancing a donkey at the top of a ladder on his chin for a consideration subscribed by the by-standers to a certain amount, of which he used to stand out for the completion, crying in the meanwhile "Twopence more, and up goes the Donkey!" But when the twopence had been subscribed, up the Donkey went. Will the parallel hold good to that extent? Let the thousand pounds for the ascent of Dædalus be paid him, will the Flying Machine go up? If the Prussian Ministry will try the experiment of handing him over the money—we shall see.

A Rectification.

MR. PUNCH is always sorry to make any mistake in his assignments of artistic credit. It seems that MR. GLOVER's part in *Peril* is *Kemp the Gardener*, not *Meadows the Butler*, as Our Representative Man averred last week. The Butler's part is sustained by MR. NEWTON, who has written to call Mr. Punch's attention to the fact.

is a Pugh for them at Carnarvon—and at Hertford the rights of women have made such enormous strides that the Mayor of that town is a Nunn.

The Chief Magistrate of Luton may not be a King, or a Bishop, or even an Abbott, but he certainly is a Bigg man, and with him may be coupled the Mayor of King's Lynn, who is all Thew.

Most capricious are some of the municipalities in their selections. Dewsbury likes a Senior, Maidstone prefers a Youngman; Brighton chooses a Lamb, Bolton elects a Wolfenden; Oxford flies as high as an Eaglestone, Bury is content with a Duckworth; Dorchester trusts to a Lock, and Bradford to a Ward.

The Mayors of Glastonbury and Leamington are both Bright; they have Tallents at Newark; and the leader of High Wycombe for the next twelve months will be a Wheeler.

Why will not the papers give the surnames of the new Mayors in all cases? Why use what would seem to be undue familiarity in speaking of Abraham, and Absalom, and Gilbert, and Gyles, and James, and Lewis, and Percival and Ralph?

As usual, the list shows a variety of pursuits and callings, comprising a Carter and a Collier, a Fowler and a Walker, two Turners and (according to some authorities) a Tanner, a Shipman, a Cooke (oh! fortunate Hanley), and, to bring the roll to a suitable conclusion, a Baker.

Mr. Punch has reserved to the last a Mayor with whom he feels himself to be in entire sympathy—it is the Mayor of Chard, who is Chaffey.

Just to Set Him Going.

DR. LEGGE, the Oxford Professor of Chinese, we regret to hear, has not a single pupil. How is this? Won't some self-sacrificing undergraduate—there should be no lack of Chinamanacs at Oxford, if all we hear of the taste of the place is true—give the Professor a Legge up?

SHALL BYRON HAVE A STATUE?



REDE BYRON! No. We would not have believed that BYRON could have begotten such an emanation of Art so variously imbecile and impotent. But the designs before the Committee are not the only abortions or the worst that the occasion has provoked.

We have received several hundredweight of suggestions on paper and in clay (it would be difficult, and luckily it is not the least necessary, to decide which are the heavier), for a Byron Monument. Having formed ourselves into an Artistic Committee, and examined the rude and undigested mass of designs and suggestions, we subjoin a few of the latter, which seemed to combine a dash of the amusing, with their various forms of absurdity and impudence:—

DEAR PUNCH,

I.

THERE ought to be a Monument to BYRON, and I believe my design to be the best. You remember the ever-famous lines where-ship. Bottled beer, brandy and soda, or best of all, milk, soda-water, and a dash of Curaçoa constitute, in my opinion, the most salubrious morning draught. But no matter, let us have a Statue of BYRON, clothed in a dressing-gown, and raising a huge tumbler of the foaming fluid to his mobile mouth! If the sculptor could manage—and I know several who could—to give a certain vagueness of outline to the poet's features, we should then obtain a semblance of that which, as you doubtless know, always follows the night's excesses,—the jumps. Merely thinking of the subject, I feel thirsty myself.

Yours ever,

D. T.

SIR,

II.

WITHOUT doubt the noblest passage in LORD BYRON's works is that which refers to "thine incomparable oil, Macassar." Now, if my Lord was depicted as sitting before his looking-glass, with a hair-brush in one hand, and a bottle of hair-oil in the other, we should not only possess a worthy Memorial of a great poet, but a pleasing illustration of the manners and customs of the aristocracy during the earlier part of this century. Nor is there any need to confine ourselves to Macassar. I, Sir, have invented an oil which is far superior. Let mine be sculpted!

Yours truly,

ROWLAND MACASSAR.

P.S.—Bribery is beastly, but politeness is charming, so I enclose for your own hyacinthine locks, a dozen bottles of my celebrated Anathranpologisticum.

PUNCH,

III.

WHY should there be a Memorial at all to that Atheistical, Jesuitical, debauched poet? Why, Sir? Answer me that question. Are you aware, or are you too deeply sunk—as I firmly believe—in the slough of grovelling ignorance, to know that there is still the sum of £50,000 wanted for the conversion of benighted Borrioboolagha? And at such a crisis in the history of Christianity do you mean to say that a statue should be erected to a profane, not to say profligate, poet? Bah!

EXETER HALL.

SIR,

IV.

If you will have a statue, I hope it will represent that noble woman, MRS. BEECHER STOWE, throwing dirt with both hands over the face of that abandoned nobleman.

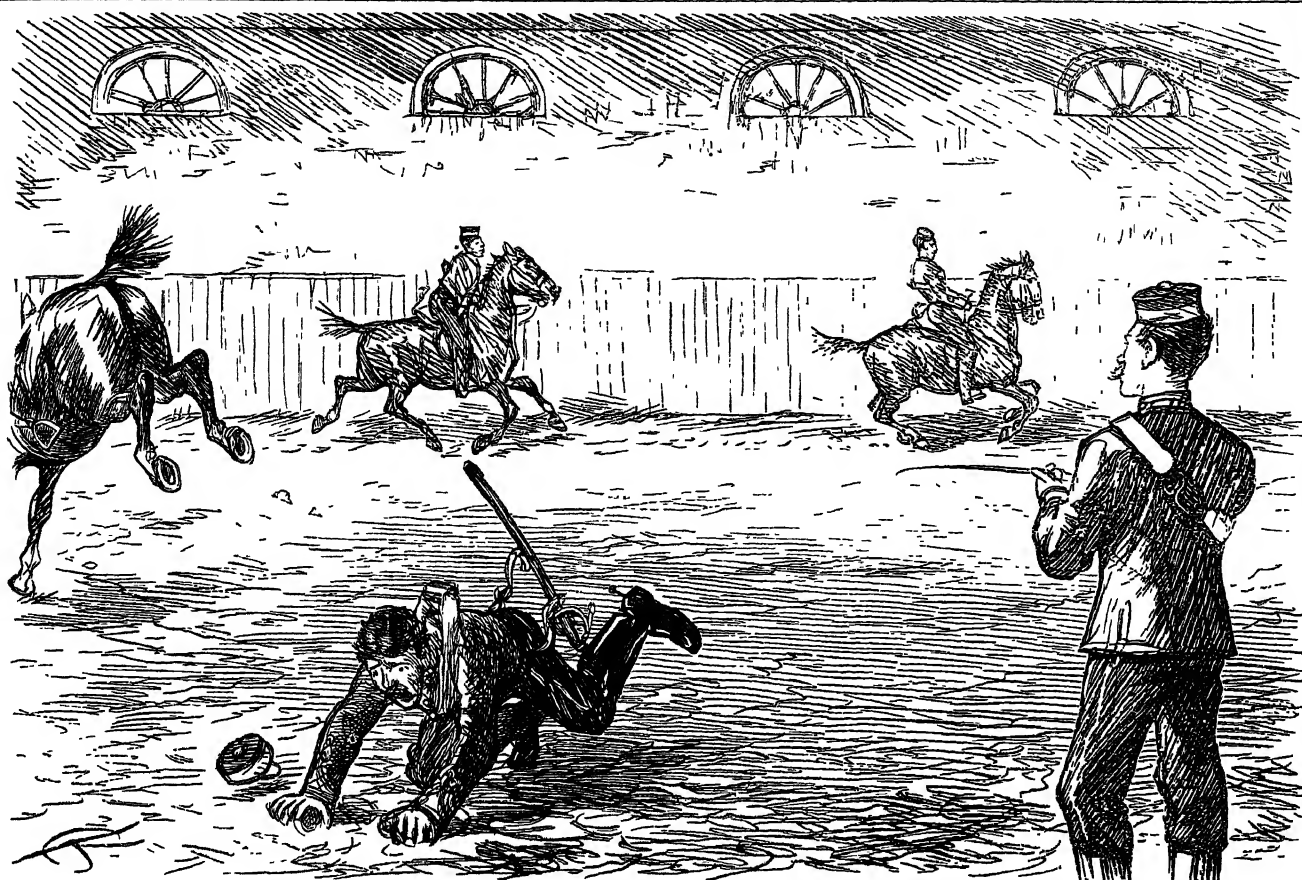
Yours obediently,

A HATER OF POETRY.

MY DARLING OLD PUNCHY WUNCHY,

V.

Do have a splendid statue to that dear romantic, handsome wicked Lord. Was he not a god? Let it be the finest statue in the



THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

Riding-Master (to Sub-Lieutenant, who has come a Cropper). "NOW THEN, SIR! WHO TOLD YOU TO DISMOUNT?"

world! If you want money, I am sure the Government is spending too much over their stupid old guns and ships. Make LORD DISRAELI, who wrote a book himself on the greatest poet in existence, give you as many millions as you like. Or you could sell that stupid poky British Museum. Do, do, do this!

Yours lovingly,

DUDU.

OUR DEAR PUNCH,

VI.

WHY should LORD BYRON be added to the victims? He hated ridicule, and you wish to erect a statue to him! Take warning by our fate.

Yours always,

WELLINGTON (opposite Apsley House).

NELSON (Mastheaded, in Trafalgar Square).

YORK (on my Column).

ANNE (in front of St. Paul's).

ALBERT (Gibbeted in Holborn Viaduct, and blushing, conscious of my guilt, in Hyde Park).

VII.

MASTER,

If you want to have something really worthy of a great poet, you must get more money, and then choose your sculptor—the best that is to be had. Only one thing is certain, he will not be discovered by a competition. Avoid cliques, and Believe me,

TOBY.

Wonderful Meteorological Phenomenon.

We extract the following from the *Scotsman* of November 9th:—

"Last night, between eight and nine o'clock, there were several peals of thunder, followed by flashes of lightning, after which the sky became a little brighter."

Our sober Southern thunder is content to follow the lightning. Scotch thunder, it would seem from the above, takes precedence of the electric fluid. *Punch* takes leave to call the attention of scientific men to this inversion of the Southern order of things.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET.—When he cuts and runs.

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

A Last Peep—Police—Good Signs—Companion—Banshees—Macbeth—the Bethels—Anecdote—Schools—Roman Matron—Politeness—Irish Pigs—Geese—Change of Scene—Glengariff Arrival—Landlady—Driver—The Eccles—Climate—Dinner—Saxon Characteristic—A Tourist's Advice—Inchigeelagh—Peat-Carriers—Macroom—and Off.

On the Road from Killarney.—Most strikingly situated by the roadside high up the hill, so as to command a view of the entire valley, is the Pō-lis Barracks, with its grenadier of a Policeman posted, as sentinel on duty, marching up and down with his side-arms, and occasionally halting on the bridge to admire one of the most beautiful views in the whole country. From here I get my last peep at Killarney.

A reverderci mia bella!

By the way, these Police, posted up in the hills, must have, even in piping times of peace, anything but a luxurious life of it. How they must envy their Saxon brother, "Policeman X," in Belgrave Square, whose beat is enlivened by the smiles of Cooks through area railings, by gifts of cold meats from the larder, and by an occasional flirtation with bright-eyed Housemaids. The Irish Constabulary must have a rough time of it in a "difficulty," but they seem to be respected in their official capacity by the people.

Good signs of the times. (Noted between Killarney and Glengariff.)—During the last three days, in the course of my drive, I have seen three deserted Pō-lis barracks. Stern, pitiless-looking buildings they are, and in the most desolate spots. Let us hope all the "trouble" is over, past and gone, forgotten and forgiven.

Wild country between the last point where a glimpse of the Black Valley is to be obtained and my next halting place, Glengariff.

It reminds me of the north of Cornwall. Only a few stone-built cabins appear here and there at intervals in the valley and on the hill-side. Not a nice spot this to meet an east wind. Even a Banshee, more or less accustomed to this sort of thing, would find it uncommon lonely and shivering here at night; and as to goblins and sprites (I know what a sprite is from long acquaintance with him in



THE NURSERY ULSTER (PATENTED).

pantomimes), they would have all the fun taken out of them, were they to select this spot as a play-ground, or night nursery. Most dreary. *Macbeth's* witches from Scotland on a visit to some friends here would be compelled to dance upon the heath, and energetically, too, in order to keep their toes warm. Few and far between are the cabins, and not a shebeen did I come across for miles. Few and far between, too, are the poor-looking, white-washed, barn-like buildings, with a rickety cross at the top, denoting the Catholic chapel, while a cottage rather larger and better-kept than those of the peasantry on the route, is pointed out as "the priest's." Yes, here he is up in the hills, a shepherd among the scattered flock, out all weathers, and faring no better than his own poor. The appearance of these chapels at intervals again recalls Cornwall to my mind, with its neat, trimly-built, snug-looking but also white-washed meeting-houses, or "Little Bethels" as they are called. The Bethels are, except, of course, for the regular services invariably closed; the Catholic chapels are generally open for the greater part of the day, service or no service, Sundays and work-days alike.

A friend of mine was trying to explain to a French Lady the nature of these Wesleyan, or Independent, places of worship in the north of Cornwall. She did not, or would not, understand him (very perverse these foreigners sometimes), even though he explained himself in the most admirable French. "Madame," said he, "*les petites maisons que vous voyez là-bas sont maisons aux rendez-vous.*" She stared at him, and smiled. So did I. "Permettez, chère Madame," he went on, a little nervously, "*à ce que je m'explique un peu. Quand je viens de dire 'maisons aux rendez-vous,' je voudrais dire 'maisons aux rendez-vous de MONSIEUR WESLEY.'*" "Vraiment?" was all that polite French Lady replied, as she binocled the houses in question, and turned away. If she ever writes her tour in England, I should like to read her chapter on Cornwall.

A cheering sign, which I have before noted *en route*, is the cropping up of school-houses in the most desolate regions. The little shoeless scholars, slates and books in hand, may be seen trudging to and fro, the big ones carrying the mites, and all as happy as innocence and health can make them. Mrs. Hibernia may step out now, well-nigh as proudly as in the days of old, when students from the confines of civilisation came to her for instruction and final polish, and pointing to her little ones at school, may say with the Roman Matron, "These are me jew'ls."

Happy Thought.—Which very expression, "my jew'ls," proves *Corneha* to have been an Irishwoman, bless her!

Politeness is the rule everywhere in Ireland. Even the pigs are polite. The Irish pig is a great *flaneur*, but when he meets a

stranger on the road he grunts apologetically (not grumblingly like the Saxon pig), and either withdraws on one side to let you pass, or nods at you, and then sidles off through a gap. Sometimes, when there is a family party of pigs out for a stroll, one of the loiterers will look round at you, if you come upon him suddenly, actually squeak with delight, and scamper off to join the rest, as joyously as though he were crying out, "Bedad, thin, here's a lark! here's a visitor! What a bit of fun! Hooroooh!" and then all frisk off together and disappear behind a gate-post.

As you pass you will see them all looking at you, not staring rudely like ill-bred Saxon children, but quite pleasantly, nodding their *adieux*, and squeaking out "A pleasant journey to you! Love to all at home!" and other kind wishes.

Happy Thought. "Please the Pigs" is clearly an Irish expression. But really the Irish pigs seem to be so very easily pleased. The only exception to the rule of politeness on the road in Ireland seems to be among the geese. I share the antipathy of the Theatrical Profession for the goose. Indeed, the day for a great annual Theatrical Dinner ought to be the 29th of September, and the toast of the evening should be, "Death to the Goose!"

On we go. MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY, my car-driver, has not a great fund of conversation. If he tells me a story, it is generally of some personal and domestic interest, relating to the progress of his children, with a melancholy reference to the hard times he himself has of it, and his own exemplary long suffering, intended as a hint to me not to stint the *pourboire* at the end of our journey. He is evidently speculating on "one bumper at parting"—though, Heaven knows, what with the state of the roads and the springs, the one bumper at parting must be a very powerful one to surpass all that I have gone through in car-riding since the commencement of this tour.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY repeats himself too. He tells me the same story three times in twenty miles. When he begins it again for the fourth time, I quietly take up the running and finish it for him, whereat he appears a trifle surprised, and is silent for a time, clearly wondering where on earth I could have obtained the information.

At every turn in the road, and at every change of scene, he asks me, "Isn't this a bheautiful dhroive, Sorr?"

Becoming tired of replying "Yes"—to which truth compels me—I limit myself to nodding assent, when he invariably returns, "Ah, I'll have ye plazed by ye get to Glengar'ff."

He says this as though all the credit of showing me the variations of scenery was due to his own private and particular pre-arrangements. Were it possible for him to have taken me any other way which might have been less attractive than this route, of course I should have been under some obligation to him, but as this is the only road between Killarney and Glengariff that a tourist *can* take, no praise whatever is due to MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY for having selected it.

"I'll have ye plazed, Sorr, by ye get to Glengar'ff," he mutters to himself.

More beautiful views. In fact, one would be glad of a rest in a close by-street, as, throughout this short tour, there is a perfect surfeit of Nature's Beauties. Through weird tunnels cut in the rocks, facing a biting north-east wind, up-hill quickly and down-hill surely, and MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY, my driver, in ecstasies with everything, as if he were seeing it for the first time; and all this simply out of politeness to me!

To any remark of mine which may meet with his approbation, he replies,

"That's a fact! You're right there, Sir! You're right there! That's a fact!"

And then he invariably winds up with what comes at last to be a sort of refrain to every verse of his limited conversation,

"I'll have ye plazed by ye get to Glengar'ff."

After the tunnel hewn through the rock there is a gradual descent, with Glengariff vale stretching out before me, and the previous wildness and sterility of the country is softened off by pasturage, homesteads among the trees reminding me of parts of Sussex, the country deepening in wood and water as it stretches out towards Bantry Bay, which I can hardly believe to be the sea, so hemmed in does it appear by points of land, and cut up into islands.

Glengariff.—Eccles Hotel. Charming situation. Facing the bay, and on the road. Old-fashioned, covered with creepers and roses, and bedrooms commanding the bay.

Happy Thought.—Were a Turkish traveller of distinction to arrive, it would be, "The Bey commanding the bedrooms." The Landlady genial and hospitable.

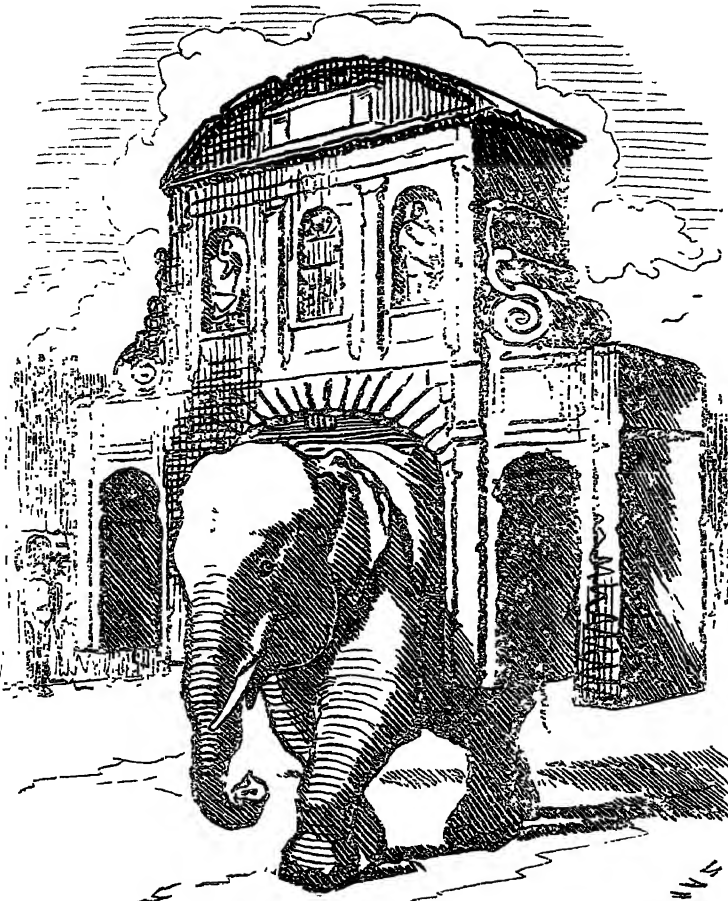
"This is the place!—stand still my stood!"

as the song says.

"Well, this is a pretty place!" I cannot help exclaiming, as I descend from my triumphal car.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY is beaming.

"Didn't I tould ye so, yer Honour? Didn't I say I'd have ye plazed by ye get to Glengar'ff?" he asks, with conscious pride, as



REMOVAL OF TEMPLE BAR TO WESTMINSTER.

NOVEMBER 9, 1876.

An opportunity that ought not to have been missed.

though the beauty of the entire place was due to his foresight, in knowing I was coming, and having the country brushed up for miles round to give me pleasure.

MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY is for making himself of considerable importance, as long as my eye is on him, on the threshold of the hotel; but here he meets his match, and more, in the person of a comely, elderly lady, evidently the Hostess and Manageress of the establishment, who sees the situation at half a glance, and becomes at once the Hostess to me, and the Manageress to MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY, from whom she will stand no nonsense of any sort. He wishes to take upon himself to explain what I want as to dinner, as to sleeping accommodation, and specially as to being called very early in the morning, so as to continue my drive, with him, to my next point.

But the Landlady knows as much about it as does MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY. Her eye kindles.

"The Gentleman will be called in plenty of time, MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY," says the Landlady, in a tone that nearly makes my hair stand on end, who am placidly listening, quite ready to take the part of authority against O'SHAUGHNESSY (who has been only an unamusing bore during the long drive, and to whose company I have to look forward to-morrow), who begins to apologise in a semi-important tone for his interference. This the Landlady will not stand. MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY will just oblige her by "getting out," which MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY immediately does, acting clearly upon some previous experience. I notice that there is a hulking "boots" and an ostler to match by the door, so that MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY's retreat is on the whole a prudent measure.

Eccles Hotel, Glengariff, is worth far more than a passing visit. I am delighted with it. It is, as far as attendance and cuisine, and general comfort, the best hotel I've been in. And it comes just exactly when it is wanted, i.e. after a long tiring day's journey. The coffee-room seems to have been fitted up to the very latest fashion of taste; and, can I believe my eyes, there are fish-knives!

O Rathdrum, the primitive! O Glendalough, loveliest of the lovely, but full of imperfections as to thy Hotel comforts! O Woodenbridge the cheerless! O any

other Hostelrie, aye, even the Victoria of Killarney, good as ye are, slip out to the Eccles at Glengariff, and take a lesson from Hostess, Cook, and Waiter. I protest that for the first time on my travels I have dined as a good Clubbable Christian of modest requirements and temperate habits. The dinner is good, and it is so well served. The Waiter is not an Irishman, but a Dane. He is not a bit like *Hamlet*, and neither soliloquises, which would be inconvenient, nor joins in the conversation, which would be objectionable. After dinner—the climate is so mild—bless me, it's the first time I've been out of an east wind—that even at nine o'clock on an early Spring evening you can sit out in front of the hotel, and enjoy your coffee and cigar.

And oh! isn't this eulogy characteristic of the Saxon sensualist, who goes into ecstasies over the place that gives him the best dinner!

Happy Thought (Sarcasically adapted).—"He loveth best, who feedeth best, on bread, and fish, and beast."—*Vide Ancient Mariner.*

I am pressed for time, and have paid beforehand at Killarney for the pleasure of MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY's society, or I would remain here two or three days. But *au revoir*.

Off again! MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY at the door at nine A.M. I ascertain on good authority why he wanted me to start at about five in the morning for Dunmanway. It is because he wanted to have the day before him to get back again.

And here also I will introduce a useful piece of advice for the Tourist who may be passing the same route as myself. *Only hire your car from Killarney to Glengariff. You can get another at your own convenience, and just as good at Glengariff, to take you on to Dunmanway.*

And one word more in your ear, my friend, which put down in your *Happy Thought* note-book, with my compliments:—*Don't come this way at all. Reverse it. Go from Dublin to Cork, from Cork to Dunmanway, from Dunmanway by car to Glengariff (don't attempt any stopping at Inchigeelagh—not worth more than an hour's delay); stay at Glengariff, and then on to Killarney, taking The Torc and Muckross on the way. Here's your Itinerarium, and you'll find it correct. To slightly alter MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY's refrain, "I'll have ye plazed by ye get to Killarney!"*

For you'll have journeyed by degrees of comparison, and you'll finish (in the direction I mean) with the best.

On to Inchigeelagh.—On our route I notice the prettiest girls I have yet seen in Ireland among the peasantry. All bareheaded, and the poorest barefooted. All wearing bright-patterned shawls, red petticoats—invariably something bright. Winning smiles, modest eyes, and lovely teeth. These are their characteristics everywhere. Strange to say, that of the type which I have hitherto read of as the common one, I have only met with rare instances. This may happen to be my luck. If so, I must try again.

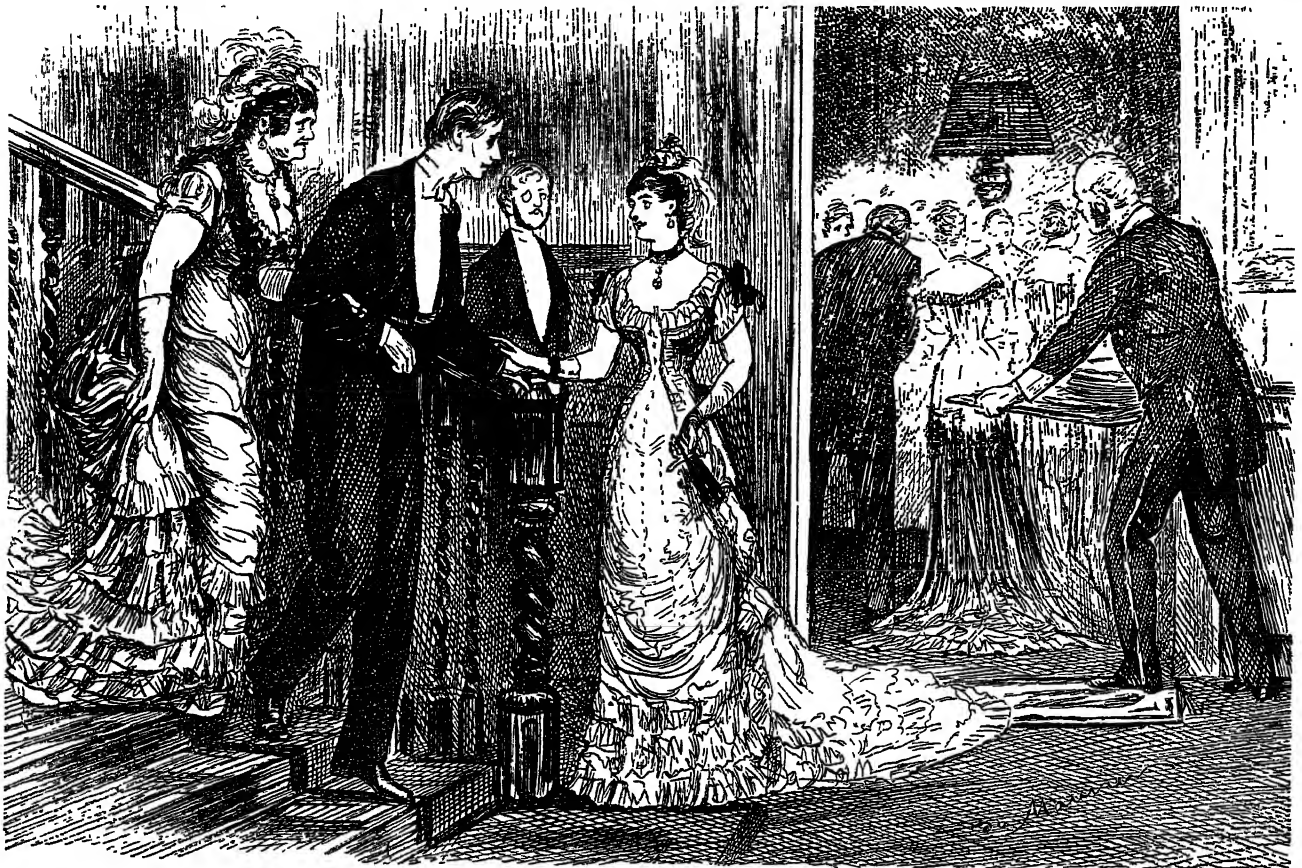
The Women peat-carriers are very picturesque, carrying the brown bricks in baskets, on their shoulders, to their cabins across the mountains. A figure of one of them would make an admirable match-box.

Happy Thought.—I have driven upwards of two hundred and fifty miles on a car, and not met one single beggar, except at Killarney, on the regular tourists' route, where the professionals are. Yet I was told that Ireland was the country *par excellence* for beggars. Perhaps I am out of the season.

At the country inns (which do not pretend to be hotels) I'll back them for doing potatoes in their jackets, over a peat fire, against any cooks in the world; occasionally, too, for broiling a chop.

Nearing Macroom I notice the girls wearing a darkish blue cloak and hood, and brown petticoats. The fashion seems to be divided pretty equally between bare legs (most symmetrical) and bare feet, or, on the other hand (I should say on the other feet), grey stockings, with neat, but substantial boots.

At Macroom. Happy Thought.—If ballads of the day go for anything in Ireland, the name of *Macroom* suggests that something might be done in this place with the present popular ditty of "*Tommy, Mac-room for your Uncle*." After this, the sooner I'm away from Macroom the better. Here's the train; that's the ticket! Off to Cork! And then, as sensationalist novel-writers put at the heading of the last chapter but sixteen, this is "*The Beginning of the End*."



FESTIVE HOUSE-KEEPING.

Daughter of the House (to her Cousin). "HAVEN'T YOU BEEN DOWN TO SUPPER BEFORE, CHARLES? I ASK BECAUSE WE HAVE ONLY RECKONED FOR ONE SUPPER EACH!"
[Charles has not yet touched a morsel, but his Fair Companion is coming down to supper for the Third time. Let us hope she takes the hint.]

SPIRIT DUTIES.

AS THEY WERE.

THE duties of Spirits in days gone by
 Were useless yet onerous ones, no doubt,
 Such as frightening timorous folks on the sly,
 And dragging huge chains about.
 Their rôle was to ramble old mansions through,
 In darkness of night, and sheet or shroud;
 Make candles to burn of a bogeyish blue,
 And watchers to shriek aloud!
 They'd to play bo-peep in Churchyards dank,
 At witching and wholly unholy hours,
 And clamour, and clatter, and croak, and clank,
 In tumble-down turrets and tow'rs.
 To worry the wainscots, and fret the floors,
 Their unseen feet pattered about:
 And they rattled the windows, and banged the doors,
 And the lights with their breath put out!
 They set all our property-rights at nought
 By tenancies horrid and undesired;
 Hid treasures and missing wills they sought,—
 Popping up when least desired.
 Complete inutility, worry, and fuss,
 Appeared to be ever their favourite line:
 And why the mischief they carried on thus,
 No mortal could e'er divine!

AS THEY ARE.

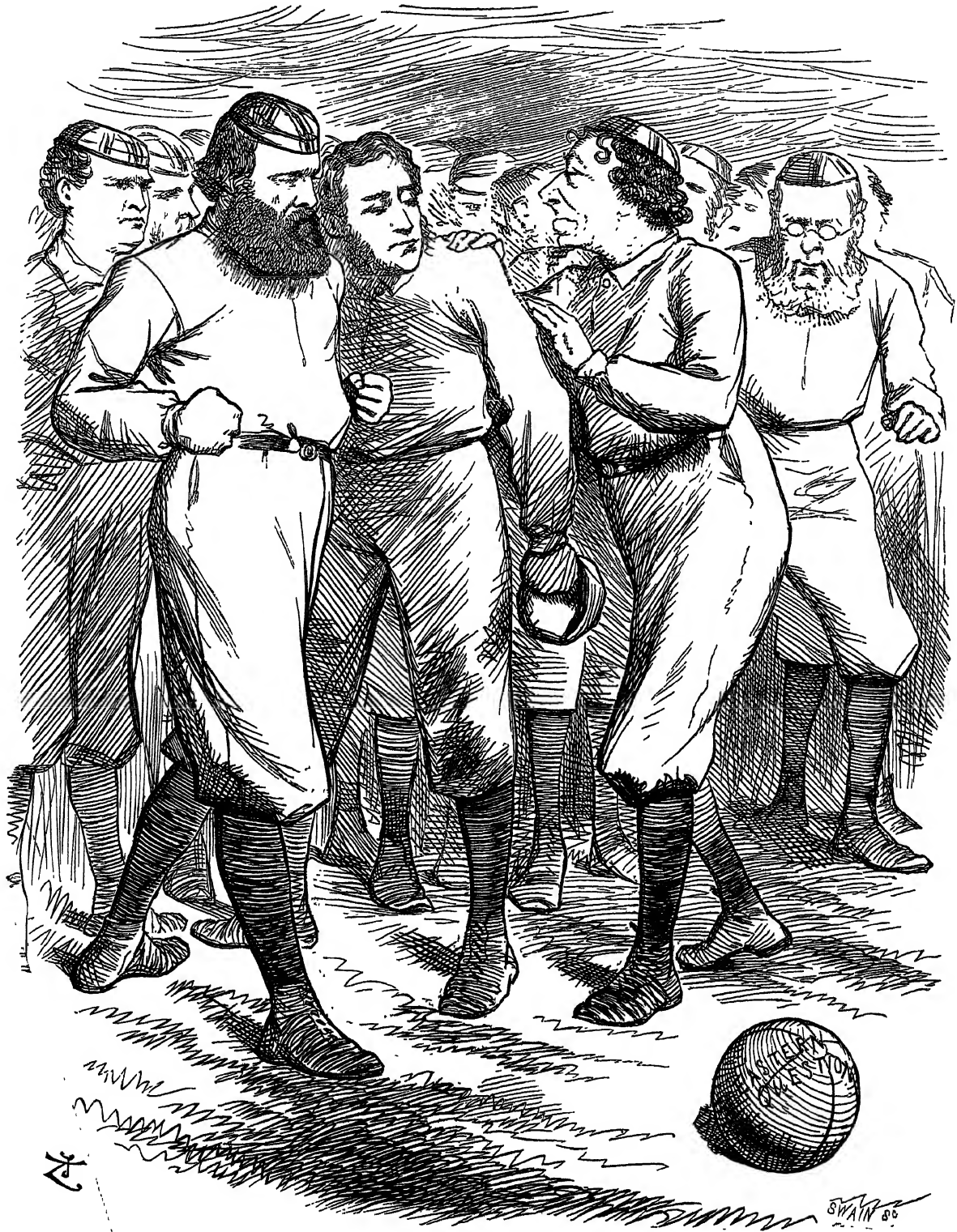
But the Spirits seem now on another "lay,"—
 And more lucrative business boast:
 How the modish "Shade" of the modern day
 Must look down on your good old Ghost!
 Now Spirit "duties" take wider range,
 And the Spectres smart of the latter-day school

Have intimate dealings,—a notable change,—
 With the knave as well as the fool.
 With "properties" furnished by HOME or SLADE,
 For patrons the Gooseherds of Gullibility,
 Their rôle as ever,—though deftlier played,
 Is "General Inutility."
 To tapping of tables from turning of hats—
 As well as the heads of the boobies who wore them,—
 They've ris'n, and to fleecing from frightening flats,
 As the old Ghosts did before them.
 They scribble bosh on a doctored slate—
 Under tables of conjurors' model—
 And vent, in the name of the dead-and-gone great,
 Most ungrammatical twaddle.
 In fine,—and your honest old Ghosts it grieves
 To see their degenerate race's disaster,—
 The Spirits have fallen among the thieves,
 With *Jeremy Diddler* for master.
 Alas, poor Ghosts! 'Tis a Nemesis stern
 For the mischievous cantrips you formerly played:
 How a Spirit of spirit must spurn
 The bondage of "ALLIE" or SLADE!
 Should the Ghosts provoke Law's clutches stern,
 Or defy sharp Science's sham-detectors,
 The bull's-eye must beam for the blue light's gleam,
 Till the Spectres succumb to the Inspectors.

CALLED TO THE HELM.

OBSERVERS have remarked on the departure of the Cardinal of Westminster for Rome so closely on the death of CARDINAL ANTONELLI. No wonder, after such a loss, that the Pilot of the Barque of St. Peter should feel that it wants MANNING.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.—Russia and the Pole.



A FRESH "KICK OFF."

BEACONSFIELD (C^o). "THERE, STAND OUT OF THE WAY, ELLIOT!—WE'VE GOT A STRONGER MAN!"

EVERYDAY FARCES.



ESPECT FOR THE CHURCH.

SCENE—The breakfast-table at COL. ANYPORT'S. Time—Sunday morning. MRS. and the MISSES ANYPORT and the COLONEL seated.

Mrs. Anyport (finishing the wing of a partridge). Of course, the Colonel does not go to Church to-day (severely) as usual?

Colonel. As usual, my dear. There's no one who thinks more about the religious practices of his country than I do. But it's damp this morning, and I fancied I felt a twinge in my left toe, and—

Miss Anyport. And Papa would rather stay at home.

Mrs. Anyport. Well, dears, we must be charitable. (To the Colonel.) So you won't come. Well, we can pray for you.

[MRS. ANYPORT sails out of the room preceded by her daughters, like a ship with two tugs. As they go up-stairs,

Lizzie Anyport (in a whisper). Is CAPTAIN CAVENDISH coming to our pew this morning?

Miss Anyport. Why, of course he is. You don't suppose he forgets to go to Church?

Lizzie. When you are there—oh dear no!

Miss Anyport. Well, you know when CHARLIE PALK is near us, I'm sure.

Mrs. Anyport. And, my dear girls, do hold yourselves up in Church. People will think you quite dumpy. Oh! and LIZZIE darling, just look at LADY SWELLSON'S bonnet, and fix it in your head. Be quick now. I shall not wait for you.

MRS. ANYPORT is first off, and arrives just in time to confess, "She has done what she ought to have done, and left undone what she ought not to have done." This she does with her nose in the air, her eyes closed, and a lace handkerchief between her folded hands; accompanied by a gentle wag of the cherries in her bonnet, which impresses her neighbours extremely.

The girls arrive rustling and clattering with all sorts of silver baubles hanging to their sides, eminently useful in a choral service, in the middle of the Psalms. They are not at all nervous, but shake hands with CAPTAIN CAVENDISH, and even send a religious recognition to CHARLIE PALK in the pew behind.

MISS ANYPORT, who is a pupil of SIGNOR CIAFFO (the great CIAFFO), instantly launches into the responses at least a semitone flat. LIZZIE ANYPORT inspects a line scribbled in pencil on the flyleaf of a hymn-book which has been passed to her by CHARLIE PALK.

Change. The Colonel's smoking-room. The Colonel has nearly devoured the Observer, the Army and Navy Gazette, and the illustrated papers, besides two enormous cabanas, and is dozing happily in his arm-chair, when the girls and their mother return, redolent of silks and satchets, to bring him back to reality.

Lizzie. O Papa dear! my altar-cloth looked so lovely—simply gorgeous.

Miss Anyport. Awfully sweet! But Papa dear! you should have seen the FOX GUYS, what dresses they wore. Quite a caricature.

Mrs. Anyport. Such a sermon, Colonel, it would have done you good. Apropos! LIZZIE, I wonder what Brilliantine it is DR. APSEY PYX uses: it shone like a halo when he gave out the text. A sweet sermon indeed!

[MRS. ANYPORT shakes her cherries again, but for the life of her cannot remember—what the text was. The sermon was for a wonder very good, being one of DOCTOR ARNOLD'S own.

Miss Anyport. How awfully badly poor MISS SWELLSON sings! She really might leave the chants to us and the choristers. That cuirass she wore was made out of last year's dinner-dress.

Lizzie. So it was! I was thinking all Second Lesson where I had seen it before.

Miss Anyport. I knew it at once. O Papa dear, we have brought CAPTAIN CAVENDISH back to lunch.

Mrs. Anyport. That reminds me, LIZZIE dear, I do not think CHARLES PALK a good parti, so don't go on, I beg.

Colonel Anyport (aside). Confound it! Hang that supercilious plunger! He smokes all my best cigars, and looks as if I liked it.

Mrs. Anyport. And don't forget, JOHN, DR. APSEY PYX thinks we should do best to pass our spare hours on Sunday in meditation.

Miss Anyport. Yes, Mamma, dear, and don't forget CAPTAIN CAVENDISH takes us to the Zoo this afternoon.

Mrs. Anyport. I should prefer Hurlingham if I had been asked, but no matter. [Exeunt all to Lunch.

WHO'S ZOO IN THE CITY?

On account of the success attained by the introduction of the Elephants in the Lord Mayor's Show on the ninth instant, it is highly probable that the idea may be further developed on future Ninths of November. Mr. Punch, always glad to assist his Right Honourable friend at the Mansion House, begs to present the Coming Man of 1877-78 with a rough sketch of what he believes would be a very effective order of procession:—

Policemen (with Serpents) to clear the way.
The Fishmongers' Company carrying the contents of the Westminster Aquarium.

Deputation from the Stock Exchange carried on Bears and Bulls.
The City Marshal, with Peacocks in Attendance.

The Common Serjeant Riding a Hobby.
The Spectacle Makers' Company attended by Owls and Moles.

A Man in Armour mounted upon a Donkey clothed in a Lion's Skin.
Foresters from Epping Forest carrying a Collection of Stuffed Birds and Beasts.

Heralds in Tabards flanked by Hogs in Armour.
The Right-Honourable and Most Learned Mr. Toby.

Deputation from the Zoological Society, attended by any Animals that can be spared from the Gardens.

A Provincial Menagerie
(Supposed to represent "The Signing of Magna Charta," "The Destruction of the Spanish Armada," and "The Passing of the Reform Act of 1832").

The Court of Common Council.
Broeckman's Performing Dogs and Monkeys.

Aldermen with Swans hopping on one leg.
The Recorder of London, attended by Fishes out of Water.

Aldermen and Geese who have Passed the Chair.
A Band of Canaries, Piping-Bullfinches, and Mocking-Birds.

The Arms of certain well-known Aldermen, supported by Donkeys, Mules, and Apes.

The Lord Mayor's Coach, with the Lion of the Day outside drawing the Lion of the Day in.

Policemen (with Scorpions) to keep the People back.

WILD BIRDS AND "VERMIN."

THE saying that "if the sky should fall larks would be caught," can hardly have been considered by "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS," who thus addresses the Times:—

"I write to protest through your omnipotent medium against the exhibition of larks as an article of food in poulterers' shops. I don't suppose any legislation will stop the wholesale destruction of these national songsters, but I trust that the national sentiment, if there is any sentiment left in modern society, will be aroused and expressed against such a use of British singing birds."

Larks are happily so numerous that there is no fear of their being all eaten up by epicures. There is plenty of that sort of sentiment which objects to any of them being eaten merely because they are singing birds, left in modern society. It is sentiment such as that which, whilst denouncing scientific vivisection, silently allows eels to be skinned alive. If a lark pudding is really a good thing, "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS" will perhaps, if not learn to love them as a pudding's contents, at least, on second thought, reconsider what follows:—

"I may remind those who would like to shame those vulgar eaters of Heaven's messengers that the EMPEROR HELIOGABALUS was especially partial to the brains of singing birds, and I may suggest that they should restrict themselves also to the brains of larks, as it must be that portion of the bird they most require."

Herein surely "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS" is unreasonably hard upon other lovers of British birds who love their lark purely as they love their partridge or pheasant. Is not the partridge a British Bird as well as the lark, and has not the pheasant at least been acclimatised? Have they not an equal claim to be loved with



MAKING SHORT WORK OF IT.

QUALIFYING FOR HUNT RACES.

Master of Hounds. "LOOK HERE, BOY, THAT HORSE YOU WANT TO QUALIFY IS KICKING MY BEST YOUNG HOUNDS,—SO TELL YOUR MASTER I'LL GIVE HIM A CERTIFICATE TO-MORROW,—IF YOU WON'T COME OUT AGAIN!"

larks, as larks are loved by "A LOVER OF BRITISH BIRDS"? Plumage is surely a merit as much demanding exemption from being eaten as song. Some lover of birds, for the mere look of them, will next perhaps propose—in the season when Parliament is shooting—a Plea for the Pheasant, and the Partridge, against the Dealer in Game.

There are other birds than larks, but unlike larks growing very scarce, against whose total destruction it is much to be wished that "any sentiment left in modern society" should, by all means, "be aroused and expressed." Eagles, falcons, hawks, kites, buzzards, hen-harriers, have been almost all of them improved off the face of the country by pot-hunting landed poulterers. There is hardly a raven anywhere to be seen, and for a young one in a cage the other day a bird-fancier asked one of *Mr. Punch's* young men half a guinea. Of course birds of prey should be kept under; but what a shame to exterminate them! Their extirpation has despoiled the landscape of living ornaments. It has been a destruction of things of beauty which ought to have been preserved to be joys for ever. Is not this a barbarity which every genuine Lover of British Birds must deplore, and denounce, and endeavour, if possible and not too late, to get repaired?

CHIPS FROM THE ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

THIS remarkably cool offer lately appeared in the *Islington Gazette* :—

A Good HOME offered to a clean-looking young Person, of respectable family (of tradespeople preferred); must produce good references, and be able to assist in the nursery; £6 per annum for clothing given. Apply any morning at —, &c. No fare allowed unless engaged.

And the following from that organ of the Clergy the *Guardian*, gives one a pleasant idea of the advertiser :—

WANTED, by a Widow Lady, a PERSON who is experienced in the art of Whipping, and well qualified to administer a severe Flogging with a new birch rod to two young children of the ages of nine and ten. Wages £30 per annum. The children are very wilful and troublesome. Address, &c.

However, £30 a year for a Flogger is handsome compared with £20 a year for a Governess—a very common salary.

The next, from the *Field*, is, in some respects, mysterious :—

WANTED, a tall UNDER BUTLER, with long recommendations, where four men are kept, and the family go to London in the season; wages £30 to £35.—Apply, &c.

Can "recommendations," like "continuations," be a euphemism for any part of a Footman's clothing? The two words can't mean the same thing, or the epithet would rather, one would think, be "short" than "long" :—

What a chance is here for Coelebs in search of a Wife!—

A WIDOW LADY and her Sister (both musical), living in a large well-furnished house, wish to receive one more GENTLEMAN to join their small circle. Late dinner. No clerks need reply.—IDA, &c., &c.

"IDA," the name of TENNYSON'S Princess! Sweetly suggestive! And a "Widow," too—with sorrows to sympathise in, and tears to wipe away! The other sister—a gusher too, probably—both musical—dear delightful creatures, with voices soft and low, we will be bound; that "excellent thing in woman"! "Man-traps set on these premises." Bachelors, beware!

This appeared in the *Standard* of the day before Guy Fawkes's festive and firework anniversary :—

STRICT DISCIPLINE.—A Gentleman in the country desires to secure the services of a thoroughly qualified GOVERNESS to teach French, Italian, Drawing, and Music. No one need apply who objects to judicious corporal punishment.

A pleasant sort of man this Country Gentleman must be, and his family, no doubt, must be extremely fond of him. To judge from his advertisement, there seems to be small fear that his children will be spoilt by such an injudicious sparing of the rod as is proverbial. We wonder if he gives them their chastisement himself, or expects their governess to act as flogger for him. *Mrs. Squeers* or *Sally Brass* perhaps might suit this situation: but we doubt if the advertisement is likely to prove attractive to an educated lady.



FLOWERS OF FASHION.

Dressmaker. "How would you like the dress made?"

Cook. "THE LATEST FASHION, IN COURSE."

Dressmaker. "A POCKET, I SUPPOSE?"

Cook. "NO! EVERYBODY WEARS POCKETS NOW-A-DAYS. EVEN MISSIS AND YOUNG MISS HAS 'EM!"

THE LATEST NEWS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, Monday.

You will be glad to learn that everything is now as good as settled. Russia has withdrawn all her awkward demands and the influence of England (supported as she is by Austria and Germany) is all-powerful. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has submitted a scheme to the Porte, which is now under consideration.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Tuesday.

You will not be surprised to hear after receiving my dispatch of yesterday's date that we are on the eve of a great European war. Russia (supported by Germany and Austria) insists that what she demands shall be granted within four-and-twenty hours. I may add that the scheme submitted yesterday by SIR HENRY ELLIOT to the Porte has been withdrawn, at the instigation of LORD SALISBURY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Wednesday.

As I hinted to you yesterday, Russia is 'checkmated'. The stubborn resistance of France and Italy to her claims, and the moral support of England, given to the combined policy of Austria and Germany, have had their due effect. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has submitted a scheme to the Russian Ambassador, which is now said to be undergoing consideration.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Thursday.

From the tone of my yesterday's despatch you will be prepared to learn that Europe is threatened at this moment with one of the greatest calamities that could possibly happen to her. The alliance, offensive and defensive, between Russia, France, Austria, and Italy (at which I hinted yesterday), is causing the most hopeless complica-

THE PARSONS' PLAY.

At the Theatre Ecclesiastical, St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, Cheapside, the Ritualist adaptation of *Mass*, was performed as usual on Sunday last week, notwithstanding the inhibition of the Court of Arches. A notice of the performance has appeared in the *Morning Post*, whence are derived the following particulars. The part of *Pontifex* was sustained by the Rev. T. P. DALE with his accustomed ability; and the Rev. MR. ARMITAGE played a good second. The former gentleman was habited "in a cloth of gold cope, such as is worn by Roman Catholic Priests at Benediction, having in the back a crimson velvet fall, having on it a gold embroidered cross. MR. ARMITAGE wore a white vestment, both clergymen having on their heads the 'biretta.'" Their get-up appears to have been very good; and there was introduced a change of costume. "MR. DALE, having retired to the sacristy, came back to the altar clothed in a chasuble, the same as that worn by the priest at Low Mass." In the adaptation of *Mass* to the British clerical stage, Low Mass appears to be combined with High Mass, much as COLLEY CLEBER pieced together portions of *Henry the Sixth* and his own composition with *Richard the Third*. A procession of "acolytes" to the altar, bearing aloft a cross, with "two tall ornamented candles," and headed by a "thurifer" swinging a "thurible," and scattering incense, told very effectively, and looked very much like the real things, the representation altogether bearing a strong resemblance to the original, although the *libretto* was sung and spoken in English instead of Latin, and with considerable variations from the Roman text.

It was understood to have been given out from the pulpit that, irrespectively of law, the performance would be repeated till further notice, but there appears to be some doubt whether this course will be persisted in. If it is, will the BISHOP OF LONDON interfere? Perhaps he cannot if he would. Another authority, however, possibly can, and will. The performances at St. Vedast's, one would think, must surely be within the jurisdiction of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

tions. I may add that SIR HENRY ELLIOT's scheme submitted to Russia yesterday has been withdrawn, at the instigation of LORD SALISBURY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Friday.

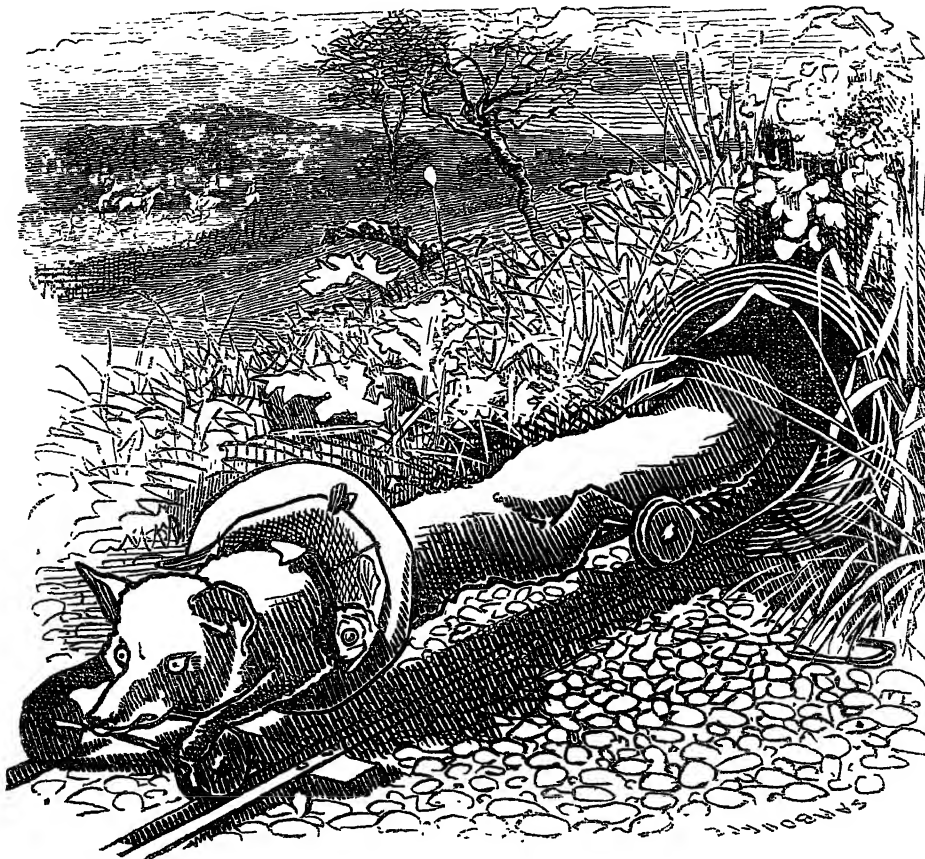
After my yesterday's despatch it will scarcely be news for you to hear that Russia has sent an *ultimatum* to Paris, Vienna, and Rome. England has offered to arbitrate between the quarrelling Powers, but unhappily the feeling of animosity, which is accountable for Russia's strange conduct, is of many years' standing. SIR HENRY ELLIOT has submitted schemes to the Representatives of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, and Spain.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Saturday.

From the tenor of my yesterday's remarks, you will have guessed that Russia has withdrawn all her demands, and is now the Turk's best friend. The International Banquet (to which I alluded in my last despatch), was a great success. The healths of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, the KING OF ITALY, and the PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, were proposed in most affectionate terms by the Russian host. There is no other news except that the schemes submitted yesterday by SIR HENRY ELLIOT to the Representatives of Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, and Spain, have been withdrawn at the instigation of LORD SALISBURY.

"Nas-Naris. A Nose."

NARES did not succeed, thanks to Jack Frost and fies,
In reaching the Pole, when he followed his nose.
For the next man who tries, the advice, therefore fair is,
Change your route, if you can, *et ne sequere NARES!*



MECHANICS IN SPORT

No. 4.—PNEUMATIC-DESPATCH-FOX-HUNTING COMPANY (LIMITED).

THE FIGHT FOR PLUMSTEAD COMMON.

FROM the following piece of last Monday week's news it appears that the HOME SECRETARY knows how to revise the judgments of the Great Unpaid:—

"Yesterday morning an official communication was received at the Kent County Gaol from the HOME SECRETARY, stating that HER MAJESTY had been graciously pleased to remit the fine and remainder of the sentence passed on MR. JOHN DE MORGAN, at the last Kent Quarter Sessions, for complicity in the Plumstead Common riots. In the ordinary course of things he would have been discharged this morning, but the letter was succeeded by a telegram stating that DE MORGAN was to be liberated at once, it being the first instance for fifteen years of a prisoner being discharged from the gaol on a Sunday."

The so-called riots on Plumstead Common were of quite a different nature from the intimidation meetings held from time to time in Hyde Park. They were merely forcible proceedings of resistance to attempts at the enclosure of common land supposed illegal. The Kent Justices decided them to be riots. Technically, perhaps, they were. The more the pity. Everybody interested in the preservation of open spaces, that is, all people except a few grasping, greedy, selfish, and sordid churls, would have been glad to learn that the alleged riots were no riots, and that the repetition of them would have been no rioting—if such were really the law. There are few sights more calculated to delight a well constituted mind than the view of a bonfire made of fences illegally set up on a Common by a Lord of the Manor, and legally torn down by the aggrieved neighbours. The greatest credit is due to anyone who has the spirit to lead a multitude on to the lawful demolition of unlawful enclosures. Provided always, of course, that the enclosures are really unlawful, and the demolition of them indeed lawful and right. Otherwise, dear friends, the concourse demolishing them is a riotous assembly, and the head man thereof a ringleader, in the eye of the law. It is therefore, good people, very desirable that, before you proceed to destroy fences by which you believe yourselves robbed of your rights, you should consult lawyers, so as to make quite sure that you are not mistaken in the supposition that those rights have been invaded. For if there is any doubt upon

GRACEFUL ACT OF A LADY.

PERSONS with plenty of money, and no poor relations to assist or an aged mother to support, will perhaps put their hands in their pockets and pull out something for a laudable purpose when they learn that the Byron Monument Committee has not yet received subscriptions to an amount nearly large enough to defray the cost of a statue at all worthy of BYRON's fame. The best of the designs sent in to them for selection is said to be the work of "a very distinguished American sculptor, who can use his pen as ably as his chisel." It is remarkable that an American artist and man of letters should offer help to perpetuate BYRON's fame, whereas a countrywoman of his, a Lady of name in literature, endeavoured a few years ago, with all her ability, to perpetuate just the reverse. She acted, no doubt, from a righteous indignation under a wrong idea, and now, perhaps, having happily found out her mistake, will be glad to repair it as much as she can. Would it surprise you, then, to hear that MRS. HARRIET REECHER STOWE had sent in a subscription towards making up the sum of about twelve thousand pounds, required to obtain a proper monument in memory of LORD BYRON?

"ANGLO-INDIAN" complains that though India has given the Mother Country an Imperial Crown, her poor return is a one-and-fivepenny Rupee!

this point it is not you who will get the benefit of the doubt at Quarter Sessions, and, though a fine may be remitted altogether, imprisonment, of which you will possibly be let in for more or less before being let off the remainder, is a bore.

THE UTOPIAN CAB COMPANY.

Rules and Regulations.

1. EARLY birds—no larks—will have the pick of the Cabs.
2. Every Driver to find his backer, who will be answerable for his returns.
3. Drivers out after one will catch it.
4. No liquoring up of foremen or washers will be winked at. The Company will not stand drinks.
5. Should any Driver allow his horse to run away, his screw will be stopped.
6. Each Driver will be supplied with a copy of *Hints on Etiquette*, by a *Man of Rank*.
7. Drivers seen hanging about will be suspended.
8. Smoking in Cabs is prohibited. Drivers will be supplied with Bryant and May's Matches, as they will light only on the box.
9. Drivers using bad language will be fined; and, for a second offence, re-fined.
10. An exact account of each day's takings must be rendered. Overcharges need not be returned.
11. Drivers, on returning at night, will assist to bed down their horses, but are not to bring them in "tucked up."
12. Night Cabs will be provided with lamps before they go out.
13. Civility, Caution, and Cleanliness are enjoined. C Rules in the Yard.

APPROPRIATE.—The next Spirit Rapping case will be tried before MR. KNOX.

CLAN CARTY.—Dustmen!



SOLVING THE DIFFICULTY. (?)

First Soldier. "SO THEY SAY WE'VE A CHANCE OF FIGHTING THE ROOSIANS AGAIN!"

Second Soldier. "BLOW THE ROOSIANS! WHY DON'T WE GO AND TAKE CONSTANTINOPLE, AND A' DONE WITH IT?"

A SHADE ON PROGRESS.

I AM what was a 'Squire of ancient line;
This Manor-house, and Manor once were mine.
Here in my time I kept a pack of hounds;
And my whole heart was in my house and grounds.

Still to this dear old place in death I cleave;
My home, though left behind, I cannot leave.
No better place I knew, nor do I know:
Here I remain, unable hence to go.

I bear the semblance of the garb I bore,
Such in time past as England's gentry wore.
Yon picture which appears from out its frame
On point of stepping down, reveals my name.

Mine were the days ere Trade had all o'ergrown;
When they who held the land could hold their own.
No Company durst private grounds invade,
And aggravate their sometime owner's shade.

With scorn and anger thus I'm forced to mark
A Railway cutting my ancestral Park;
Crossing the Avenue of elm-trees old,
Where once the family Coach serenely rolled.

Now telegrams and signals vex my sight:
Annoyed by coloured lamps I walk the night.
And every train brings crowds of Cockneys down,
Profaning the still scenes I haunt, from Town.

These rushing Railways, on whose borders spring
New stucco'd villas, populations bring
For beef and mutton swelling the demand,
Raising the price of meat on every hand.

RUSSO-ENGLISH WORDBOOK.

By a Contributor of Leading Articles to the Pall Mall.

ARMISTICE—A lull before a storm.

Atrocity—A Christian virtue or an Oriental vice.

Autonomy—Ruling by an Autocrat.

Bulgarians—Catspaws.

Brag—Russian hide.

Charity—Begins at St. Petersburg and pervades the East.

Christianity—Holy Russia.

Christian—Wholly Russian.

Diplomacy—The Father of Lies.

Duplicity—A two-edged sword.

English—Weak enthusiasm.

Fear—No equivalent in English.

Honesty—Bear existence.

Ignorance—The crest of the serf.

India—Moscovite Eldorado.

Pacification—Making peace a stalking-horse.

Peace—A reverse after war.

Russian—A Bear in Sheep's clothing.

Servian—A Sheep in Bear's clothing.

Sanctity—An imperial cloak.

Turkey—A dish to be cut up *à la Russe*.

War—A Bear-pit.

An Uncertain Bird.

THE stipulation with the Prussian Government for the payment of £1000 down, insisted on by the Inventor of the Flying Machine as the necessary condition of his attempt to ascend with it, has been plausibly accounted for by the supposition that he wants to raise the wind. The Prussian Ministers' refusal, on the other hand, to concede his terms, may be ascribable to an apprehension that the engagement of Dædalus might result in the performance of Diddle-us.

WILLIAM THE PENMAN.

It will not fail to be recorded in the biography of our active-minded ex-Premier, that when he had retired from the Leadership of the Liberal Party he betook himself to Letters.

SIXES AND SEVENS.—The Franconia Judgment.

Hence oysters soon will cost as much or more,
As though a pearl inside each oyster wore;
All shellfish rise beyond poor purses' pale,
E'en crabs and lobsters have begun to fail.

A dozen prawns to one-and-sixpence reach,
Shrimps, doubtless, will be soon a penny each;
Good things are rising till extinct they fall:
Prosperity and Progress spoiling all!

Go on; consume; exhaust the Earth defaced;
And take no measures to repair your waste.
Use up the produce of the land and sea,
Until all's gone—revenge in store for me!

TIME'S TRACKERS—OLD AND NEW.

"How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only falls on flowers!"

AND never before was such a flowery carpet arranged for Time's gouty old feet to fall on as now-a-days, with DELAUE and MARCUS WARD blossoming into floral calendars, and cards bright with blossoms, and posies of song as well as chlorophyll. As natural flowers are hardest to come by in winter, these art-gardeners wisely take care to have their parterres in lushest and brightest bearing about Christmas-tide. We have among their productions even cards that, besides their flowers, bear double acrostics! The old sun-dials broke out at most into aphorisms. And much as an aphorism to a double acrostic is a sun-dial to a DELAUE's Card-Calendar—more solid, doubtless, but infinitely less showy, while the card has the great advantage over the dial, for England, that it is independent of the sunshine.

AN UNSETTLED BILL.—W. E. G.

THE TOO COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.



DURING the last two months, MR. GLADSTONE has been employing the time he is able to spare from public speaking and tree-felling to the answering of a very miscellaneous collection of correspondents. His replies have ranged from Bulgarian outrages up to Vaccination grievances. Always ready to oblige a fellow-littérateur, Mr. *Punch* begs to supply the ex-Premier with a few ready-made responses, founded upon MR. GLADSTONE's well-known style, and in sympathy with his published opinions:—

Reply to a Conscientious Doubter.

SIR,—Your touching and deeply interesting acknowledgment of doubts as to the principle of gravitation the soundness of KEPLER'S laws, the Newtonian system generally, and even so generally accepted a doctrine as that of the sphericity of our globe, are before ticular grounds of scepticism on those points, most of which are into, as appreciation of the scientific grounds on which they are with doubts which do as much credit to your head as to your heart. of the one than the softness of the other. All candid and honest made the recipient of your doubts, if my numerous avocations do

Yours very faithfully, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Reply to a would-be Suicide.

SIR,—In your interesting communication (which I now acknowledge) you ask me "if I consider suicide justifiable?" This is a wide question, both from the moral, political, and social point of view, and cannot be answered off-hand. Still, I must admit I regard with suspicion the operation of any law interfering with the liberty of the subject on this or any other point, and should be ready to consider any relaxation of its provisions which now operate in restraint of the *felo de se*. I am, &c.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Reply to a Firm of Wine Merchants.

MR. GLADSTONE presents his compliments to MESSRS. FUSIL, FUGESINE & Co., and begs to say that he has not had the time nor the inclination to test the samples submitted to him. Port is not one of MR. GLADSTONE'S favourite wines. He is therefore unable to say whether the pint bottles that have been forwarded to him contain a liquor "infinitely less heady and immeasurably more fruity than the concoction known as 'fine old Tory Port.'" MR. GLADSTONE must add, however, that, without any wish to convert the matter into a party question, he can, from his present point of view, consider nothing Tory either useful or ornamental.



"THE POT."

Loving Wife. "YOU LOOK VEXED, DEAR! ANYTHING HAPPENED?"

Brown. "VERY ANNOYING. I'VE ACCEPTED OLD BLOWHARD'S INVITATION TO TRUDGE OVER HIS LITTLE BIT OF SCRUB AT BAREACRES, AND NOW YOUNG SPOON-BILL HAS ASKED ME TO SHOOT HIS COVERS TO-MORROW! WHAT AM I TO DO?"

Wife. "CAN'T SAY, DEAR. BUT DON'T BE FOBBED OFF WITH RABBITS AGAIN, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! BRING FEATHERS!—I'M QUITE TIRED OF FUR!"

Reply to the Editor of a Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter asking me to contribute an article to your excellent periodical reached me this morning, and I hasten to reply to it. My present engagements are rather numerous, as I have already sixteen pamphlets and fourteen articles on the stocks. Still, as I notice an anonymous letter has been published in the *Pimlico Pump* (a suburban paper, I understand) which, in my opinion, reflects upon my style as an author, I shall only be too glad to have an opportunity of answering the nameless scribbler through the columns of your admirably conducted magazine. The space I shall require will be from fifty-five to fifty-seven pages.

Yours sincerely,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

Reply to an Old Lady.

DEAR MADAM,

OF my own knowledge I cannot say whether the blood-thirsty Turks ate their Servian victims with salt and pepper or preferred them without any condiment. In my pamphlets (which may be obtained of any respectable newsvendor in town or country) I have entered largely into the question of Bulgarian horrors. In the meanwhile I am happy to think that millions of my countrymen (like you) hold LORD BEACONSFIELD personally responsible for every act of Russian aggression, Servian submission, and Turkish terrorism which has been reported during the last two centuries and a half.

Yours very faithfully,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

And here *Mr. Punch* stops. Probably before these lines are in print some of the above letters may, in effect, have already been written by the pen of the far too ready writer. Of a verity the pen is a more dangerous weapon than the sword. The glory of many a

HAWARDEN AND KEIGHLEY.

(To Our WILLIAM.)

DOUBT if the stars are suns;
Doubt if the Earth is round;
Doubt if a boy likes buns;
Doubt light more swift than sound.

Doubt as to Polar search
A useful purpose serving;
Doubt, if you like, the Church
Of England worth preserving.

Doubt if the Sun will rise;
Doubt about EUCLID's rules;
Doubt Keighley's Guardians wise;
Or doubt them to be fools.

But never doubt the need
Of JENNER's great protection,
Or that it can impede
Varolous infection.

Or, if you *must* feel doubt,
Don't give it publication,
To hinder carrying out
Compulsive Vaccination.

CANOSSA WITH A CHANGE.

A TELEGRAM from Rome mentions that:—

"A meeting of influential Catholics from different Italian cities has been held at Manseca, to consider the best means of celebrating the Anniversary of Canossa, on the 25th of January next."

Considering that the relative positions of the two principal actors in the Canossa affair are now nearly reversed, perhaps, the best way of celebrating the Anniversary of Canossa would be, if possible, to get the EMPEROR WILLIAM to come there, and the POPE to go and meet him; POPE and EMPEROR exchanging their respective parts, his HOLINESS knocking under, as HENRY THE FOURTH of Germany, and HENRY's present successor bullying the POPE, as HILDEBRAND. The Holy Father likes a joke, and if he sees the fun of this proposal, let us hope that his health and strength will continue such as to enable him if he pleases, to go to Canossa and act, *mutatis mutandis* as above suggested, on the 25th of January.

VAMPIRE TRAP.—A Moneylender's brougham.

gallant general has evaporated in gunpowder smoke; but here we have a great statesman deliberately drowning a splendid reputation in that most to be let alone of wells—an inkstand!

QUESTIONS FOR THE SPIRITS.

WHAT is the end of all the umbrellas that are borrowed?
Who reads three-fourths of the new three-volume novels?
When was an ugly girl not voted "nice" by her pretty female companions?
What becomes of all the unsold pictures at the Royal Academy?
How many new Clubs are there? and how many of those most recently opened have already shut up?
Why are Christmas Annuals published in September?
Why do authors think it necessary to write ghastly stories for "the glad new year"?
When is Temple Bar to be taken down?
Who suggested the idea of elephants in the Lord Mayor's Show?
What is the value to the sweeper of a good London crossing?
Have the Skating Rinks any patrons left?
Why is Brighton-on-the-Sea more populous in November than in May?
When will the Grand Opera on the Thames Embankment open its door to the musical million?
What has become of the New Cab Company?
Who wants a new illustrated paper?
Who will be the first to ascend Mount Punch in the Arctic Regions?
When will a London burlesque once more be funny?
Lastly (and most important of all), what is the meaning of LORD BEACONSFIELD's Guildhall speech?

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.



SECTION VI.—CONCERNING THE CHOICE OF A REGIMENT.

WHEN *Mr. Punch* resumed his place in the ante-room, a "crisis" had occurred in the affairs of Europe, and all his pupils were more or less excited. COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, was in full *levée* uniform, with silver belt, silver sash, and silver-laced overalls complete. ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, had extracted the railway map of England and Scotland out of *Brads' Guide*, and was studying the coast attentively.

LIEUTENANT AND

CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), had caused his hair to be cut and his whiskers to be trimmed according to the regulations, and looked quite like a soldier. And even dear little FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K.C.B., had purchased a hand-book to military tactics, and was reading a chapter (through his spectacles) devoted to the consideration of regimental buttons.

"My dear pupils," said *Mr. Punch*, highly gratified at the picture presented to his view of his scholars' industry, "I am much pleased to see that you are ready for any emergency."

"Yes, Sir," exclaimed COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, kicking away his sword with his well-spurred heel; "in our hands, Sir, Margate is perfectly safe."

"On behalf of our Riflemen," supplemented ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, "I think I may say the same of Lower Tooting."

"If we have to fight," drawled LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), "I hope they will make a railway between Constantinople and Monaco."

"If there's a general conscription," lisped out dear little SIR FRANK GEEGEE, "good little SIR FRANKY hopes they won't take the Cook of the Senior United. Dear little SIR FRANKY is a good little Englishman, but he likes a nice dinner."

"My dear pupils," replied *Mr. Punch*, "be under no apprehension. We all of us know that you are quite prepared to fight, but you ought to have learned by this time that England does not expend £25,000,000 a year upon the Soldiers of her Army with a view to ever making any service of them. No, my dear friends, rest in peace, and, if you can, pride yourselves on our national motto, 'Let's grin and bear it.'"

Seeing that his scholars were scarcely satisfied with this speech, the Sage hastened to commence his Lecture:—

Part I. The Cavalry.—When a young man has gained a Commission in the Army, he naturally quickly decides upon the branch of the Service to which he wishes to belong. If he is fond of scientific soldiering, he will have passed through Woolwich, and will thus have become entitled to either the cocked hat of the Royal Engineers or the rather top-heavy busby of the Royal Regiment of Artillery. *Mr. Punch* need not address himself to the Gunners and the Sappers, as they will be forced to choose for themselves. He confines his remarks to those young gentlemen who make up their minds to enter for the Cavalry or the Infantry. Say that a lad prefers the mounted branch of the Service, then will he have to choose between the breast-plates of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Blues, the busbies of the Hussars, the shako of the Lancers, and the helmets of the Dragoons. To enable the young idea to shoot, or, rather, to ride, *Mr. Punch* jots down at random the qualifications generally considered necessary to secure popularity in the various Regiments to which he has alluded. He may say at once that service in the Cavalry is invariably more expensive than vegetation in the Infantry.

The Household Cavalry.—An Officer should be fond of escort

duty and keeping the streets. He should like London and Windsor, and must be an adept in practical joking. Before joining he should study "bear fighting" in all its branches. He must have plenty of money, and know the laws of "Poker," "Ecarté," and "Whist." He should be prepared to go to bed when the lark gets up, and to get up whenever stable duty calls him from his quarters. He should never forget what he owes to Society, and should bear in remembrance that the last time his regiment took to laurel-gathering was more than half a century ago.

The Lancers.—An Officer should be clever at Circus-riding. If he can imitate a Clown in the Ring he will be indeed an acquisition to the Regimental circle. He should be able to play upon a banjo, and should have no objection to blacking his face. His library should contain a copy of the works of the late JOE MILLER. If he can ride a pony in a game of Polo, can sing a comic song with many "spokens" in it, and can walk through the part of "*Charles, his Friend*," creditably in Garrison amateur theatricals, he may expect his promotion to be at once rapid and certain.

The Hussars.—An Officer should be decidedly "horsey." His mufti should be suggestive of the Jockey in private life, and if he can train a few horses at Newmarket or Epsom, so much the better. He should be able to ride as a light-weight, and should have a heavy book upon the principal races. He should call his friends "pals" and "chappys," and speak of himself as either a "warrior" or a "noble sportsman."

The Dragoons.—An Officer should be rather heavy. He is at liberty to cultivate popularity among the fair sex, by whom he should be considered "such a charming fellow." Ponderous swagger should be earnestly cultivated. When the funds of the Regiment will permit of the dissipation, he should organise a Ball, at which trophies of arms and mild flirtations should be the orders of the day. He should get up a Regimental Drag, suggestive of solemn dignity, and should indulge occasionally in a little gentle fox-hunting.

Part II. The Infantry.—A youth who joins the Infantry has perhaps less choice of "Rules of Life" than his brother of the Cavalry. However, even to him some variety is possible. The regiments may be briefly divided into Guards, Rifle Brigade, Highlanders, Crack Corps generally, and Marching Regiments. It may be taken as a general rule that the Cavalry will look down upon the Infantry as "Flatfoots," and that the Infantry will speak contemptuously (but perhaps—remember only *perhaps*—a little enviously) of the Cavalry as "Light-bobs" and "Plungers."

The Guards.—An Officer should be rich enough to regard his Regimental pay as mere cigarette money. He should have a civil but thorough disdain for the rest of the Service. He should wear his nose well turned up in the direction of his bear-skin at all Reviews. He should speak of soldiering as "a baw," and should leave the Service at the very time when he is really becoming a useful Regimental Officer.

The Rifle Brigade.—A shadow sketch of the Guards in dark green. An Officer should consider himself very much a soldier, but should confess it difficult to understand "how fellows can possibly manage to exist—in the line!"

The Highlanders.—An officer should have no ear for music. He should for obvious reasons boast a presentable figure. He should accustom himself to the language of the Immortal Burns, and if possible should avoid being an Irishman. When on furlough he should live near a colony of pigs, so that he may remain acclimatised to the sweet sound of the bagpipes.

Crack Corps Generally.—An officer should thoroughly understand the meaning of the proverb "Amongst the blind the one-eyed man is king." He should be particularly proud of his buttons, and should carefully drop the numeral of his regiment in favour of the county title. He should wear his uniform at county balls, and whilst patting the militia condescendingly on the shoulder, should utterly ignore the volunteers.

The Marching Regiment.—An officer should never join unless he happens to be a soldier at heart. If he is a soldier at heart he will like his battalion. And if he isn't—well he won't!

CONVERSATION ON SECTION VI.

Ensign Eugene. My dear *Mr. Punch* you have mentioned "bear fighting" in the course of your lecture—will you kindly tell me what it is?

Mr. Punch.—I have no doubt our friend LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), will be able to enlighten us?

Lieutenant and Captain George. I believe that some of the Brigade go in for it. It's more in the line of the two Lifes and the Blues, though.

Mr. Punch.—My dear LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadiers (Green), I am delighted to find that you are ashamed of the practice. "Bear fighting," my good Ensign (I am glad, by the way, that you have retained an obsolete rank) means practical joking of the most vulgar kind. A "bear fight" entails the smashing of the mess crockery, the tearing of uniforms, and the breaking of

bones. In these fights neither age nor rank are respected. Even guests (sometimes grey-haired and dignified) are half-killed amidst the semi-drunken shouts of a pack of brainless and portly subalterns.

Colonel Charles.—But surely, Sir, such a practice must be considered an outrage?

Mr. Punch.—On the contrary, my dear friend, "bear fighting" is considered an excellent joke—*but only by the British Army!*

"BROTHERS" AT THE COURT.



WHILE MR. COGHAN'S new play is being as unduly cried down as some other recent plays have been unduly cried-up, *Mr. Punch* is glad to record his humble opinion that no Comedy has been produced of late years showing more brightness and smartness in its dialogue; and combining with its brilliancy the needful spice of humour and character. Then the good things come naturally, and the movement of the scene is not stopped to lug

them in. The "pruning-knife" may have been applied since the first night, for when we saw the play last week it neither dragged nor halted. Unhappily for himself and his work, the author has run upon the most dangerous rock of the many in the way of the English Dramatist. He has dealt too largely in cynicism, both in the conception of his story and his characters, and as a consequence, in the tone of the good things he has put into their mouths.

An English Comedy should reflect a corner, at least, of English society; now, there may be corners in which cynicism is as much in the ascendant as it is in MR. COGHAN'S play, but the exhibition of it will not please people who do not frequent these cynical corners. It is a hundred to one that any average English audience represents a larger section of English society than the playwright's own circle, and by an average English audience cynicism is only tolerated as a condiment, to be sparingly employed. They don't like to have the taste of it in every *plat* of their entertainment.

MR. COGHAN has made his younger brother a cynical Bohemian; his elder brother a cynical Arcadian, who if he does a generous thing usually says bitter ones—a sort of *Grandcourt* without the steel claws under his velvet. Even *Kate Hungerford* has waded too deep in the dirt of Bohemia, though she is anxious to get clear of it. The paternal love of the old soldier-father and the dog-love of *Davenport*, are not enough to supply the needful leaven of good feeling for the British public, which Philistine as it may be, unmerciful and unanalytic as it unquestionably is, has sound instincts of right and wrong, and will not let the dice of life be loaded, or the worse made the better reason in matters of *morale*, without protest.

But the admirable way in which the piece is mounted and acted should do a great deal to save it from the unpopularity to which its cynicism may tend to condemn it. From first to last it is as well acted as the most fastidious critic of acting could desire—as well acted as a well-acted comedy at the Théâtre Français. If MR. CONWAY would take something out of the more repulsive side of his part, by showing us a little more of the better side of the Bohemian, instead of throwing all the more repulsive points into stronger relief by the hardness and defiance of his manner, we should find it difficult to suggest any improvement on the acting of *Brothers*. MR. KELLY'S old Indian Colonel; MR. ANSON'S much-enduring Captain; MR. HARE'S cynically spoken but kindly-hearted Baronet; MISS ELLEN TERRY'S graceful and pathetic picture of the incautious, ill-trained, but, at bottom, loving and womanly, *Kate Hungerford*; MRS. GASTON MURRAY'S formidable widow-of-the-world; and MISS HOLLINGSHEAD'S bright and pleasant *ingénue*—all, down to MR. CATHCART'S discreet and demure family lawyer, and MR. LEIGH'S irreproachable butler, are perfect in their several ways.

It is delightful to be able to point to two theatres in London—the

Prince of Wales's and the Court—in which may be seen, at the same time, two comedies consummately acted, from the principal parts to the most subordinate. But *Peril* is French *plaque*, and one feels it. *Brothers*, with all its faults, is English all through.

When MR. COGHAN has learnt that he may, without goody-goodyism or conventionality, give to the better elements of life and character in his play that pre-eminence over the baser which our Society, with all its false estimates, on the whole secures to the former, he ought to be able to write a Comedy to which refined and even fastidious playgoers may give an evening with a satisfaction not often to be got out of an English theatre. Even with the one great blemish of *Brothers*, on which we have been commenting, there is no play now being acted in London so well worth seeing.

A PLAINTIVE APPEAL.

TO MISTER PUNCH DEAR AND ONERD SIR,

SEEING as you R the frind of the Pore man I hope as you'll take pitty upon im as now addresses you which I'm a hinjured individual and so is my pal CHARLEY. We are both of us Pore fellers wot tries to urn a onest living by our Hindustry leastways the French Parisians they calls us Shevalleers of Hindustry cause we lives by picking pockets and suchlike sorts of andicraft. Dear Sir 'tis well bekown as how the Lor don't reckernize such industry as ourn cause the Krushers are employed to clap us into Quod wen-ever they can ketch us. Dear Sir we dont keer for the Krushers leastways we dont so much complane of em for they aint mostly oversharpe not even the Defectives which they makes a pritty and of untung up a case and only seems to Hact when Hinflamation's giv to em.

Onerd Sir I dont mind telling you as its them skientific coves as we are most afeard of—them chaps as keep hinventing of the blessed Lectruck Telegrafs and other blooming hinstruments for bringing Justice down on us. Dear Sir just you look at this ere wot is said about Furtography as CHARLEY showed me tother evening in a book which he diskivered in a covey's carpet-bag as he had collared at a railway station—

"In some countries every person convicted of any crime is photographed, and the record of his features becomes part of the archives of every prison. Of course a hardened criminal, knowing the purpose for which his likeness is being taken, is not a very manageable suter."

Hi should think not indeed! Ardened criminal or not, a kiddy would be precious soft to let em take his Foto agin his hinclination. I know I'd see em blowed fust—but see dear Sir what appens—

"However no choice is given him * * * While he is being professedly examined, the concealed photographer does his work."

Dear Sir that's jest what you'd expeck from them blooming foring sneaks. Tis a part of their Spy system to steal sly looks at a Cove and they ought to be had up for it and indited for obtaining of his Portrait under false purtences. Next see dear Sir what follers—

"The system has been introduced into England, but only very partially. It is to be regretted that the adoption of it has not been more general."

Dear Sir me and my pal CHARLEY we call it most Hunenglish to use such Hartful dodges for to assist the Krushers. Hit aint fair play we ses that they should take our Fotos while they wont let us take theirs and even if we ad em they woudnt be much good to us cause them there low and hartful Defectives so disguises of themselves that their faces is as variable as the colours of Cornelions. Live and let live is our Motter and we ope dear onerd Sir as youll say something to the Pint for to purtect True Brittish Hindustry sech as mine and CHARLEY CLYFAKER'S and to defend our Wested rights in other people's proppaty. Which I remane dear onerd Sir your truly umbel and obedient servant to command.

PETER PRIGGINS.

The Three Pigeons, Dark Man's Alley, Seven Dials.

Anti-Turkish Atrocities.

PARTIES there are on words who play,
And pun like graceless knaves.
The Servians are no Serfs, they say;
The Slavs will not be Slaves.

THE KHEDIVE'S Minister of Finance was reported to have died of over-drinking. He was in fact suffering from an over-dose of sack.

THE Fleet at Besika Bay is to be provided with winter clothing. We hope overhauls will be included.

THE ORIGINAL COOK'S TOURIST.—Policeman X. on his beat.



DARWINIAN.

Elder Sister (wishing to show off her small Brother's Accomplishments). "NOW, JACK, WHO WAS THE FIRST MAN?"
Jack. "ADAM!" *Elder Sister. "QUITE RIGHT! AND WHERE DID HE LIVE?"*
Jack (who has notions of his own about an earthly Paradise). "IN THE Z'LOGICAL GARDENS!"

DON'T!

(Advice gratis to a distinguished Statesman, summarised from the conflicting Counsels of a host of candid Friends.)

- Don't hide in your tent, my Achilles!—that looks so like sulking and spite.
- Don't come to the front uninvited!—you'll only be spoiling the fight.
- Don't trot out your High Church æsthetics!—they savour of sulphur and Rome.
- Don't leather the POPE in a pamphlet!—you've plenty to look to at home.
- Don't tackle translation of *Homer*!—the task for your pen is too big.
- Don't write goody-goody in monthlies, because that is quite *infra dig*.
- Don't spout on the stump or the platform!—you're too high to come down to such rant.
- Don't gossip with eager cheap-trippers!—it sounds so like claptrap and cant.
- Don't say kindly things—though in private—concerning your sons or your daughters;
- They sound so extremely like gush, from the pens of intrusive reporters.
- Don't venture on speaking out strongly on questions of wrong *versus* right;
- Because indignation's a cover for rage and political spite.
- Don't, pray, after SCHLIEFMAN amidst Trojan potteries pottering go;
- A statesman should live in the present, and not be a-crying "Old Clo'!"
- Don't give your opinion on topics that agitate current society:
 'Tis—let us say—hallucination, such angling for mere notoriety.
- Don't be sentimental—that's dreadful! and don't be so deucedly warm.
- Don't answer impertinent questions or slanders!—that's shocking bad form.

Don't wonder, however, if questions unanswered and lies, far and wide,
 Pass for posers and truths, silence proving they cannot be met or denied.
 Don't be e'en pen-and-inkishly civil to cads or to bores who intrude!
 Don't answer inquiries on post-cards, because that looks dreadfully rude.
 Don't, wholly oblivious of dignity, toy with mere trifles too much:
 Or, if you do, imitate BEN's *dilettante* and delicate touch.
 Don't ever forget you're a big-wig, or sacrifice unction and pose.—
 If you must chat of cottagers' cabbages, let it be *couleur-de-rose*.
 Don't stoop to frank int'rest in matters that agitate commoner men.
 Don't—don't—be so horribly earnest, so ready with tongue and with pen.
 Don't go and upset "holy calms" as, alas! my dear WILL, is your wont.—
 In fine, whatso'er you're for doing, *our* general counsel is—
 "DON'T!"

Quite Superfluous.

It is rumoured that the Russians are anxious to occupy Constantinople. Constantinople is very much obliged, but begs to state that she is quite enough occupied already—with her own bothers.

A BITTER PILL.

MR. BUTT has been blackballed at the Royal Irish Academy. He cannot complain, as he is himself a pillar of Home-Rule.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY thinks it a satisfaction to know that in chemical ingenuity this country can vie with any other in the world. Yet we cannot touch Hamburg Sherry!



“NO MISTAKE!”

THE BRITISH LION. “LOOK HERE! I DON’T UNDERSTAND YOU!—BUT IT’S RIGHT YOU SHOULD UNDERSTAND ME! I DON’T FIGHT, TO UPHOLD WHAT’S GOING ON YONDER!”

'SHOWS AND AUTRE CHOSE.



WHITE—with his herd of elephants, there is but one question asked in the precincts of the Mansion House, "How is the Procession to be improved next year?"

The only way will be to continue *de plus fort en plus fort*, after the immense reception accorded by pit and gallery—wrong again, we mean by pavement and balcony—to the Show of November, Seventy-Six.

When Mr. PUNCH gives advice he likes to be practical. He therefore suggests the following programme of "Immense Effects and Stupendous Novelties," which may be added one by one or *en bloc* as the purse of the new Lord Mayor may suggest:—

The Sheriffs, in Roman Cars, drawn by three piebald horses abreast.

The retiring Lord Mayor, as the Courier of St. Petersburg, driving six horses in hand.

The Aldermen, on a platform drawn by trained turtles, as the Bounding Brothers of St. Botolph's.

The Common Councilmen on Donkeys, riding with their faces to the tail.

A Troupe of Guys (designed by the rejected candidates for the Byron Monument, and dressed by MESSRS. MAY & NATHAN), carried by members of the Foresters' Societies in full canonicals.

A Tank on wheels, drawn by six Alligators and a Devil Fish, containing the Directors and Managers of the Westminster Aquarium Company.

The Ladies and Gentlemen performing at night in the various Burlesques of London, in the costumes worn in the different characters they represent. Marshalled by MR. LIONEL BROUËH, and escorted by MR. TOOLE on a Rocking-Horse.

Sixteen Omnibuses, carrying outside the entire contents of MADAME TISSAND's Exhibition—kindly lent for this occasion only.

An open Police-Van, containing the Ladies and Gentlemen from the Chamber of Horrors.

Twenty-four London Watermen on Bicycles, led by MR. ROBERT LOWE in full uniform, as the Captain of the Brompton Bicyclars.

Band of Music of the Spheres, by the Members of the Psychological Society of Great Britain, conducted by SERJEANT COX. Banjo, Accordion, Concertina, Fairy Bells, and Musical-Boxes.

The Cows from the various Dairies of the Metropolis, ridden by their owners in sky-blue colours.

The City Marshal on a slack-wire from St. Paul's Cross to the Mansion House.

And, lastly, the Lord Mayor, in a Pullman's Car, drawn by six Giraffes, three Camels, two Zebras, and a donkey-engine, and escorted by a squadron of Bashi-Bazouks, imported expressly for the occasion.

If that does not fetch the Public, the Corporation had better let the Elephants slide from their memories, and return to a simpler and more tasteful pageant.

Rising to the Occasion.

An elderly Subaltern of Marines recently prefaced a speech with the words "I rise." A Captain of twenty-eight years' service, the christening of whose great grandchild was the occasion of the festive gathering, interrupted his junior with the remark—"Rise, Sir! You're premature by a quarter of a century."

Punch's Military Anecdotes.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.—Woolwich Arsenal.

GREEN-BEARD'S SECRET.

A Protest from Paglesham.

"ESSEX GREEN-BEARDED NATIVE OYSTERS.—MR. FRANK BUCKLAND writes in *Land and Water*:—"I am glad to inform the public that the green-bearded oysters native to the River Roach (not far from Southend, Essex) are about to be introduced into the London market. For over a hundred years this kind of British oyster has been shipped *vid Ostend* to Paris and Continental markets, where, under the name of 'Les huitres verts d'Ostende,' they have been and are considered a great delicacy. The reason why oyster-eaters in England have not hitherto availed themselves of these home-bred oysters is that their beards—i.e., breathing gills—are in the winter months more or less tinged with a green pigment. This peculiar green is imparted to them by the sporules of the seaweed called 'crow-silk,' which grows abundantly in the Roach River. DR. LETHBRIDGE'S analysis has pronounced this pigment to be purely vegetable, without the slightest trace of copper or other mineral. I consider that this vegetable pigment imparts a peculiar taste and delightful flavour to the meat of these plump little oysters. For many years I have been trying to persuade the MESSRS. J. AND F. WISEMAN, oyster merchants, of Paglesham, Rochford, Essex, to send their natives to the home markets. The present scarcity of oysters has now induced them to supply the English rather than the French markets. The shells are thin and porcelain like, and the proportion of meat to shell in my catalogue of oysters is one-fifth."—*The Times*, November 7th.

Essex Green-Bearded Native loquitur:—

O, BUCKLAND! BUCKLAND! Hang your explanation!

Frankest of Franks,

You will not earn our thanks

By such a work of supererogation.

Now why the,—but an Oyster must not swear;

Expletives spoil repose, in which our race

Are briny Vere-de-Veres. But *why* displace

The prejudice which was our preservation,

From the black fate—which other bivalves share,

Of being loved, not wisely, but too well?

We were content to dwell

In Ocean's deep unfathomed Caves for ever,

Unknown of that all-gulping gorge you call

The London Market, or, if known at all,

Suspected of a *penchant* most improper

For Copper.

But now—ah! faithless FRANK, you're all too clever,

I only hope 'twill not be long before you'll

Deeply regret you did not silent eat

Your "Green-Beards" plump and sweet,

And hide the mystery of the "crow-silk" sporule.

You fathomed Green-Beards' secret—fortune rare!

Why not rejoice, and—keep it? May you share

The fate of *Blue Beard's* wives! "Delightful flavour!"

"Plump little oysters"? Ah! such phrases savour

Of Judas-kisses. But when London's clutch,

Insatiate as *Shylock*, shall encroach

On the calm reaches of weed-cumbered Roach,

And your loved Green-Beards share the fate

Of Miltons pure or coarser Anglo-Dutch—

Then, all too late,

You may repent betraying us "poor creeturs"

To English Oyster-eaters.

When MESSRS. WISEMAN own the fatal truth

That the last Essex Green-Beard's left their premises,

Mayhap, false FRANK, you'll find, with fruitless ruth,

The Native its own Nemesis!

A Case for a Quiet Life.

THE Judges in the Supreme Court of Appeal the other day had to decide on "a question of considerable interest to the shipping and mercantile community," raised by the case of *Tully v. Howling*. The point at issue in this suit, one would suppose, must be interesting to the community at large. Everybody whose neighbour keeps an ill-bred cur tied up, and who is therefore liable to be kept awake all night, anyone who lives within earshot of a ranting preacher, or of a platform whence demagogues are accustomed to harangue public meetings, must be concerned for the success of the great Roman Orator's namesake in an action by which, should he gain his cause, it may be hoped that Howling will be silenced.

DIPLOMATIC DIFFICULTY.—To tell the truth, or to believe it when told.



OUR GROOMS.

Master. "WISH TO GO? WHAT FOR, PRAY?"

Stud-Groom. "WELL, SIR, YOU'VE BEEN AND BOUGHT TWO NEW 'OSSSES WITHOUT MY OPINION—AND FROM A PARTY AS HAS BEHAVED VERY BAD TO ME."

Master. "I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T MADE AS MUCH AS USUAL BY THE 'DEAL'? YOU CAN GO."

HAPPY-THOUGHT NOTES IN IRELAND.

Cork—Comparison—Lateness—Wired—Last of Dublin—MISTRESS M'GORMAN—Farewell—An Irish Squire—No Irish need apply—Servants—Round the Table—Erroneous Views—Tag—Curtain.

CORK is continental. It is the Irish Venice, or the Irish Amsterdam, with the canals out of sight, but with bridges and quays, and such small and large boats as you may meet with in most of the chiefly-ending-in-dam towns in Holland.

Nine A.M., and Cork not yet awake. The Irish of the towns are a late people. Within my brief experience I look in vain for any records of the "early Irish." I walk about the town. The shops are just opening and rubbing their eyes. I dare say there may be a first-rate Hotel in Cork, but I was not lucky enough to find it. Ah! my dear Eccles Hotel, Glengariff, long will it be ere I see your equal; may be, 'twill be long again ere I see your smiling hostess, good luck to you!

There are lashing of excursions from Cork, besides plenty to see in Cork itself, and I am planning 'out my little' tour when a telegram arrives. Long expected, come at last!

PLUMPTON AND SPRY. Case earlier on the list than was expected. Please come back.

This is the result of the Law's Delay. Like a cat, Justice delays, —delays,—and when you think she is asleep, she darts forward and pounces on her prey.

I am "wired"—like a poached pheasant—and caught.

Farewell, old Erin! One last run through Dublin.

(Subsequent Note.)—The last run occupied three days and four nights, and included—ah! but this is a private and personal matter—only it is difficult to tear oneself away from the merriest, cheeriest, brightest, most genial society in the world. It used to be the medieval fashion to bequeath yourself in pieces to various places. I send my heart to Little Bray, and my digestion to Glengariff. Can

I ever forget that excellent person *Mistress McGorman*, celebrated in verse by an eminent Doctor in Dublin—

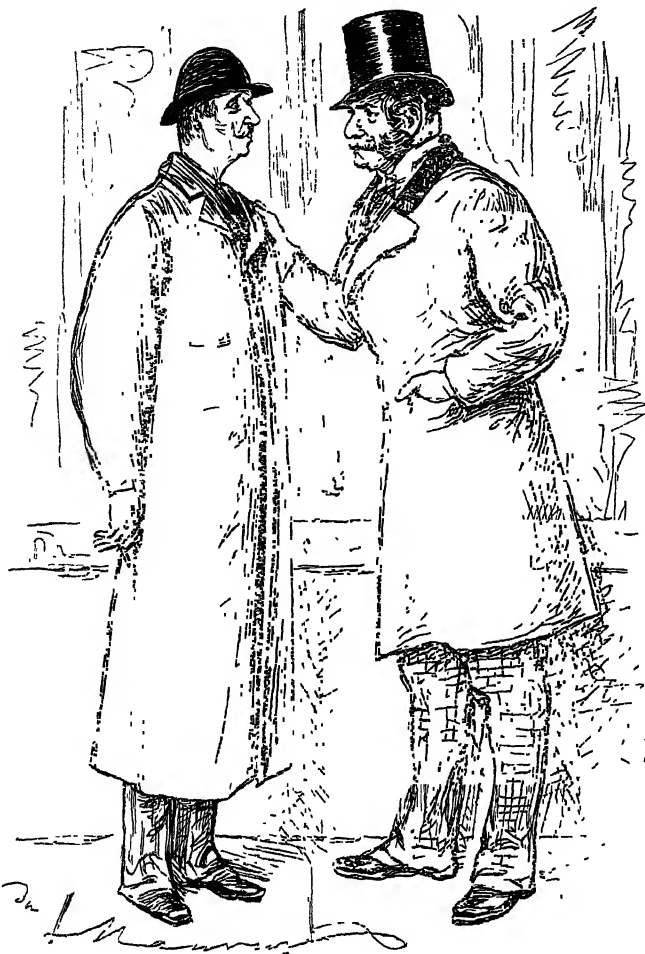
"On crutches so stout
She hobbles about,
And the people cry, 'Peggy, what ails you?'"

And then the Phaynix, and the breakfast in the hawthorn scented Zoo! but these are reminiscences, and happy thoughts that I must keep to myself.

Farewell, sweet Erin, though in spite of PLUMPTON AND SPRY, I have much more to tell that would gladden the heart of the intending traveller. Wasn't my Saxon palate rejoiced with the old wine and the fat haunch, at the table of a real Old Irish Gentleman, who has a fine estate? All of the olden time; as the song has it. More power to his elbow, bedad! and may his shadow never grow less!! Does he live on his estate? Of course he does. Isn't he beloved by all about him? Certainly. Has he any fear of a bullet from behind a hedge? Divil a one. A fine old Squire, the very model of an Irishman, with daughters and sons most hospitable, kind and courteous ladies and gentlemen, and Irish every one of them to the core of their hearts. Open house, without prodigality, and servants as remarkable for their handiness as for an innately well-bred civility, which is utterly beyond the artificial frigidity of an English JEAMES of Berkeley Square.

Why is it that in England "*No Irish need apply*"? Is it that an Irishman is at his best only in his native land, and at his worst everywhere else? I protest that from what I know of good Irish servants, I would as soon employ them as good English servants; and as for their fidelity, when once attached to the Master and family, that, at all events, can't be surpassed, search where you will.

Ah! those pleasant nights at Bray! Never shall I forget those evenings—one especially—spent in the hight of good company. It does not become me to do more than allude to them here. And for good talk, for *raconteurs*, for joviality, for abandon, for genuine humour, without a suspicion of coarseness, without a word that I



VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION.

Betting Man (to his Partner). "LOOK 'ERE, JOE! I 'EAR YOU'VE BEEN GAMBLIN' ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE! NOW, A MAN MUST DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE; AND IF THAT KIND OF THING GOES ON, YOU AND ME WILL 'AVE TO PART COMPANY!"

couldn't repeat to my dear old Grandmother through her ear-trumpet, commend me to the Knights of the Table Round who kept high festival one Saturday night at Little Bray.

Once more on the steamer's deck, and—once more back in Old England, which has of course become older since I left—but she doesn't look it, bless her!

I started with erroneous views of Ireland.

Happy Thought (for an Artist).—A Series of Erroneous Views—Dissolving.

Most Saxons are unwilling to abandon their prejudices. If I had any, I am most ready to give them up.

What I *have* seen I have recorded. What I have *not* seen, and what I had been led to expect I should see at every turn of the road, so to speak, were the following items of Irish life and character, according to popular notions:—

What I have not seen in Ireland.

I have not seen any fighting.
 I have not seen any drunkenness.
 I have not been mistaken for a Middleman, and shot at from behind a hedge.
 I have not seen a wake.
 I have not seen a priest going through the village with a horse-whip in his hand.
 I have not met with an uncivil Irishman.
 I have not seen anything resembling "swarms of beggars."
 I have not, to my knowledge, met a Fenian.
 I have not met an out-and-out decided Home-Ruler.
 I did not have one single drop of rain for a whole fortnight, which included four days at Killarney.
 And I have never seen an Irishman, under any circumstances, in a hurry.

FROM POTHOUSE TO PRISON.

A STATEMENT from the Bench at the Birmingham Police Court signifies that MAJOR BOND, the Chief of Police, has done some good service by enforcing the law against drunkenness to the correction of offenders euphemistically denominated "quiet drunkards," whom MR. WRIGHT, the Magistrate, described as follows:—

"So far as the experience of the Bench went, they generally found the quiet drunkard to be the man who had been spending the money belonging to the common fund of his family, sitting for hours in a public-house, remaining there until he had lost his reason and all control over himself, and then staggering out of the house. He had to be avoided by women and children, and if he went across the street it was with imminent danger to others and at the risk of his own life. Although he never uttered a word, he was a nuisance and an obstruction to sober and sensible people."

The quiet drunkard is, in short, a sot of the lethargic species. Our plain-spoken forefathers, who called a spade a spade, used likewise to call a sot a sot. It was a simple word. Why not stick to their simplicity of speech? By departure therefrom we may deviate into inaccuracy. The capital description of a quiet drunkard above-quoted was preceded by the remark that—

"Crime had increased so much of late that it had been the means of more than filling the gaol, which had, at the present time, 515 prisoners, and they had to borrow a large number of cells in other gaols, Worcester and Warwick, in order to accommodate the surplus prisoners."

"Accommodated" is, as *Justice Shallow* observes, "a good phrase" aptly applied; but, even in these days of kindness to criminals, it is hardly usual exactly to accommodate rogues and thieves or even 'drunkards, however quiet, in gaol. On the contrary, imprisonment is designed to incommode them, and doubtless does to a very great extent, or else fails to answer its purpose. But the prison accommodation, such accommodation as it is, which the drunkards enjoy, cannot at present be extended to others who deserve it at least as much as themselves:—

"MR. WRIGHT was not sure that the publican who, for his own profit, served the drunkard with glass after glass of spirits, and jug after jug of ale, until he was bereft of his reason, was not equally guilty, if he was not the more guilty of the two."

It is not at present in the power of Magistrates to teach a publican convicted of going on serving already drunken sots, not to do so any more, by accommodating him in prison. A statute enabling a Justice so to accommodate such publicans would perhaps really tend, in some considerable measure, to make people sober by Act of Parliament.

As to electioneering extravagances reflecting disgrace on all parties alike, I did not assist as a spectator, and only read full reports of them in the local newspapers of various political shades. Electioneering seems to me to be pretty much the same everywhere, and "may differences of opinion never alter friendship"—even when brickbats are taken for arguments.

A short tour and a merry,—such is life, or rather *so mote it be*. A pleasant holiday it *has* been, and I wish myself many happy returns of that day when it struck me, as a Happy Thought, to take a little Tour in Ireland.

HORTICULTURE WITHOUT HUMBUG.

It is announced that, "notwithstanding the unfortunate financial position of the Royal Horticultural Society, the present Council, composed as it is mainly of horticulturists, are about to make a bold stand in the interests of horticulture, and to save the Society from absolute extinction." That is, of course, endeavour to save it; which there is hope they may manage through "its reconstruction on a satisfactory basis; but only on the condition that, above and before all other objects, the development of the theory and practice of horticulture shall be the aim kept steadily in view." Let them stick to that, and then the Horticultural Society will at any rate answer its purpose, to the end perhaps of answering in the sense of paying.

In that happy event the associated Royal Horticulturists will no more exhibit themselves during the middle of summer, as it were in the melancholy position sometimes occupied at Christmas by "Frozen-out Gardeners," but will, on the contrary, 'abide in the paradise of "Jolly Gardeners" all the year round.

THE ENGLISH BRIGANDAGE COMPANY (LIMITED).



R. WILLIAM SIKES, of London and Portland
(Chairman).

THE MASTER OF DOWNS, Scotland.
COUNT ROBERT MAGARE, Paris and
Cayenne.

JEREMY DIDDLE, Esq., Bohemia
(Managing Director).

Secretary.

MR. FAGIN, Little Britain, E.C.

Temporary Offices.

The C.C.C. near the Ludgate Circus, Fleet Street, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE success which has attended Brigandage in Sicily has induced the Directors of this Company to offer to the British public extraordinary advantages by the formation of this their Association. In a wealthy country like England, robbery in all its branches is enormously remunerative. Until the formation of the English Brigandage Company the trade has been carried on in a fragmentary and incomplete manner. A vast loss of cash and energy has been the necessary consequence. The Directors propose to call the productive principle of co-operation to their aid, and to combine a number of fairly paying but now independent branches of industry in one highly lucrative whole.

To secure this very desirable result, the Directors are in treaty with the proprietors of many eligible swindling concerns. They hope soon to acquire possession of some two hundred first-class hotels in London, Scotland, and the fashionable watering-places. In some of these establishments it may be necessary to put the locks of the bedrooms in a thorough state of unrepair; but the tariffs in the Coffee-Rooms will in no single instance require any alteration.

In future the attendants at the Theatres will be the servants of the Company. The Directors are pleased to say that the business of this branch of the Association is at present so perfect in its working that it is hardly capable of improvement.

The Directors of the English Brigandage Company have also acquired most of the metropolitan cabs. It will, in a large majority of cases, be unnecessary to change the present drivers.

Arrangements are also being made to purchase the good-will of several old-established West-End shops. As the retiring managers have volunteered to continue their services to the Company, the happiest results are confidently expected.

The Directors may add, too, that many foreign Governments, several Insurance Associations, and City Companies innumerable are in treaty with the officers of the Company. The Managing Director (JEREMY DIDDLE, Esq.) is busy inquiring into these ventures, with a view to discovering whether they are likely to prove lucrative investments.

In conclusion, it will be seen that it has been thought unnecessary to appoint any Solicitors to the English Brigandage Company (Limited). The Directors beg to say that the operations in which

they hope to indulge will be conducted in strict accordance with the laws of the land. Finally, the officials of the Company propose to act up to the spirit of the mottoes they have proudly assumed—"No money returned!" and "Honour among Thieves!"

CRITICISM.

HOW TO WRITE IT.
We have read this book.

Some of the outspoken thoughts may possibly offend a few readers.

The unexciting character of the story may, in these days of high sensation, stand in the way of the book becoming an immediate favourite.

It will be the book of the season.

A captious critic might consider the incidents somewhat improbable, but we all know that truth is stranger than fiction.

May we not in all deference ask of the author whether, for so long a story, the narrative is not pitched in too sad a key?

A play is never seen to advantage on a first night.

It may be that the author has taken some slight advantage of a French work, but originality of treatment is stamped on every line.

We have seen MR. BLANK in characters more suited to his style of acting.

The Irish accent, though admirable, of MR. DASH, was scarcely that of a native of Tipperary.

A few days' more rehearsals would certainly have benefited the performance.

We have no doubt that, after the judicious use of the pruning-knife, this piece will prove a lasting success.

Tumultuous applause greeted the end of the drama, although there were to be heard here and there some slight tokens of disapprobation.

HOW TO READ IT.

FINDING that the volumes were not cut, we glanced at the index, and at the first and last chapters.

The vulgarity of every page is certain to disgust everybody.

It is too dull to be read.

It will possibly be asked for at the Libraries for ten days, and will then certainly be forgotten.

The incidents are too ridiculous to interest a sentimental school-girl.

The work is very long and very dreary.

We sat in a draught.

The piece is a vulgar adaptation from the French.

MR. BLANK never played worse in his life.

MR. DASH's accent was decidedly Whitechapel.

The actors did not know their parts.

By totally omitting two Acts, and shortening the other three, a play would be obtained which might run a few nights.

If the house had not been packed, the piece would have been hissed off the stage.

IMPORTANT SELL.

MESSRS. GROANS AND WRONGEM beg to announce that early in the ensuing month they will sell by auction, at their mart, Cock Lane, City, the following choice selection of modern Furniture, being the property of a firm of celebrated Spiritualists, who, being ordered change of air, have no further opportunity for their use:—

Lot 1.—A Mahogany Table, with spring leg, moveable flaps, and aristocratic appearance. Highly polished.

„ 2.—A Cane-Bottomed Chair, warranted to rise on the slightest encouragement. Socket in fore leg. Superior workmanship.

„ 3.—Elegant Wax Hand—Full of Spirit, but quiet in harness.

„ 4.—Ditto, smaller size. May be worked by a child.

„ 5.—Two pair of steel Lazy-Tongs. Strong and portable. Will fold into waistcoat-pocket.

„ 6.—Double Musical-Box. Winds with a spring. Very ingenious.

„ 7.—Slate and Pencils, with India-rubber attached. Quite new.

„ 8.—Bottle of Acid-Sponge. Ditto of Phosphorus various.

„ 9.—Collection of Musical Instruments—a good deal knocked about—Banjo, Accordion, Tambourine, and Bell.

„ 10.—Wax Masks—various. Employed in Materialisation. Works of Art.

„ 11.—A Devonport Cabinet. Exploded. A screen, with aperture in the centre. Various.

„ 12.—A Galvanic Battery (out of order), a lot of Brass, and 15,000 copies of the *Spiritualistic Times*. No offer refused.



"IF YOU WILL NOT WHEN YOU MAY," &c.

Parson. "HOW IS IT, SCRUBB, THAT YOUR COMELY DAUGHTERS ARE STILL SINGLE?"

Rustic. "WELL, SIR, YOU SEE THERE WORE A TIME WHEN THEY WOULD HAVE THY, BUT THEY WOULDN'T HAVE THEM. NOO THEY WOULD HAVE THEM, BUT THEY WOON'T HAVE THEM!"

COMPANY MANNERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THE consequences to wives and families, as well as to husbands themselves, of the latter becoming Directors of bogus Companies are so terrible, that it would only be right that women should be able to obtain an immediate divorce on their husbands' names appearing on a prospectus. I have only lately rescued my lord and master from the jaws of the City lions, and his symptoms were so remarkable before forming his "Company," that I think it might serve as a guide to other wives to detail them:—

First. Although it had been difficult (we being independent) to get him out of the house for a few hours together, he suddenly began to absent himself for the entire day, his account being that he had met THOMPSON, and been with him to "the City."

Secondly. Though previously careless in his dress, he suddenly became most particular about the polish of his boots and the brushing of his hat.

Thirdly. Generally returned late for dinner, and smelt strongly of sherry and cigars.

Fourthly. Brought other gentlemen, also smelling of sherry and cigars, home occasionally.

Fifthly. Sat late over the wine on these last occasions, and left early next morning for "the City." Carried mysterious printed documents in his pocket. Was restless at night.

Sixthly. Drew one or two large cheques, with only initials on the counterfoil.

Seventhly. Gave a "little" dinner in "the City," costing forty pounds odd.

Lastly. Came home rather excited one evening, telling me he had a little surprise for me, that it was "all right!" THOMPSON had consented to take ten thousand pounds for his patent, the "Company" was formed, and he, my husband, was on the direction!

To all this I need scarcely add that he required £1000 at once; but

TRUE, OR UNTRUE?

[See the Story told at the Inquest on EMMA BLACK, who died of fright, caused, according to her own statement, and that of several of her little fellow-scholars, by her being shut in a dark closet at a Board School in Lambeth.]

THE little Blacks in olden days
Were pitied by the nation,
Kind hearts were busy finding ways
To send them consolation.

To save small niggers from the dark
Of slavish fear that bound them,
And kindle in their minds a spark
From Freedom's light around them.

Yet yesterday a little BLACK,—
At school in this great City,—
Shivered from life to death, for lack
Of human help and pity.

Shut in the darkness lone and drear,
The tiny, trembling lipser
Froze in the icy grasp of Fear—
This is the tale they whisper!

The story makes one catch one's breath:
A babe, for baby errors
Done so remorselessly to death,
In childhood's darkling terrors!

Thank God, a doubt the crime hangs o'er;
Those who should know foreswore it;
Though little ones their witness bore,
And trembled while they bore it.

How EMMA BLACK came by the fear
That gave her to death's dolours,
The Jury found no witness clear
From her small fellow scholars.

But truth is truth, from great or small:
A School-Board's bound to trace it.
When Black deaths from dark closets call,
A doubt left should disgrace it!

ATTRACTIONS FOR THE WEEK.

At the Aquarium—the Alligator.
At the Alexandra Palace—the Liquidator.

as my consent and signature were necessary, I sternly withheld them, and his name no longer figured on the prospectus. The Company, however, was formed without him. THOMPSON got a great part of his ten thousand for his patent, for something about as valuable as the process of making a pair of boots into a pair of shoes by cutting off their tops, and the Company is in liquidation. Criminal proceedings have been threatened, Mr. THOMPSON has disappeared, and my "little man" no longer visits the City, except with myself, to draw our dividends from the Bank of England.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,

Consol Cottage, Nov. 25th, 1876.

GERTRUDE GRAYMAIR.

THE REMOVAL OF A NUISANCE.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the European Commission of the Danube is to take place almost immediately, to decide on the means of removing the obstruction caused to the navigation by the ship *Turkish Empire*, which came to grief on the banks of that river some time ago.

We understand an offer has already been made by the eminent English shipbuilders, MESSRS. BEACONSFIELD & Co., who propose to raise, repair, re-fasten, and re-metal the ship (the whole to be done by piecework), so as to enable her to be re-classed for a further period of years. On the other hand, an equally well-known firm of Russian engineers maintain that the ship is no longer in a fit condition to be sent to sea, her timbers being completely rotten, and insist that she should be broken up, they doing the work (by means of blasting powder), and being allowed to retain part of the old materials as their remuneration.

The European Commission do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

OUR BEST COAST-GUARD.—"The inviolate Sea."

PROGRESS !

(*Real, not Brummagem, with Punch's compliments to his friend CROSS.*)



BULL "knows the ropes." The rival haulers
May try and strain, but of *direction*
He's apt to make his own election,
In spite of all the banded bawlers.
To hitch a rope to hinder hoof,
And tailward tug with "Yo-ho" chorus,
Won't pass for Progress with our Taurus,
Slow-witted, thick-skinned, sophism-proof.

ROGRE--! A word of many meanings
In many mouths. Its definition
Seems quite a question of position,
And much controlled by Party leanings.
BOB LOWE and CROSS once more may toss
The verbal shuttlecock *con amore*,
And read, for Liberal or Tory,
The old word with the newest gloss.

Though Tory yarns make stoutish ropes,
Philistines who would catch BULL napping
Like SAMSON's withies find them snapping,
When used to anchor Party hopes.
Or should they hold some season small,
'Tis that the tension's wondrous slack,
And pullers, who would fain pull back,
Just follow Taurus, ropes and all !



"PERIL!"—COURTSHIP AND PROPERTIES.

(WHAT THE STAGE IS COMING TO.)

GOOD SPIRITS.

A GREAT deal has recently been written about the wickedness of "Drunkards," and it is consequently satisfactory to find that steps are being taken for their reformation. Even the papers dealing with "Spiritualism" have devoted their columns to a consideration of the subject. For instance, in one of these periodicals on November 17th, an advertisement appears in which a Young Lady offers to cure "Dipsomania" by Mesmerism, on the following terms—"One Guinea per consultation. Two Guineas a month for Postal Treatment." Without describing the "consultation" (which must be an interesting interview), Mr. Punch satisfies himself by publishing a few of the letters of a "Dipsomaniac," who, he believes, has availed himself of the "Postal Treatment,"—*pour encourager les autres* :—

LETTER I.

DEAR MADAM,

I SAY, dear Madam. Meantersay that it's all right. All right, you know—that's what I mean to say. For he's jolly a good fellow, and—so say all of us. I'm a Tipsymaniac—meantersay Dipsomaniac. Enclose cheque for postal treatment. I am very miserable. And so say all of us! Chorus. Meantersay

Bedient Servant,
TOM—TOM—TOMKINS.

LETTER II.

DEAR MADAM,

It gives me great pleasure to say, very much better. I receive your box—mesmeric—pills. They go well with as good a bottle of port as get anywhere. 'Scuse me. Stop for refreshment. Resume my letter. Very miserable. Never felt better in my life. And so say all of us! Recommend you all my friends. You're jolly good fellow. Done me deal a good. Quite—different—fellow. Love to UNCLE DICKARD—I mean RICK—no, that another man you don't know. Meantersay
Yours respectfully—kind remembrances,
TOM—TOM—TOMMY.

LETTER III.

DEAR MADAM,

MUCH better, thank you. Took all your pills. They go well with everything you can set before let's talk of a man as we find him. Chorus, for let's drink, drink, drink, my boys. Very miserable. Quite cured. No more letters any necessity, for I'm quite cured. 'Scuse me—more refreshment. Good night.

Yours grate—gratefully,
POOR OLD TOMMY.

I am go—go—going to bed—in my boots.

THE FOUNT OF INSPIRATION.

MR. PUNCH, having asked to whom we are indebted for the idea of Elephants at the Lord Mayor's Show, has received the following answer from a Pillar of Leadenhall Market :—

Leadenhall Market,

MR. PUNCH, SIR, Nov. 23, 1876.

My attention having been drawn to the question respecting who suggested the idea of Elephants in the Lord Mayor's Show, I beg leave to say MR. ALDERMAN CARTER called upon me some six or seven weeks since. I said he was the very Gentleman I wished to see, and introduced the subject of Elephants in the forthcoming Lord Mayor's Show. The worthy Alderman appeared somewhat surprised, and asked if also the howdah could be procured. I replied yes, and also the Elephants' Trunks, and he very kindly replied he certainly would name it to SIR THOMAS WHITE, having an invite to dine with SIR THOMAS the next day. Otherwise I should have written to SIR THOMAS myself upon the subject.

Although I have had no notice taken of my idea, I am glad it gave great satisfaction, and my friend, MR. GEORGE SANGER, fully entered into the merits of my Lord Mayor's Show for 1876, with his thirteen Elephants, and, I am fully under the impression, the first Elephants ever seen at a Lord Mayor's Show, for in 1856 we only had about five Elephants in England.

I remain, Mr. Punch, yours truly,
PHILIP CASTANG.

(Purveyor of Ornamental Water Fowl, Poultry and Pheasants of every description. *Foxes, Cubs, Foreign Birds, &c., &c. Pheasants' Eggs in the Season. Leadenhall Market, London.*)

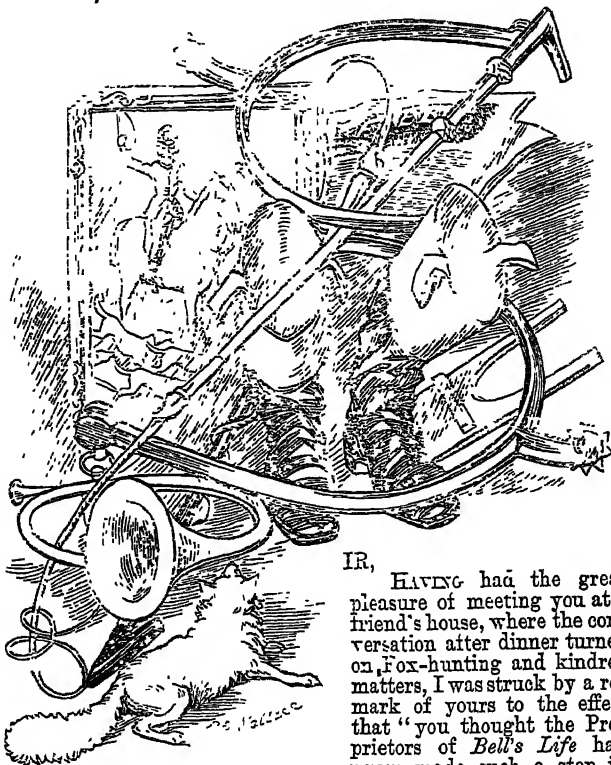
NO PLACE FOR A NAP.

THE *West London Advertiser* announces an "Extraordinary Case of Sleeping in a Churchyard." The difference between an ordinary and extraordinary case of sleeping in a Churchyard is obvious. Extraordinary sleepers wake again; ordinary sleepers never.

OUR NEW SPORTING NOVEL.

PREFACE.

(The following Correspondence, having reference to the production of a new Sporting Novel in this Journal, is now placed before our Readers, in the hope that they will kindly give it their earliest attention, and accept it as a sufficient Preface to the projected Work.)



IR,

HAVING had the great pleasure of meeting you at a friend's house, where the conversation after dinner turned on Fox-hunting and kindred matters, I was struck by a remark of yours to the effect that "you thought the Proprietors of *Bell's Life* had never made such a step in the right direction as when

they engaged CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART," Author of *Two Kisses*, in three volumes—"Very short allowance, by the way," as I observed to you, Sir, at the time—"to contribute a serial Sporting Novel to their paper."

You may remember, among the other capital things I uttered on that occasion, how I said that *Bell's Life* wanted a *fillip*, and it had got an *Alexander*. By which I meant—but perhaps this is unnecessary to explain to you, Sir, who, I am bound to say, though you smiled, did not seem to understand the epigram; for an epigram it was, if ever there was one on this earth. However, *passons*,—et à nos moutons. (French, you'll observe, Sir.) You then went on to declare that you would give a great deal if you could only get a Sporting Novel in the pages of *P—ch*. I turned that over in my mind. The hour was come and the man; or, to put it more sportingly, the man who could tell you "what time of day it was," was before you at that moment, or rather, to be literal and correct, at your side. You could not have told, from my calm manner of cracking walnuts, what was within my shell at that moment. The laughter rang on, and the shouts went up, and the wine went round, but I was silent. To paraphrase the well-known song, "*And the Cracking of my own Nut was the only Sound I heard.*"

When I got home, Sir, I dashed at it. It was in me; out it must come. Yes, there was a Sporting Novel in me somewhere, and so you may look for it shortly. A good candle needs no bushel; and before many hours are past the first chapters shall be in your intelligent hands. I believe you, Sir, are ready to admit your ignorance of sporting matters entirely. Now, though I say it who perhaps should not, yet if I don't, who will? except perhaps my good friend, CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART, whose generous nature (there is real Freemasonry among all true sportsmen) would be only too delighted to welcome an honest rival in the field where he has already won his spurs—his "Lathfords," as we of the craft style 'em—but, as I was saying of myself, there is not in England a man who knows more about Sporting than myself; and but that there cannot be two *Richmonds* in the field—I should say *Bell's Life*, not *Field*—at the same time, I would long ago have complied with your request, which was to the effect that I should "throw my leg over that spiky tit Pegasus, pluck a quill out of his wings, crack my caduceus, give him his head, and clear the Rubicon" (which was precious

little more than a muddy ditch, and wanted "clearing" as much as my bagful of scents and cigars does, when I am *de retour* from the Continong), "at a single bound."*

Where my dear friend and fellow-sporting novelist, HAWLEY, would have been when once I had taken up the running, it is not for my modesty to say. He might have just caught sight of the silver thread in Pegasus' tail, as we popped over the double Bullfinch, flew the post and rails (including the sleepers), and disappeared from view. "D'ye ken JOHN PIEL?" W-w-whoop! and away! "For the sound of the horn," &c. That's the poetry for my money, and this will be the sporting novel for yours. Isn't the hunting season commencing, and am I not up to time? Let my fellow-sporting novelist look to his laurels! And, by the way, when I had a cottage in the country, we found a Fox in the Laurels. And now, Sir, Tallyho! and I can't say fairer than that,—except that, if you choose to repudiate, I shall send this invaluable work of mine to Reynard's Miscellany. But you won't, I know you won't. Only please do not attempt to edit me—I mean unless you are thoroughly up in sporting phrases and sporting life generally—it would be, on your part, a thankless and hopeless task. "Trust me," as MR. MILLAIS' picture said. I know all about it. Nunquam dormio! omnis oculus meus! And let our cry be "Fox" et praterea Nil!

Yours to hounds,

JAWLEY SHARP

(Late of the *Indi Spensibles*).

P.S.—Ours was a crack corps, and the best whist-players in the Service. By Jove, Sir, we've seen life! But not a word against our moral character! We lived amongst the Ayahs, the Nautches, and the Bayadères,—"*Bayards parmi les Bayadères, sans peur et sans reproche.*"

P.S. No. 2.—Mind, you're to come and stay at my old ancestral place during the hunting season. Come for as long as you like. I can mount you in first-rate style. Got just the thing for you; the quietest horse you ever saw. House full, first-rate shooting and hunting. Liquor A 1. Cigar tap always on. Open house; delighted. Name your day, and stay three months after date.†

P.S. No. 3.—By the way, please announce my Novel in your next issue thus:—

A HATFUL OF MONEY!

A TALE OF THE GREAT TWO THOUSAND.

By JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "*Squeezing Langford*," "*Three Kicks*," &c., &c.

* Note by the Editor.—Several times during the perusal of this communication have we been on the point of laying it down, and deliberating as to whether we should consider ourselves bound by any casual statement made, over nuts, after dinner, at a friend's house. "And BRUTUS is an honourable man; so are we all, all honourable men"—and indeed, were it not for this firm conviction, on our part, of our intending Contributor's integrity and good faith—*excellent qualities, even when brought into play under a mistaken sense of duty*—we should not be inclined to proceed any further with a gentleman who suggests (to say the least of it) that we formulated a regulation to the effect that he would "throw his leg over that spiky tit, Pegasus,"—*gravi hæmon*!—and that "he should crack his caduceus." Now we do know what a caduceus is, and it is most improbable (of course not absolutely impossible, if in mere playfulness, just to moisten the nuts,—though of this we protest, warmly protest, we have no recollection whatever) that we, in our senses, should have ever asked MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to commit any such absurdity as is implied in the operation of "*cracking a caduceus*." On the other hand, we must be honest, and admit that, as we were engaged on walnuts at the moment, something about "cracking" might have escaped our lips, and subsequently our memory. We have, ere now, cracked both jokes and walnuts at a sitting, and remember neither the one, nor the other, in detail. But we are nothing if not classical; and that we ever, on any occasion, mixed up a caduceus with a hunting-whip is what we are unwilling for one minute to allow. There was probably an interval between the two conversations, and, perhaps, our esteemed Son of Mars and Votary of Diana—a description of the sportsman-warrior which is at once classical and correct, and, therefore, in our own scholarly style—carried the spoils of our conversation with him, so to speak, to his tent, and there, afterwards, tried to fit the pieces together, and produce something like the original. Again, having brought in Pegasus and the caduceus, we should never have mentioned "the Rubicon" in the same breath. Reluctantly constrained to pause and say this much in our own defence, as against the worthy Major's reminiscences, we resume our perusal of his letter in a conciliatory spirit, and shall be pleased, if we see our way to it, to give the gallant sportsman a place in our columns.—Ed.

† Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP, in answer to Postscript No. 2.—Shall be delighted. It will be ourselves down to the ground—we mean on horseback. When shall it be? We do not care how soon, or for how long. If press of business compels us to come up to Town once or twice during our visit, it need be for only a very few hours, and back again in plenty of time for dinner. *Nous y sommes*. Of course your Novel will be all right. It shall appear at once, and the very best place shall be given to it. Splendid notion of yours! We, speaking editorially, are most delighted to think that a mere classical allusion of ours, thrown out at haphazard over nuts at a friend's dinner-party should have led to such a happy result. What a night we had of it, eh? Send us a list of your trains, and mind there's a trap, and a quiet horse, with a man to drive, to meet us at the station. Fire in the

ATHLETES AND ANIMALS.



NE of our country papers chronicles a game at Football, entitled "Scratch Team v. Grammar School." It may be necessary to explain for the information of readers who, aware of the scuffling, cuffing, "hacking," and like amenities now-a-days incidental to the manly game of Football, are ignorant, however, of sporting slang, that the phrase a "Scratch Team" of Football-players does not mean that their playing is distinguished by the peculiarity of scratching their antagonists with their nails. There may also be those who would like to know why a set or side of players, or competitors in any kind of match has latterly come to be called a "Team."

When we consider the increasing estimation

athletic sports are held in, and the great and growing importance everywhere attached to them, and especially in our principal seats of learning, it seems as though that word, as applied to those persons, implies an indignity. The kind of men, too, who give their minds chiefly to muscular pastimes and emulation in manly prowess, surely underrate their own intelligence in submitting to be styled a Team, as if they went on all fours. It is excessive humility of them to accept, and even adopt for a number of their noble selves, a denomination once limited to beasts of burden—especially bestowed on oxen, horses, and asses.

A WORKING MAN'S QUESTION.

ONE of the many good old English maxims which have now come to be honoured by observance in a modified sense, is the admonition to "Mind your Own Business." It is so observed by all those benevolent persons who make their neighbours' business their own. Thus do Societies for interference with other people's habits and conduct, and for limiting and restricting the personal liberty to which they are at present entitled, mind their own business. As, for instance, the Society undernamed in a newspaper paragraph:—

"THE RE-MARRIAGE OF DIVORCED PERSONS.—The Church of England Working Men's Society for Promoting Freedom of Worship and the Preservation of her Rights and Liberties on the Basis of the Book of Common Prayer, have resolved to memorialise the archbishops and bishops, asking them to use their influence with the clergy in their various parishes to prevent the remarriage of divorced persons."

The expenses of a suit in the Probate and Divorce Court are so far above the means of the working classes, that sticklers for equality before the law have suggested the expediency of enabling them to obtain, if needful, the deliverance now possible only for the wealthier classes, and therefore to sue for divorce, on just grounds, in the County Court or before a Magistrate. Hence, it is obvious how particularly working men, whether of the Church of England or any other denomination, are concerned in the Divorce question. To be sure, there is no immediate prospect of cheap divorce; but it may come at last—the thin end of the wedge driven home, and divorce, if requisite, brought to every man's door. Now, taking the benefit of the Divorce Act, so far as to re-marry, is contrary to the principles of the Church of England's Working Men's Society; but there are plenty of other working men who would avail themselves of it if they could, and, because they cannot, some of them beat and kick the wives of whom there is no other riddance for them, to death. It is the business of these working men to see that those who are seeking to prevent the re-marriage of divorced persons mind their own.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS;

Or, Wanted a Champion.

"Modern Man, whose food and drink are beset by Colorado beetles and Phylloxera, whose clothing is threatened by pibrine, and whose life itself is haunted by all sorts of minute spores, which so feed on his blood as to generate fever, cholera, and a great variety of plagues, is obviously in one respect not the better, but the worse for the knowledge which teaches him how to evade the worst consequences of these plagues. . . . Unquestionably either the minute organic world is beginning to avail itself of the great advantages which its all but invisibility gives it in competing with men, or . . . a greater importance is now attached to its proceedings, partly because the danger is understood, and partly—perhaps even more—because the weaker constitution of modern man is now so much protected against those dangers that the race suffers more, though the individuals suffer less."—*The Spectator*, on "The New-found Enemies of Man."

Oh! what were the Dragons, the Ogres, the Titans,
The whole Brobdingnagian world-wasting clan,
Compared with the infinitesimal Sheitans
Of infinite Lilliput, leagued against Man?
Classical Hercules! Jack of the nursery!
Champions vain 'gainst invisible foes.
Science's warnings raise terrors precursory;
Where is her solace for germ-gendered woes?

Beetles and Grasshoppers—bad enough, verily,
Marring our Murphies, and blighting our grain:
Now the Minute seems a-going it merrily;
Must the Colossal confront it in vain?
Sword cannot stay it, and steam cannot cope with it,
Hundred-ton guns are more helpless than squirts.
Knowledge brings eyes, does it also bring hope with it?
TYNDALL says "Yes," but he only asserts.

Six Southern States, in a league against Grasshoppers,
Find them a foe more redoubted than GRANT:

bed-room, of course, and a warm bath before dinner. *Pommary très sec* with the *gigot*, *Pomard* with the wild duck, you dog, and apple fritters just to flavour a liqueur. Don't forget the fritters. Can we bring anything in the way of fish, oysters, &c., from Town with us? If so, give it a name, and say where you deal—so that there may be no mistake.—Yours ever, THE ED.

What are torpedoes to pests of the class "hoppers,"
Spoiling our crops just as fast as we plant?
What says the canny Canadian Minister
Touching the Beetle that bothers us so?
"Stopping his progress, as subtle as sinister,
Notion chimerical." Nice thing to know!

"Paris-green" palliates—egg-hunting sedulous
May somewhat limit the nuisance, no doubt.
Yet were that PADDY uncommonly credulous
Who would trust these his new foemen to rout.
Then those germ-poisons! Oh Science keen-sighted,
Make haste with your cure,—diagnosis but stings:
With remedies comfort the folks you've affrighted,
And save us—oh! save, in this day of small things!

Knockers and Nonsense.

MISS BROUGHTON, in her last novel (is it to be her last?), *Joan*, has invented the idiotic lover who covers with kisses the door-knocker of the house in which his goddess dwells. If we are to have another work of this class inflicted upon us, we may expect a *Romeo* slobbering over the area-rails of his *Juliet*, or washing the front door-steps with his tears and a silk pocket-handkerchief, or attempting suicide on the scraper. No wonder that MR. GILBEY does not wish his sherry to be mixed up—even in an advertising connection—with such whine and water.

Mind Your Eyes!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
OUR gallant discoverer's strictures on the charts of his predecessors will, it is to be hoped, make Arctic voyagers careful for the future.

"Ne sordida mappa
Corruget nares."

Yours truly,
HORATIUS RESTITUTUS.

TABLE-TURNING.—Looking for a train in *Bradshaw*.



SWEET SYMPATHY.

SCENE—The Cloak Room. Enter CLARA (et. 17), conscious of having made the conquest of the evening, and expectant of a shower of congratulations and chaff.

Cousin (et. 29). "HOW I DID FEEL FOR YOU ALL THE EVENING, YOU POOR DEAR! INTOLERABLE OF THAT DREADFUL YOUNG FITZMADDER TO VICTIMISE YOU SO!! REALLY AWFUL THE WAY THAT STYLE OF MEN THINK THEY MAY TREAT VERY YOUNG GIRLS!!!"

AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

Enter LEO and URSULA, meeting.

Leo. Which is your road?

Ursa. The right, if yonder post
Point rightly.

Leo. Humph! I've heard—believed almost—
The other one more tended to your goal.

Ursa. Which you imagined was—?

Leo. Well, Istamboul.

Ursa. Indeed! I've not the slightest recollection
Of having hinted that was my direction.

Leo. Possibly not. Some travellers are chary
Of making public their itinerary.

Ursa. Pooh! Prying prophets think they're deuced deep.
They'd make the Bear a bugbear. Take my word,
Their terrors and their tips are both absurd.

Leo. Your word?

Ursa (bridling). I hope you do not mean to question
My honour? I feel hurt at the suggestion.

Leo. Oh not at all? But Khiva? May I mention
That there you rather altered your—intention?

Ursa. You blink I see: the question is a traveller.
But, if you are a *bona fide* traveller,
In this direction, which is also mine,

We need not then collide, and block the line.

Ursa. Of course not! 'Tis a thing I'd fain avoid.
But I have been exceedingly annoyed
By people who misread my earnest care
To—have all roadways kept in good repair.

Leo. Humph! I can sympathise with that at least.
I must not have that blocked which leads due East.

My business often lies that way. At present
My only object is to make things pleasant
As well as safe. This Conference on Repairs
I hope may clear the road.

Ursa. Like Suez Shares?

Leo. For all. I have no interests to serve
Save honest ones. From those I shall not swerve.

Ursa. It scarce can be an "honest interest"
To have yon half-way house maintained a nest
For knave and slave, tyrant and tortured thrall,
Just for your own convenience?

Leo (emphatically). Not at all!

That must be altered, let who will say nay,
But—so as not to stop my right of way!

Ursa. I ask no better.

Leo. Honour bright?

Ursa (with dignity). I swear
Upon my faith as gentleman and bear.

Leo. Then, as we both seem travelling the same way,
Why not together?

Ursa (cocking his ear doubtfully). Was not that the bray
Of an alarm?

Leo (reassuringly). Oh! that's only BEN.
He loves to blow his trumpet now and then,
Not always *à propos*. He must be busy.
But tho' the world whirl England is not Dizzy!
Fireworks his whole life long he has been weak on,
But don't think every flare he fires a beacon.
You walk this road with me, and all goes right:
Not till you take the other need we fight.

[Exeunt arm-in-arm. At least we hope so.]

THE RETREAT OF THE (UPPER) TEN THOUSAND.—Belgravia.



FRIENDS OR FOES?

THE BEAR. "THAT'S MY ROAD!"

THE LION. "IT'S MINE, TOO! LET'S GO TOGETHER! WHEN WE CAN'T, IT WILL BE TIME TO QUARREL!!"

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.



BEING THE DOCTRINE OF DEVELOPMENT FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

(A Dramatic Fragment of the Future.)

SCENE—Dining-Room of the period (A.D. 2877). MR. SIMIA SATYRUS and MR. TROGLODYTES NIGER indulging in post-prandial gossip.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Decent animal that waiter of yours, SIMIA.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Why, yes, TROG. Rather a curiosity, too, eh? Genus *Homo*, now nearly extinct; and, of the specimens left, there are few indeed we can utilise, even as flunkys. But, as you say, poor SMYTHERS—family name of his tribe—is a decent beast.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Sure, he doesn't understand us, eh? He looks—

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Bless you, no! That's a bit beyond him. 'Cute creature, though. Reasons in his rude human way, with a sharpness hardly inferior to the lower degrees of intuitive instinct. For instance, he served, the other day, some South Afrite Sherry less than twenty years in bottle. Of course I could tell the year of vintage at the first taste. I made him fetch the bottle, pointed out to him the Number 10 plainly inscribed thereon, and then shied the bottle at his head, as a mild mnemotechny. Would you believe it? When I put into his hand, a good week afterwards, a ten-pound note, to take up to MR. S., he dropped it incontinently, and fled, shrieking!

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Marvellous! Must make a note of it for my paper on "Primitive Culture in the pre-Simian Period." Such really respectable reasoning, one would almost think, might in time, and under favourable conditions, be almost developed into instinct, eh?

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Hardly. A pleasing speculation, but experience contradicts it. While men held sway on the earth Reason was their speciality, of which they were fatuously proud. A nice mess they made of it!

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Ha! ha! ha! The scanty records which we possess—and which have recently been laboriously deciphered by PROF. OR LEMUR—of the doings of that poor human race, do indeed teem with absurdities. I know of no more amusing reading. Why, the other day, I was shown some fragments of a preposterous topsy-turvy pseudo-scientist—name, I think, BARWY, or something like it—who seems, indeed, to have stumbled, in a blind way, upon the track of the great doctrine of Development, but—ho! ho! I can scarcely tell you—concluded, in his egregious conceit, that his own petty species were descended—by which the blunderer meant *ascended*—from, what do you think? *Monkeys!!!* Ho! ho! ho! While all the time the superior race—then, indeed, in its infancy—was preparing for that swift growth and sudden uprising which capsize the human power and polity in so short a time.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Ha! ha! ha! I fancy I have read, too, that about the same time it was proposed by some other equally crass Topsy-turvyist to utilise Apes as servants! Really, the whirligig of time brings its revenges, as one of the shrewdest of that wretched race is said to have remarked.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Must have been an Ape born before his time.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Possibly. Take another Cooanoot, TROG. Now, really, you should not crack them with your teeth, TROG. There's the portable electro-dynamic crusher at your elbow.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger (laughing). Is your guest a miserable Man, that he should stand in terror of toothache, or of their great-little Fetish, Etiquette?

Mr. Simia Satyrus. No, no, of course not. Only the crusher saves trouble. In those days they had only something of the sort, only of clumsier construction, and with only boiling water for a motor, to thump their coarse and ugly material—Iron I think they called it—into shape for the purposes of their preposterous enterprises in War and Commerce.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Ah, more of the triumphs of Reason! These men seem to have passed their time mainly in systematic sharpening, which they called trade, varied with occasional delirious

interludes of mutual slaughter, which they called patriotism. Poor devils! Well, as all our necessary processes of agriculture, manufacture, and transport are accomplished by automatic and self-renewing machinery, and as fighting is as obsolete as fig-leaves, of course we are happily emancipated from those two long-reigning lunacies.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. It looks as if every Man must have spent half the miserable span of his own existence in preparations to cut short some one else's.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Quite so. You see they were "reasonable creatures," and Reason is a hocus-pocus process that *must* lead to absurdity. The Age of Reason was the Utopia which the Topsy-turvyites looked forward to as the consummation of human felicity. Ha! ha! When they had already "reasoned" themselves into such fools' purgatories as money-grubbing, etiquette, war, and, above all, fashion!

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Ah, that was their Supreme Fetish. Instinct—even such rudimentary instinct as they could have possessed, the instinct of taste and of modesty—must have warned them against the tyranny of Fashion; *did*, indeed, as we find from rare relics of the pictorial satirists of the period. But, on the whole, Reason ruled them to the end. And a brave end it was.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. Well, it was in the order of Nature, and in simple conformity with the great doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest, that their inferior and unhappy race should die out and make way for Us.

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Of course. In our great Typical Museum, TROG, you will see placed in expressive proximity under section *Homo*, an ancient purse, a rusty sword, and the tattered remains of what was once a fashionable bonnet.

Mr. Troglodytes Niger. A suggestive triad! Poor SMYTHERS! What must be his thoughts in gazing upon those dreary relics of his race's domination, now happily extinct, and of the *quondam* despotic sway of Reason? Heaven be thanked, SIMIA, that we were born Monkeys and not Men!

Mr. Simia Satyrus. Amen!

DOCKYARD ADMINISTRATION.

(A Farce that may be easily turned into a Tragedy.)

SCENE—An office gorgeously fitted with antique furniture. Portraits of NELSON and other naval heroes hanging on the walls. Bundles of dust-covered papers and Blue-Books resting on a table behind a screen. Admiral-Superintendent trying on a new uniform coat, Tailor and JOHN (a servant) in attendance.

Admiral (taking off his coat). It's a little tight in the sleeves. Mind, I shall want it back to-morrow night. I have to attend a launch (at which some Ladies will be present) on Wednesday. (Tailor takes the coat, bows, and exits.) And now, JOHN, where's my Private Secretary?

John. MR. TENTERFOUR, Sir? Yes, Sir, MR. TENTERFOUR, Sir, left his compliments, Sir, and said as it was such a fine day he's gone out fishing.

Admiral. Very good. Then I will keep to-day's letters until to-morrow. They can wait. You're a smart fellow, JOHN. I hope you like your present place, JOHN?

John. Very much indeed, thank you, Sir. When I was a working carpenter, Sir, I was always busy, now after I have brushed your clothes, Sir, I have next to nothing to do. [A knock at the door.]

Admiral. Who's that, JOHN?

John. The Master-Attendant, Sir.

Admiral. What, COMMODORE MUTTONHEAD? What a nuisance! He is as deaf as a post! You can ask him to come in, JOHN; but remain outside.

John. Yes, Sir.

[Exit, and enter COMMODORE MUTTONHEAD, a very old man, wearing spectacles, and carrying an ear-trumpet.]

Muttonhead. Oh, dear! oh, dear! it's half killed me getting up those stairs (sinking into a chair). I was a stronger man sixty years ago.

Admiral. You're looking very well. Nothing wrong, I hope? If there is, pray don't tell me anything about it. Mind, I am not in the least responsible for anything or anybody. So please don't bother. Have a cigar?

Muttonhead. What?

Admiral (through ear-trumpet). Have a cigar?

Muttonhead. Thank you, I only take snuff. What I want to see you about is this. I have just rigged—

Admiral (hurriedly interrupting). Yes, yes. But pray don't tell me any grievance. I am not responsible.

Muttonhead. What?

Admiral (shouting through the ear-trumpet). I am not responsible.

Muttonhead. Oh, very well. (Throwing down a paper.) To avoid accidents, I have just jotted down my protest, you know—to be



A GREAT LIBERTY.

Local Esquisite. "WHO IS THAT OLD PERSON?"

Fair Informant. "MR. GOODCHILD, M.P. FOR HIS COUNTY. 'WAS IN THE MINISTRY SOME TIME AGO.'"

Local Esquisite. "WHY DID HE SPEAK TO ME? WE'VE NEVER BEEN INTRODUCED!"

Fair Informant. "I THINK HE TOOK YOU FOR A FARMER!"

sent in to my Lords afterwards. For, as sure as I stand here, the first gale of wind will bring the whole thing down if the Chief Constructor interferes with those ropes.

Admiral. A great pity, no doubt; but it really isn't my business, you know. I don't understand Dockyard work.

Muttonhead. Of course not. Good-bye!

Admiral (through the ear-trumpet). You are not going?

Muttonhead. I must. You won't see me for the next three weeks. I have got to decide upon an alteration in the size of one of our flags. The hardest work I have had for the last twenty years, Sir.

[*Hobbles out, and is nearly knocked over by the Chief Storekeeper.*]

Chief Storekeeper (entering, and seating himself on a table). Hallo, TOMMY, who was that old fellow?

Admiral. Don't you know him, JACK? Why, MUTTONHEAD, to be sure.

Chief Storekeeper. Think of that! Both of us been here all this time, and never met before! What fun, eh? I have got such a good story to tell you!

Admiral (settling himself comfortably in an arm-chair). Do, JACK—do tell it me. It's so awfully slow here all day with nothing to do!

Chief Storekeeper. Well, you must know, TOMMY, that HARRY HAWSER, who's just been sent to look after the Anchor Department, has made such a mess of it! (*Tells a long yarn about the waste of about a quarter of a million of public money—finishing the story.*) And so I replied, of course, that the responsibility didn't rest with me. Ha! ha! ha! HARRY and I had such a laugh over it when we met at the Club in the evening!

Admiral. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, JACK, you will be the death of me! But, I say, won't there be a row with my Lords?

Chief Storekeeper. Not a bit of it! It's been done before. But, *pro forma*, here's an account of it. (*Throwing down a paper.*) HARRY won't write his unless called upon. I have jotted mine down because I like to be on the safe side, you know. (*Altercation*

heard without.) Hallo! There's BILLY and CHARLEY at it again! They are always quarrelling. I shall be off!

[*Exit as the Chief Engineer and the Chief Constructor push in together.*]

Chief Engineer and Chief Constructor (shouting together). Sir, we appeal to you!

Admiral. But, my good fellows, what's the use of that? You know I know nothing about it; and, as I am not responsible, I—

Chief Engineer. He's cut a hole in my best boiler.

Chief Constructor. And he's carried an iron pipe through my best armour-plate, spoiling all the paint and gilding.

Admiral. Well, well, well! Make your protests, Gentlemen; and if my Lords say anything about it afterwards, I can but forward your letters to the Admiralty.

Chief Engineer (throwing down a paper). Here's mine. The engines won't work.

Chief Constructor (throwing down another). And mine, utterly spoiled the figure-head! [*An awful explosion heard without.*]

Admiral. An accident, Gentlemen! You had better return to your posts; but remember, Gentlemen, that whatever has occurred, I at least am not responsible. (*Exeunt, leisurely, Chief Constructor and Chief Engineer.*) It's no use going to see what it is: I should only be in the way. (*Faens.*) What a fine day it is. I am half a mind to follow TENTERFOUR in his fishing. By Jove, I will! JOHN! (*Enter JOHN.*) I am going out for the day, JOHN. (*Pointing to the protests on the table.*) You can clear away this mess. Put it on the table behind the screen.

John. Yes, Sir. (*Exit Admiral.*) Official papers, as usual. I wonder what they are about? (*Opens protests, and glances at their contents.*) Dear me, if I were still a working carpenter, and had sufficient authority, I would settle all these matters in five minutes. But here I am only a servant; and it is better to serve than to govern in Her Majesty's Dockyards; at least, so my Master tells me; and he ought to know.

[*JOHN clears up the mess as the Scene closes in.*]



TURN ABOUT.

"GOING INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH JONES! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU'D HAD ENOUGH OF PARTNERSHIPS, AFTER BROWN!"

"AH, YOU SEE, WHEN WE FIRST BECAME PARTNERS, BROWN HAD ALL THE EXPERIENCE, AND I ALL THE MONEY. NOW, JONES HAS ALL THE MONEY, AND I'VE ALL THE EXPERIENCE!"

"MEDIUMS" IN PRUSSIA.

(From Our Colney Hatch Correspondent.)

THE periodical organs of Spiritualism occasionally publish accounts of wonderful spiritual "manifestations," alleged to occur through the "mediumship" of young children. A case evidently of this description is noticed by the *Times*' Prussian Correspondent, as follows:—

"The three children at Marpingen, in Prussian Rhineland, who last summer stated they had repeatedly seen the Holy Virgin in a wood close to their village, and whose glowing asseverations, backed by the Clergy, attracted thousands of pilgrims to the sacred spot, have just been tried by JUDGE COMES, at St. Wendel. Upon the children confessing that they had been telling lies, they were sentenced to be placed in an educational establishment for culprits under twelve years of age."

These children were doubtless gifted with mediumistic powers. The multitude of Mediums now daily cropping up everywhere gives a new force to the old saying that "there is a medium in all things." There are Protestant Mediums, and, as appears from the foregoing statement, Catholic Mediums; in fact, every faith has its Medium, and a suitable toast at a Spiritualists' dinner, or "tea," would be "Mediums of all Denominations."

The three children above referred to were true Mediums notwithstanding their confession that they had told lies. Otherwise of course their glowing asseverations would never have been backed by an enlightened Clergy. They must have seen an apparition, although perhaps they rather magnified what they saw. This is characteristic of Mediums in general. As the *Spiritualist* says, in

THE BEAU-IDEAL HOTEL.

BRADSHAW is not exactly a festive publication, and, certainly, the lovers of "racy" novels would not study its pages in search of sensation; but in a four hours' journey there comes a moment when all the weeklies, dailies, and magazines have been devoured, when SPIERS AND POND'S basket has been emptied, when sleep refuses to come, and travelling is beginning to bore, and in such a moment you dive despairingly into the well-known Railway Guide, more in quest of arithmetical problems than in hopes of amusement.

In such a fit of despondency, *Mr. Punch's* eyes alighted, with a beam of surprise, on the following advertisement among the only really literary pages of the publication—those relating to hotels, many of which are illustrated:—

THE GROSVENOR HOTEL [Castraford, let us say], built by the late MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, close to the Cathedral, &c., &c. Handsome Ladies' Coffee-Room.

"Ha! ha!" laughed *Mr. Punch* (such a dog!) aloud, to the astonishment of a Clerical Error in a white tie and the opposite corner. "Ha! ha! That is the place for us! We will descend at that hostelry, and no other!"

But how can the Manager ensure "Handsome Lady" visitors only to his Coffee-Room? It is to be hoped, at least, there is a Knight Porter in attendance!

THE EUROPEAN CONCERT.

(See Government Papers, *passim*.)

THE grunt of a Bear who at booty hath looked
Which he cannot quite seize on;
The cry of a Turkey who dreads being cooked
A la Russe, and with reason;
The shrieks of two two-headed Eagles, whose voices
Are wholly discordant;
The crow of a Cock, who supremely rejoices
In melody mordant;
The voice of a Lion, who hardly knows whether
To roar or to cackle:
Nice subject for Concert it looks altogether,
One WAGNER should tackle.
The theme "yearns for music," like mythus Germanic.
Cacophony's certain;
And as for the audience, they, in a panic,
Long most for—the curtain.

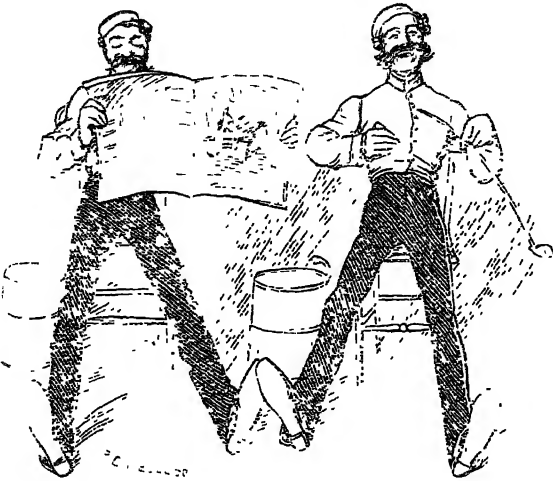
THE THING TO THROW LIGHT ON SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCES.—A Spirit-Lamp.

an able apology for DR. MONCK, now, like DR. SLADE, in trouble, a Medium is "ready to confess anything, or to do anything to get out of trouble." True Mediums are apt, for all the truth that is in them, occasionally to eke out real manifestations by imposture. Their real manifestations are not on that account the less real, or the less credible. Mediums are generally to be believed and trusted, unless when they confess themselves to have told lies, and then their confessions should be disbelieved. Moreover, Mediums of all persuasions, or of no persuasion at all, are all equally trustworthy, or, as Spiritualist writers prefer to say, reliable.

The confession stated to have been made by three juvenile Mediums, whose mediumship is now being deteriorated or destroyed in a Prussian reformatory, was clearly extorted from them by intimidation. In Prussia Mediums are persecuted, especially those whose creed renders them especially obnoxious to BISMARCK. But Mediums of that class, at least, are exempt from persecution in France, if their asseverations are duly backed by the Clergy. Accordingly, the "Apparition of La Salette," just such another as the Apparition of Marpingen, attended and attested by the creation of a permanently miraculous fountain, is believed by everybody but Protestants and sceptics. The water of this fountain cures all diseases as certainly as GULLOWAY'S Pills do. It has become an article of commerce like Apollinaris, and, besides being a panacea, can be advantageously substituted for Seltzer or Soda, and serve to compose a salubrious and sanctifying beverage in the form of "Salette and Brandy."

FOR SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.—Do not apply to Her Majesty's Dockyards.

PROJECTED BOMBARDMENT OF THE WEST-END.



R. PUNCH feels it his duty to call the attention of all residents and owners of property at the West-End of London to the following authentic particulars:—

It will be seen by the date given that there is no immediate cause for alarm, but time flies rapidly, and among his multifarious duties *Mr. Punch* may not find another opportunity of pointing out the peculiar peril which appears to be looming in the distance.

It is surmised that the Authorities at Woolwich have been somewhat chagrined at finding that at the recent trial of the 81-ton Gun seven panes of glass at Shoeburyness remained uninjured, that no passing vessel was destroyed, and that out of

about one hundred men engaged in handling the Gun fourteen still retain their hearing.

It has consequently been determined immediately to commence the construction of a 200-ton Gun.

The first announcement with regard to this interesting implement is to the effect: "that its size will of course prevent its being placed on our largest ships of war."

There is, however, "balm in Gilead;" for, after stating the dimensions of the proposed Gun—namely, "fifty feet long, length of bore 44 feet, and diameter 21 inches, charge of powder 950 lbs., weight of shot 6000 lbs., and length of shot five feet,"—it is confidently announced that the Gun is expected to be capable of throwing a 2½-ton shot from the Government butts at Woolwich to the West-End of London.

No doubt more precise information will be given as to what part of the West-End the Gun will be trained on; but inasmuch as it is not expected that "the new 200-ton Gun can be ready till the beginning of 1879," West-End life and property can easily be insured in the meantime.

It may be that the intention is simply to knock over the Duke of York's Column, and imbed the shot at the bottom of the Ornamental Water of St. James's Park; but it is to be hoped that a full programme of the experiments will be published—before the bombardment commences.

LITERARY.—We understand the next edition of *Boudoir Ballads* is to be illustrated with Storry-oscopic views.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

MR. PUNCH has received a number of letters on the subject of the Rector of Lincoln's very suggestive address at the Oxford (City) Schools of Science and Art. (See *Times*, November 18th.) A selection from these he has great pleasure in laying before his readers.

LETTER I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
THE Rector of Lincoln says:—

"The man who, without copying, can arrange a cluster of rose-leaves nobly, can design anything. A Frenchwoman can do this; an Englishwoman cannot. Is it because roses do not grow in England?"

Now, I don't exactly know what he means by arranging rose-leaves "nobly." These Art-critics do use such queer terms! They will persist in styling the drawing of drapery "magisterial" (which somehow suggests the police-court), and the tinting of an elbow "precious" (which reminds us of bullion or baby-talk). But if he mean that an Englishwoman can't arrange flowers and leaves and things, whether in a bouquet or on a bonnet, just as nicely as a Frenchwoman, I believe it's all nonsense. Praise up the past and foreign parts as much as you please, but not a good word for the present or our own people, on any account! That seems to be the motto of the modern critics. "Where is the old Turkey carpet now?" asks MR. PATTISON, plaintively. Why, gone where I hope those good-for-nothing Turks may soon follow it. Dowdy old things, with dingy colours and patterns like a kaleidoscope gone mad! He talks about "Nature, with its thousand forms and colours of unrivalled beauty," and then goes and prefers a many-tinted muddle of meaningless zigzags to the lovely purple fern leaves and golden snowdrops that adorn the floor of my drawing-room. Coal-scuttles again! He is quite dismal on the development of the Coal-Scuttle. JOHN has just bought me a new one, the loveliest design—a coal-vase it is called, if you please—beautifully japanned and gilt, so shiny you can see your face in it, with the Falls of Niagara painted on the top—such blue, bounding water!—and a bunch of dahlias, just like life, on each side. If that is not Art in the household, I should like to know what is. What would MR. PATTISON have? I'm sure I like a nice house and pretty things as much as any woman; but if all our bright decorations are to be denounced as "Vulgaries," what is one to do? I took such pride in that carpet and that coal-vase, and now!—

Well, I've seen some of their High-Art-Households all outlandishness, dim tints, and stiff discomfort; and if that's the sort of thing they want to substitute for the cosiness and colour of an English home, I beg to assure them it won't do for

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

LETTER II.

DEAR PUNCH,

PATTISON is beautifully down upon "Mindless Mechanism." Fact is, High Art will never flourish till low Machinery is abolished. We must do away with the Steam-engine; it is the Incubus of the

Age. "Fuel," says PATTISON, "is unfortunately dirty in its nature." So is the Locomotive. And ugly! Dirt and ugliness are inimical to High Art. They must be banished. Don't quite know what Nature was about when she made coal dirty—unless she wanted to warn us against using it. Fancy Nature is a bit of a Philistine after all, and wants elevating by being made to enter "into the sphere of Art." Iron and coal are nuisances. Let us keep to gold and sunshine.

Yours,
ANTI-PHILISTINE.

LETTER III.

SIR,

MORE fudge about High Art!—High-falutin' Art, I call it. "By the habit of mechanical multiplication, invention is killed, and the soul degraded." Indeed! I should like to make the Gentleman live for a year, deprived of the advantages of "mechanical multiplication," and I should not like to pay his bill for steel pens and shirt-collars at the end of the term. As to invention, why there's more of it in one week's number of *The Engineer* than in twenty Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Pooh! MURANO *acqua marina* may be all very well for Chemist's show-bottles; but give me the marine engine!

Yours,
A PRACTICAL MAN.

LETTER IV.

EXCELLENT PUNCH,

"THINGS worse than they were thirty years ago!" Of course they are! What is there to love in an age of lacquer? Art has gone to the wall. Look at our Picture-posters, and admit it! Brummagen Art (?) is worse than Brummagen utility. An "industrial product" trying to look like "a spiritual object," a coal-box posing as a work of Art, are more disgusting than an old coquette figuring as a youthful belle. High Art is hopeless. Let us fall back on naive and antique hideousness, which is, indeed, almost a form of beauty. To the soul sickened with the "illustrated china" of our shop-windows there is solace in a willow-pattern plate.

Yours, despondently,
Rococo.

LETTER V.

IMPARTIAL SIR,

IN PATTISON's address there is much that is true, less that is new, and not a little that is askew. What a pity High Art Mentors will be so queer and querulous! Can't they point us to pleasant possibilities without visiting us with the sin of vulgar necessity? Coal is "unfortunately" dirty, yes! and many of the forward steps of civilisation are "unfortunately" through grubby and disagreeable ways. Let the Illuminati of Art give us more light and less lightning, and let them shun the appearance of peevish dilettantism. There are functions in this world for the enlightener, the merry mocker, even the scathing satirist perhaps; but for the Scold—domestic, political, theological, or æsthetic—no!

Yours sincerely,
FAIRPLAY.

NEW FOOTBALL RULES.



1. No match to be played without a Surgeon being in attendance on the ground.
2. Should there be a hospital within a convenient distance, notice to be given beforehand, that the services of the Staff may be called into requisition.
3. An ample supply of bandages, lint, splints, and other appliances to be kept always in readiness.
4. An ambulance to be in waiting, to convey any one who may receive an injury to his home or to the hospital.
5. If an ambulance cannot be procured, then a sufficient number of Cabs to be within immediate call.
6. Proper attendants and nurses to be engaged to wait on the sufferers.
7. Brandy and other stimulants to be kept on the grounds.
8. Crutches and sticks to be supplied for the use of those whose injuries may be only slight, but who yet may require some artificial support to enable them to return to their homes.

9. No Game to be played except on ground within easy reach of a Telegraph Office.

These regulations may possibly be considered severe and gloomy; but inasmuch as Football, as now too often played, appears to inflict grievous injury, and even loss of life on those who engage in its "scrimmages," (from which it would seem to the uninitiated hardly possible to emerge without some serious mischief) it becomes necessary to recommend to all, both men and boys, who venture on the game, to take every imaginable precaution.

Touchstone, in *As You Like It*, says, "It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for Ladies." Had *Touchstone* been a Football player, he could not have said it was "the first time that ever he heard breaking of legs and necks was sport for Gentlemen."

We will not press the acceptance of our proposed rules, if some code of laws can be rigidly and universally adopted, which shall greatly lessen, if not entirely prevent, the risks that now seem to cloud the good name of the game, and to lead to the unwelcome introduction on the scene of the Doctor and the Coroner.

THOROUGHLY ENGLISH.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

YOUR generosity to the young and the intellectual is so well known that I have not the smallest hesitation in appealing to you. I am a young dramatist. Like SHAKESPEARE, I take my plots from foreign sources, but my dialogue is entirely my own; and if my incidents are sometimes foreign, their clothing is thoroughly English. In justification of this assertion, I beg to enclose an extract from one of my latest adaptations. I think you will admit the manners and language are as thoroughly English as, say, *Peril at the Prince of Wales's Theatre*?

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
AN UNACTED PLAYWRITER.

The New Junior Athenæum
Garriick Club.

SCENE—A third-floor in Victoria Street, elegantly furnished. The Stage resembles an old curiosity-shop. China, brass dishes, men in armour, point lace, and ebony cabinets scattered about in careless but tasteful profusion. BUNG (a butler) discovered dusting the furniture with a long feather-brush. LADY LUCY PLANTAGENET playfully claps her hands over BUNG's eyes from behind, with a playful exclamation of "Boh!"

Bung (disengaging himself, after a struggle). Ah, LADY LUCY, is it you? Dear me, how you frightened me! Not that anything you should do should cause me fear. Have I not played with you since you were four years old?

Lady Lucy. Yes, yes. But, BUNG, have you got me the last number of *La Folie*, as I bade you, and the *Amusing Journal*, with the *feuilleton* of that dear WILKIE COLLINS? And have you seen my Cousin?

Bung. Here are the papers, my Lady. And here is a letter from your Cousin. You will not betray me to the Duke, your father?

Lady Lucy. Oh no, dear BUNG. Be tranquil. Leave me! [BUNG

bows, and exit.] And now for his letter! I know I am imprudent, but what can I do? When I met him at the early service at St. James's, Piccadilly, could I help my chair being placed next to his? could I help our fingers meeting in the font at the door, as we went out? In a word, could I help loving him? (*Opens letter.*) Ah! what is this? How imprudent! He has been playing heavily at roulette at his Circle. The old story! The old story!

Re-enter BUNG, followed by SIR JOHN.

Bung. SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN! (*Aside.*) I must warn the Viscount of this visit. [*Exit.*]

Lady Lucy. Sir!

Sir John (*who is in full evening dress, and carries a bouquet*). Permit me, my Lady: but I would not have dared to have called upon you at this early hour of the morning. I would wish to see your noble Father.

Lady Lucy. Sir, I will go and send him to you. Sir! (*Curtseys.*)

Sir John. In reparation for disturbing you, my Lady, will you permit me the honour of presenting you with this bouquet?

Lady Lucy (*with a little cry*). Sir, you are all too obliging. [*Exit.*]

Sir John. She is prettier than her photograph! It was an excellent idea!

Enter the Duke.

The Duke. Ah, my dear SIR JOHN. I am delighted to see you! Will you not join our lunch? We always lunch at twelve.

Sir John. You are too good. I have already breakfasted. I have come here on matter of the last moment to my happiness. I have the honour to beg permission of your Grace to pay my addresses to LADY LUCY, your charming daughter.

The Duke. SIR JOHN, I shall be proud to salute you as one of the family. Have you the contract prepared?

Sir John (*opens the door, and calls*). MR. SMITH! [*Enter Mr. Smith, a Lawyer.*] MR. SMITH, have you the contract ready?

Mr. Smith (*bowing to the Duke, and producing a paper*). It is here!

The Duke. In that case, Gentlemen, I will call my daughter. [*Exit.*]

Sir John. How my Mother's heart would have rejoiced in this moment! My dear sainted Mother! She is with the angels, now, MR. SMITH!

Re-enter the Duke, leading in LADY LUCY.

The Duke. My child, you will sign this paper.

Lady Lucy. Yes, Papa. [*She signs the contract.*]

Sir John. What pleasure to write my signature under my Lady's.

[*He signs.* MR. SMITH bows and retires with his Law papers.

The Duke. Let me shake you by the hand, SIR JOHN; for are you not now my Son?

Sir John. Adieu, Sir Duke, and my Lady. I go to the battue, and then will return to lay at your feet the spoils of my chase. [*Exit.*]

Lady Lucy. What paper was that I signed, Papa?

The Duke. A contract of marriage. SIR JOHN is to be your husband.

Lady Lucy. My husband!

[*She starts.*]

The Duke (*coldly*). Your husband. Have you any reason to allege against the union?

Lady Lucy. None. (*Aside.*) Alas!

The Duke (*sternly*). Then you obey?

Lady Lucy. I obey, dear Papa.

The Duke. I know it. Are you not my child?

Enter the Viscount, in full evening dress.

Lady Lucy (*with a little cry*). My Cousin!

The Viscount. Sir Duke! My uncle, I have the honour to demand in marriage my beautiful cousin, your daughter, the LADY LUCY.

The Duke. It is too late. You are a brave boy; but the contract comes to be signed. LUCY is to marry—

Bung (*entering*). SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN!

Enter the Baronet in full hunting costume.

Sir John (*with triumph*). I have shot a fox!

The Duke. Let us drink to the health of the sportsman!

[BUNG brings in a lighted punch-bowl. They all drink to SIR JOHN as the Curtain falls.]

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE," ETC.

Schoolmaster. What is the meaning of Equinox?

Pupil (*who knows something of Latin derivations*). Please, Sir, it's Latin for Nightmare.

WHY is *Punch's Pocket-Book* like a Young Lady at her first ball? Because it's "just out."

THE FIGHT OVER THE SCHOOL-BOARD.



Poor Education! Like a lamb beset by wolves and vultures!
How should she trim the balance fair 'twixt clashing creeds and cultures?

All friends to her, but angry foes *à outrance* to each other;
She, standing where the Champions close, can scarce tell one from t'other.

To teach small BILL his A.B.C., or little SUE her sewing,
One well may ask is that a task to set the war-horns blowing?
But then of course the job will look much harder, and far ampler,
If BILL must have a Baptist Book, and SUE a High Church Sampler.

The Three R.'s, muddled by a fourth,—Religion,—like the compass,
With endless "points" from south to north,—for chief result read rumpus.

To give the young what reason asks, and simple prudence urges,
Were sure the easiest of tasks, but for the Boanerges.

The School-Board, spread with spare repast, must have "Church Pie" for centre,
And every guest must vote *that* best, nought less will e'er content her.
While keen Dissent, who loathes the dish, would sooner sweep the table
Than feed one hungry mouth on fare with that particular label.

Oh clumsy caterers! Ignorance comes, what time you scowl and mutter,
And lures your guests to other food,—the garbage of the gutter.
Fie, Gentlemen! The common foe demands your *banded* forces;
To cut the ground from under him will tax your joint resources.

But still the Churchman slangs Dissent, and both bethump the Papist,
And Nothingarians venom vent all round. No dull Red-Tapist
Could so adroitly block the way, that lay so fair before us,
As each hot Ass who lifts his bray to swell the angry chorus.

Bring not into the Schoolroom, Sirs, your doxies or your schisms,
The spelling-book and slate are *not* the ground for warring isms;

The Alphabet need not be mixed with shibboleths Sectarian,
Monopoly but masquerades in guise humanitarian.

Fight fair, and in another field. Side-issues fog the unwary.
What you all *mean* is "our side up," although your voices vary.

Proud "Mother Church" should be too proud to flash false lights like rockets,
And conscience seek to circumvent by sly appeal to—pockets!

THE NAVY OF THE FUTURE.

(By Submarine Telegraph.)

GIBRALTAR, 3rd Dec., 1896.

THE Enemy's fleet was signalled early yesterday morning. It was composed of eighty Ironclads, all carrying thirty-three feet of armour plating, but with no armament heavier than the old-fashioned 300-ton Gun. It was soon ascertained that the Fleet had received false intelligence about the movements of the *Wasp* (our Mediterranean Gunboat, built to carry a 2,000-ton Gun, the latest achievement of the combined Woolwich and Elswick Factories), and believed that it might be possible to take Gibraltar by a *coup de main* during the absence of her little protector. By two o'clock the Enemy's Fleet was well within range of the *Wasp's* gun, but her Commander pre-

ferred to allow the Ironclads to approach within a radius of fourteen miles. At this short range the *Wasp* opened fire, to the consternation of the Admiral in command of the Enemy's Fleet. It was, however, too late to escape. Fifty out of the eighty Ironclads were soon disposed of—smashed and sunk. The remainder hauled down their flags. Divers are at work on the scene of action, clearing away the submarine *débris*. The *Wasp* has lately received an important increase to her fighting force of two Marines and Artillerymen. Her complement is now fourteen hands, all told.

UNPARDONABLE ABSENCE.

GETTING home on a cold foggy night, and finding that your fire has "gone out."



A COMPLIMENT.

Hairdresser. "ANY OFF THE BEARD, SIR?"

Customer. "NO, THANK YOU. I'VE LATELY TRIMMED IT MYSELF."

Hairdresser. "INDEED, SIR! I SHOULD NOT HAVE THOUGHT ANY GENTLEMAN OUT OF THE PROFESSION COULD HAVE DONE IT SO WELL!"

SENTIMENT!

JOHN BULL *soliloquiseth*—

SENTIMENT? Well, I've no fancy for snivelling,
Policy gushing or piping it's eye
Is but a sort of delirious drivelling,
Eyes are like gunpowder, better kept dry.
Yet right is right, though Club cynic or Minister
Hints with a sneer that I falter or pule,
Plausible caveats strike me as sinister,
Urged in serene disregard of that rule.

Sentiment? Ready retort for demolishing
Arguments founded on feelings humane!
Superfine penmen their periods polishing
Point every gibe with that word of disdain.
Yet if Philipics 'gainst feeling that fulminate
Are put through analysis searching and stern,
It may be found that the censures which culminate
In horror of rant are but rant in their turn.

Sentiment *versus* Imperial Policy!
Taking Antithesis! Smart Militaires
Wonder BULL doesn't his fatuous folly see
Mixing up feeling with Foreign Affairs,
Are they antagonists! Simple humanity
Seems to be coolly shut out in the cold,
Sympathy's branded Vulgarian Vanity,
Bosh that should never give qualms to the bold.

Sentiment! Certain keen scribes have their knife in it,
Bellicose bounce is much more to their mind;
Shocked, so they say, that the thing has such life in it,
Fain would they whistle its "dupes" down the wind.
They minimise, mock, and depreciate spitefully;
Gentlemen, are you not missing the mark?
Doubtless you tickle Club-loungers delightfully,
But are we all—save yourselves—in the dark?

Interest? Well, there are Interests various—
Some that mere selfishness fails to descry.
Number one's hold on his own were precarious
If to his neighbours' he ne'er had an eye.
Scowl, my young friends, at the "Humanitarian,"
Monopoly claim of cool patriot sense;
But shrewdest policy were but barbarian
Were this same "Sentiment" quite driven hence.

DERBY POTTERY.—Our Foreign Policy.

THE FRA DIAVOLO OF FACT.

SPEAKING of Brigandage in Southern Italy, a newspaper correspondent makes a remark with a suggestive word in it. "How this scourge is to be dealt with will be a difficult question for the Government." As to Brigandage, how is the Italian Government to deal with that scourge? Echo answers—if you ask loud enough—Scourge! How has that scourge, robbery with violence, been dealt with by the British Legislature? By means of that other scourge, the Cat-o'-nine-tails. What is there to prevent a military force from being despatched to hunt the highwaymen and footpads of Naples and Sicily down, with proper dogs if necessary. When caught, might they not summarily be brought to trial, and, under a statute enacted to that end, be sentenced, on conviction, to penal servitude, and a good flogging, or several good floggings, apiece? What an edifying sight to the *Manutengoli* of Sicily and the *Mafta* of Naples it would be to see SIGNOR LEONE, now playing *Fra Diavolo* in real life thereabouts with impunity, stripped of his green velvet jacket, lace, and ribbons, seized up in the whipping-stocks, and lashed until he howled for mercy, and some time after!

Would not that teach him, if ever let loose again, to think twice before again carrying off a British Banker—or anyone else—and demanding under threat to murder or mutilate him, four thousand pounds ransom?

The state of society in Southern Italy appears to be such that thieves there pass for gentlemen among the higher classes. They need to be taught that thieves and robbers are criminals and blackguards, and what better way of doing this could there be than stripping such rascals as LEONE at once of their operatic frippery, and their glory, and giving the *Fra Diavolo* of odious reality a sound flogging?

PROPER ACCOMPANIMENT OF THAMES MUD BUTTER.—Alum Bay Bread.

HINTS FOR NEW SCHOOL-BOARDS.

To remember that the tongue is a dangerous member.
Not to set down opponents, and those who differ from you in opinion, as sceptics and atheists, or narrow-minded and intolerant bigots.

To expect opposition, and to meet it with fairness and good-humour.

Not to ride hobbies too far or too fast.

To use the organ of hearing rather than the organ of speech.

If there are any defects in your own education, to endeavour to remedy them.

To read all the best works on Education, and to master the Acts of Parliament, blue-books and statistics that have been published on the same important subject.

Never to speak except in a cool, calm, quiet, composed, and unruffled frame of mind.

Always to walk to the place of meeting—exercise being favourable to deliberation and reflection, and adverse to haste and impetuosity.

To dine together occasionally (not, of course, at the expense of the ratepayers).

Before everything and everybody else—rates, ratepayers, creeds, churches, sects, parties, and parents—to think of the children.

Compensation.

Toto has said "Ta, ta!" to the Strand, but we have had *Toto* chez *Tata* at the Opéra Comique, which in MADAME CHAUMONT's hands spoils us for any light performances for some time to come. MONSIEUR PUNCH "*attend* MADAME CHAUMONT" next season with pleasure, but sincerely hopes she will bring another repertoire with her.

THE MATERIAL FOR THE ARCTIC MEDAL.—Frosted Silver.

WHAT'S THE ODDS?

OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.*

A NEW SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Two Kicks," "Squeezing Langford," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.—"Striking him with a Feather."



It was morning at Jeddington. The event of the year, the Derby, was just over, and the snow lay bright and sparkling like crystals on the ground. As usual, the Great Race of the year had been won by one of the Jeddington Lot—born, bred, and trained in the Jeddington stables. It is not given to every man to win a Derby even once in a lifetime. Great men have lived and died and never won a Derby. ARISTOPHANES and LORD GEORGE BENTINCK are examples in point. But old SIR THOMAS

Dodd, Bart., had managed it. Regularly every year the Derby winner had come from Jeddington, and SIR THOMAS DODD had been the owner.

But old SIR THOMAS was not immortal, and, having only a nephew, SIR TOMMY TODD, Junior, the time arrived when the

* From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—You've changed the name! It was to have been *A Hatful of Money*. Why?

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—Friend of my youth, haven't you ever heard of changing your name for property? Well, Sir, I think this Sporting Novel will be a better property under the new title. It is enough for me to think so; but I will give a satisfactorily artistic reason. Observe, it has a *second* title. This is to attract those who never read anything but what is sensational; and if *The Dumb Jockey of Jeddington* doesn't fetch that section of the public, I'm dumb'd—and I cannot put it less strongly or more gently than that. If, Sir, you only knew what trouble I've had to find out a place in England beginning with "J," so as to fit in, alliteratively, with "Jockey," you would be the last person to attempt finding a flaw in my title-deed, and the first to send me a congratulatory letter, containing a *rouleau* of real genuine "stuff"—as we turfites call it. Now, Sir, I have been frank and free with you. "Honest JAWLEY" was always my name at school, and I am proud to say that, as long as I can manage it, it shall be my *sobriquet* through life. You must come down and spend a couple of months here with me. I've a lovely quiet horse for you—just the thing. Say when.—J. S.

From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Highly satisfactory. Get on. Your kind invitation I would avail myself of with pleasure, only your letter does not bear your address; and the elderly lady who opened the door in that siding out of Chapel Street West where your name is engraved on the brass plate under the second bell handle, could give me no information on the subject. Drop me a line here. Always ready to shake off the business cobwebs, and rush into the champagne air of the country. I do not care much about hunting; but, if the nag is very quiet, no one would enjoy a morning on horseback more than would yours truly, THE EDITOR.

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—All right. Old woman in Chapel Street is a very old servant in our family. She's been with the JAWLEY SHARPS for years, and her father and mother before her. Dear old lady! I still retain her on my establishment for past services; and, after all, you know, to belong to an old family engenders ties between master and servant which are unintelligible to the *parvenu*. Bless dear old MARGERY! She's very deaf, and uncommonly sagacious. I don't think you'd get anything out of her, though she might out of you. I was annoyed she didn't show you into the dining-room, and give you luncheon when you called; but the fact is, the little bachelor crib is in such disorder when I'm at my hunting quarters, that the good old soul was unprepared for visitors. *Au revoir!* Mind you come down here. Everything ready for you—gun, horse, dogs, and French cook and valet all to yourself! Say when, that's all—merely say when. Yours, heartily, J. S.

Reply by Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Yes, I will say "when," if you will say "where." No country address, so I send this to Chapel Street West.—Ed.

uncle was compelled by the stern monitor of the human race to make room for his nephew.

SIR TOMMY DODD came into the estates—worth about sixty-five thousand a year (Land-tax redeemed)—hampered only by one condition, viz., *That, if he did not lose three Derbys in succession, not merely by a neck, or a length, but by his horse coming in absolutely last of all, the whole property would pass at once to a near relative, the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR*, who would be saddled with precisely the same condition. If, after trying several other members of the family, the Derby was still being won by the Jeddington Lot, the property was to return to SIR TOMMY DODD, the same condition as before existing, and from him to the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR, and so on again. Only there was this proviso, that, if SIR TOMMY should marry and there should appear a son and heir, then the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR would come into the property—"but," so the wording of the will went, "*Not before the Boy.*"

Hard stipulations to come from the feathered goosequill in the nervous hand of the old, good, kind-hearted, generous port-wine-drinking, sport-loving, venerable Baronet, who thus passed away, and, in making room for his nephew, had, indeed, struck him with a feather.

CHAPTER II.—Which is the Favourite?

ROUND the cheery fire in the fine old ancestral Music Hall belonging to the Dodds, which had lately been fitted up with a sliding roof for the amusement of the guests in winter, sat a pleasant and aristocratic company.

"TOMMY," said the HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR, slowly puffing his regalia. "I'll lay you twenty thousand pounds to a sovereign that the Derby Loser is not in your stables this year."

"Done!" replied SIR TOMMY.

"TOMMY DODD! TOMMY DODD!" cried several voices from various corners of the hall, "on with you again!"

"Done with you all—at the price," said SIR TOMMY, booking the bets. "And now," he added, "suppose we go and look at the lot."

They all rose as one man. The sporting instinct was strong on them.

"I'll go with you," exclaimed a light, ringing, musical voice.

"LADY DI!" cried SIR TOMMY, "why we shall be only too charmed."

"Of course—charmed," repeated the HONOURABLE PULLMAN, in his low sneering voice.

LADY DI regarded him with superlative disdain. She was a marvellously handsome woman was LADY DIANA BRITELIGH, possessed originally of locks that the most raven-ous raven might have envied.*

To be a Blonde, however, she thought would suit her better. So Blonde she became, and perhaps to Black she would return. She was highly popular with men, and, as a natural consequence, equally adored by her own sex.

"Blonde is the Jeddington colour now, TOMMY," she whispered, in her sweetest low tone. Hers was a rich contralto voice; and her highest speaking-note was to put it musically, "C under line."

"Yes," she used to say to her sparkling Mamma, "I am all down among the coals; and my voice is more like Newcastle-under-Line than double C." She was still unmarried. Her Aunt, who had married the Russian Prince, STERITOFF, accompanied her everywhere, except on the piano.

Hanging on SIR THOMAS's other arm was the beautiful Brunette, MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, the youngest widow in the world, and the most fascinating woman in the country. SIR THOMAS looked from one to the other, and pressed the fair arm of each alternately.

"Where's poor BURTON, your Stud-Groom?" asked LADY DI, as she passed, leaning on SIR THOMAS's arm, through the door towards the Training Stables, at the back of the house.

"You have only to ask, and he will appear," replied SIR THOMAS, producing a clear, bell-like whistle, by the most natural means possible.

"How simple!" exclaimed MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, ecstatically; "you have everything at your fingers' ends."

* There are several things I want to ask. I do not pretend to be a sporting man. But why should a "raven envy anyone's locks"? I own to not being a skilled naturalist, but have ravens' locks? You who live so much in the country (*where?* by the way—don't forget to send address next time) ought to know all these things, and you are, I've no doubt, perfectly correct. Secondly, how about the Derby being run in the winter? Such is your meaning, as I gather from your opening chapter, unless you only allude to that exceptional Derby, about four years or so ago, which was run in a snow-storm. Mind I don't pretend to any knowledge of sport myself, and trust implicitly to you. Only remember the eyes of the Sporting Public are on you. Yours truly, THE EDITOR.

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—Dear EDDY. I never frequent a "Sporting Public." You won't pick up the real information there. Trust me. I'm in it. You're not. Come down here, and spend Sunday. Best of everything on hand. Yours ever, J. S.

[But no address.—Ed.]

He pressed her gloved palm with his right hand, while with his left he warmly grasped the little eight-and-a-quarter kid that concealed from the prying gaze the delicately turned fingers of the lovely LADY DI.

The HONOURABLE PULLMAN CARR gave a low sneering laugh, as, linking his arm in that of the noble Italian sportsman, COUNT FARRAGO DI NONSENZA, he whispered maliciously, "Which is the favourite?"

At this instant the gay party was suddenly startled by a loud report, followed by a piercing shriek, issuing from the Training Stables.

SIR THOMAS burst open the door and ran into the yard.

(To be continued.)

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION VII.

CONCERNING PROMOTION.

WHEN Mr. Punch resumed his seat in the ante-room he found his poor little friend FIELD-MARSHAL SIR FRANKY GEEGEE, K.C.B., in great distress. The melancholy and diminutive veteran was spelling over an *Army List* with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. Upon inquiring the cause of his protégé's distress Mr. Punch was informed that the broken-hearted Field-Marshal was crying over the fact that he was the Colonel of only one Regiment instead of four.

"My dear little friend," said Mr. Punch, "you must remember that the Colonelcy of a Regiment is only given to some venerable and distinguished warrior as a sort of pension. Say that a man

has fought and bled for his country in half-a-dozen campaigns, has married, and reared a large family, and at seventy or eighty years of age is past work, and wants an addition to his scanty pay. Then it is that the Government presents him with a Colonelcy."

"Oh, SIR FRANKY sees it all now," cried the little Field-Marshal, clapping his hands with pleasure. "SIR FRANKY understands now why the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, the Royal Artillery, a Regiment of Guards, and the 17th Lancers."

Mr. Punch coughed (to clear his throat), and continued his lectures.

Part I. By Merit.—An officer having chosen his Regiment, his next care will be to rise as rapidly as possible in the ranks of the *Army List*. His ambition will lead him from Sub-Lieutenant to Lieutenant, from Lieutenant to Captain, and from thence to the glories of gilt spurs and brass scabbards. In these days of "selection," when money goes for little or nothing, he will have to depend much upon himself, and scarcely at all upon his banker's account. As the Colonel gives the tone to the Regiment, it will be as well for him to carefully study the peculiarities of his commanding officer, with a view to forming his own conduct upon the example set to him. As the Army is composed of all sorts and manners of men, he may have to assume any number of disguises as he passes from battalion to battalion. He may rest assured, however, that one of the following "styles" (with mild modifications calculated to suit the variety of each peculiar case) may be relied upon as a trustworthy pattern.

The Sedate Style.—Punctuality on Parade. Slight Sermons after the reading of the Order-Book. No violent language. Delight in serious Penny-Readings. Patronage of Sunday-Books, Missions, and Total-Abstinence. If the Colonel is very extreme (and has an extreme Wife), a little Sunday Preaching at the corners of thoroughfares may be indulged in occasionally. Spectacles (if possible, tinted) should be adopted with this style.

The Soldier-like Style.—Great smartness. Orders, answers, and general information snapped out in words of one syllable. In moments of excitement strong language may be permitted. Great severity to be used to culprits appearing on Parade with a button badly polished. Much "Military Shop" (off Parade) should be talked with this style.

The Peacock Style.—Gorgeous garments on all occasions. Much zeal for the "credit of the Regiment." Duties on Parade shirked as

much as possible. Anxiety to be shown in getting up Regimental Balls, Regimental Drags, Regiment Harriers, and Regimental Expenses generally. A Breast-Pin with the cypher of the Regiment should be habitually worn with this style.

The Humorous Style.—Great attention to be paid to "good things" at mess. Laughter should always be at hand to welcome the Colonel's puns. The latest comic songs should be rehearsed daily. The banjo and the bones should be used with this style.

The Brotherly Style.—A nick-name to be adopted without hesitation. No objection to be shown to practical jokes. Individual property to be merged in the wealth of the Regiment. Promissory notes to be signed freely. The words "dear old chappy" constantly uttered with this style.

By adopting one of the above "rules of life" an officer should have little difficulty in securing promotion. It is necessary, however, that he should be careful to class his Colonel in the proper style, or the "confidential report" upon his conduct may be the reverse of satisfactory.

Part II. By Interest.—If an officer have sufficient interest to carry him up the tree of promotion, he need not trouble himself about his surroundings. If it is known that he is "looked after" at head-quarters, his Colonel will be chary of writing anything to his disparagement. However, if he finds his regimental duties a bore, he should take some steps to be presented with a staff appointment. As an *aide-de-camp* he should enjoy the maximum of comfort for the minimum of responsibility.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION VII.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch, you have just spoken of a "Confidential Report." Can you kindly tell me what it is?

Mr. Punch. Certainly my good ENSIGN EUGENE of the Volunteers. A "Confidential Report" is the document sent in annually by a Commanding Officer to the General of his district. Sooner or later it reaches the War Office. In this report a sketch is given (confidentially) of the conduct of every officer of the Regiment, from the senior Major down to the junior subaltern. Now, imagine all of you that you have to send in a Confidential Report. Say what conduct would you consider meriting the censure of "highly unsatisfactory."

Colonel Charles. If I found one of my Officers disrespectful to me. If he addressed me without my military title out of the training, and was inclined to criticise my knowledge of the Drill-book when the Regiment was embodied. All this, Sir, I should consider "highly unsatisfactory."

Mr. Punch. My dear COLONEL CHARLES, of the Royal East Dorset Militia, I have no doubt you would. And you, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, what conduct would you consider "highly unsatisfactory?"

Ensign Eugene. Why, of course, if he didn't pay his subscription.

Mr. Punch. And you, LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE, of the Grenadier Guards (Green), can you tell me?

Lieutenant and Captain George. I should say his conduct was "highly unsatisfactory" if he belonged to a bad set, and was fool enough to offend his Colonel.

Mr. Punch. My dear pupils, you are all right, a fact that proves that a "confidential report" must always be an exceedingly valuable document.

TO THE WAITS.

(A pre-dated Prayer.)

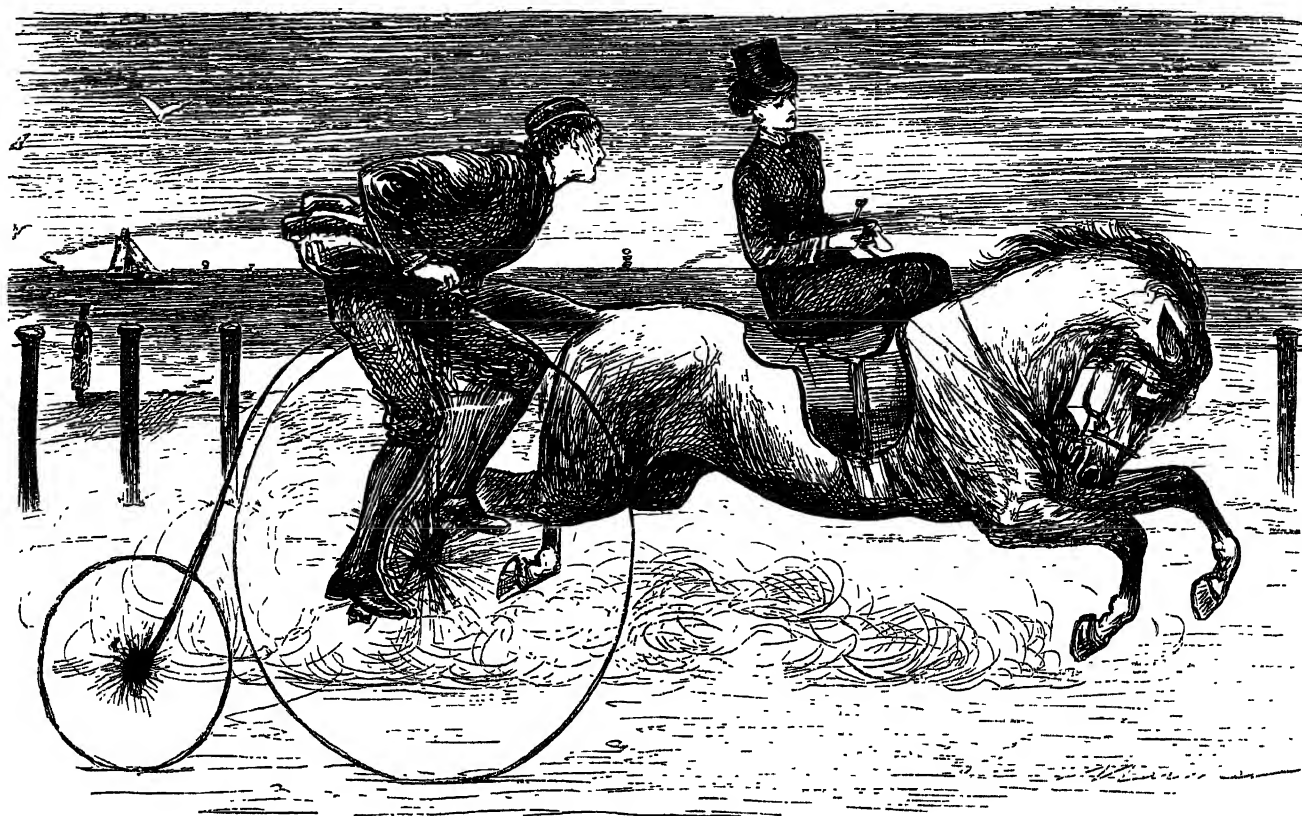
WHY banish slumber with your Yule-tide lays,
Scare sweet forgetfulness from toil-worn wights,
And make the month that brings the Best of Days,
Bring worst of nights?

Let Sleep knit up the ravelled sleeve of Care;
Drive it not from me with your "Church Bells' Chime,"
I'm not a sheet, to need an extra air
In winter time.

"Beautiful Spring," intruding on my snore,
Comes down on Dreamland like a sudden blight;
A beautiful spring mattress pleases best
In dead of night.

I'll let you "like a soldier fall" in fight,
Or 'neath your tent in war-time lay your head;
But, please, in peace let me have out my night,
In my tent bed.

At least be sure that when, on Boxing Day,
Beadle and bell-ringer besiege my gate,
For clink of coin their music to repay,
The Waits may—wait!



HOW WE MANAGE OUR LITTLE AFFAIRS OF THE HEART AT BRIGHTON.

SCHOOL-BOARDS AND SWINE.

Parochial Pig squeaks—

THERE was a certain Shearer, on a time who chose to ply
His shears upon a pachyderm, the tenant of a sty:
With copious clamour and scant fleece his labour was repaid;
"Great cry and little wool," still lives, the saw in that case made.

Great cry of "Education" rings on all sides in our ears,
But little wool that we can see for all the talk appears.
Whilst public men, declaiming, vent their platitudes outworn,
And School-Boards fight, small scholars and Ratepayers are shorn.

Good Gentlemen and Ladies—for 'mongst rights of Womankind,
The right to sit on School-Boards now is won by strength of mind—
One question to your wisdom let your close-shorn Pigs commend;
That is, how much have you to show for all that you expend?

Nor deem them sordid swine if they another point propose,
As doubtful of the good and use for which their money goes.
With so much bricks-and-mortar, and sites for building bought,
And all that's spent in teaching, after all, how much is taught?

How much do you imagine that a Schoolboy, as a rule,
Learns from his masters, not at Board, but e'en at Boarding School?
Learns, to retain in after years, and turn to use and boot?
Inform us, you that teach the young idea how to shoot.

How much beyond those Rudiments, the R's in number three,
Learn ninety-nine in a hundred boys at a fair Academie?
Beyond that useful triad what do the Million know?
Is it worth paying to drive more into small heads below?

What know the multitude of men whom boys at school you knew,
But the Three R's, if all the three, beyond the studious few?
And did you e'er bethink yourselves, fond mother, thoughtful sire,
How many of your little ones e'er more learning will acquire?

That question may have ne'er yet crossed the philanthropic mind,
That looks to general good with eye to nearer objects blind.
With views enlarged, and thoughts beyond a narrower sphere that
roam,
Oft workers for the public weal omit the care of home.

And doth it much the public or parochial weal concern
That gutter children should be taught more than most home youth
learn?

Too much attempt not, if you're wise: the million who've to pay
The Education-tax don't like their money thrown away.

MORE CONFERENCES THAN ONE.

CONFERENCES are suggested on the following very urgent
Eastern questions:—

What can be done with the poor of Bethnal Green?
What improvements can be made in the lodging-houses of
Clerkenwell?

What can be done for the education of the children of Shoreditch?
How can two-thirds of the Shadwell public-houses be closed?

What can be done to protect the Sailors of the Docks from
robbery?

How can a proper observance of Sunday be made popular in
Whitechapel?

How can feelings of equity be instilled into the bosoms of the
inhabitants of Houndsditch?

How can the London Fields be made capable of further improve-
ment?

How can "penny gaffs" be abolished?

How are the amusements of cheap Music Halls to be regulated?

How is the drainage to be improved in the poor neighbourhoods
near the Tower?

And, lastly, why are people more interested in the Turks of Bul-
garia than the Arabs of London?

Politics in the Pulpit.

If the *Liverpool Post* has not been hoaxed, MR. SPURGEON, the
other Sunday, took occasion to pray for a change of Ministers, and
said, "Let not the extraordinary folly of our rulers lead our
country into war." Should he not rather have prayed that they
might have the extraordinary wisdom to keep us out of it?

A VERY BAD JUDGE.—The Man who tries his Friends.



HARLEQUIN GOSCHEN ;
OR, THE CRAFTY KHEDIVE AND THE COLLAPSING CANDLE.

(A Present for the Pantomime Writers.)

CLOWN. "HERE'S A LARK! I'M BURNING IT AT BOTH ENDS!!"

KNIGHTS OF THE THISTLE.



SMART City men who give half-crowns to box-keepers.
Bores who call upon literary men at the busiest time of the day.
Silly persons who send subjects for Cartoons to *Punch*.

Unprincipled asses who send *Mr. Punch* his own jokes, a week old, as original.

Fussy nobodies who convene suburban meetings to consider questions of imperial importance.

"Comic" Actors who supplement their incomes with balderdash of their own.

Four-fifths of the "plungers" on the Stock Exchange.

Young Gentlemen who go on to the Turf.

Amateur Actors, as a rule.
Amateur Authors, with scarcely an exception.
Believers in Spiritualism who are cheated but do not cheat.
"Constant Readers" who write to the newspapers about the state of the weather.
Volunteer Firemen.
Some of the officials at the War Office.
Many of the officials at the Admiralty.
Practical jokers.
Silly Subalterns who are fond of "bear-fighting."
Noodles who tell long stories.
Ladies' Men generally.
Idiot who indulge in dangerous figures on the Skating Rinks.
Snobs who create disturbances in places of public entertainment.
Shouters of treason and writers of ribaldry.
People with missions.
Sneerers at Morality.
Scoffers at Religion.
Mock cynics and sham philosophers.
And, lastly, all other Donkeys whose particular characteristics have not been set forth in the above list.

SONGS FOR THE SLUMS.

SOMEBODY or other has been somewhere or other reported to have said to somebody or other that, if he had the making of the songs of a nation, it would not matter much who had the making of its laws. Had *Mr. Punch* let fall this saying, there might have been some truth in it; for not many Acts of Parliament can ever be so beneficial to the British Nation as the poetry of *Punch*. Parliament, indeed, might quickly shut up shop if the country listened solely to the wisdom of its *Punch*. But unluckily it happens that the songs of *Mr. Punch* are not the only ones now published, and there is abundance of good work in store for Parliament to counteract the evil influence of the bad songs which are made.

Only fancy what egregious fools would sit in Parliament if the law-makers of England were selected from the writers of its popular street-songs! Imagine what a farce legislation would become if the genius who produced, say, "*Tommy, make room for your Uncle*," were entrusted with the task of framing an amendment to the Education Act, or of bringing in a Bill to codify our Civil Law! And conceive what weighty wisdom from *Punch* and other law-givers is required by way of antidote to the folly of the balderdash squallied nightly at the Music Halls, whence it quickly is exported wholesale to permeate the slums.

As it is probable that LORD BEACONSFIELD, or even MR. GLADSTONE, but seldom pays a visit to these places of amusement, we think it well for his enlightenment, and that of other Legislators, to put forth a few specimens of songs that might be popular at any of our Music Halls, if sung by vulgar singers and set to silly tunes.

(Specimen No. 1.)

"I'M SUCH A BASHFUL MAN!"

One day I strolled down Piccadilly,
Where a scrumptious Gal I met.

Her eyes they'd knock a feller silly;
Her hair it was as black as jet.
"By Jove!" thinks I, soon as I spied her,
"Here's good-bye to MARY ANN!"
And so next step I hopped beside her,
'Cos I'm such a Bashful Man!

"Good morning, Miss," says I, politely.
"Does your Mammy know you're out?"
Then I squeeze her fingers tightly,
Which it made her lips to pout.
Her shawl I offered for to carry—
One should be civil when one can—
Then I axed her for to marry,
'Cos I'm such a Bashful Man!

(And so on, and so on, for a score or so of verses, including the encores, accompanied of course with many meaning winks and gestures, and tumultuous applause.)

(Specimen No. 2.)

"SPANKING JOE."

I'm a rollicking cadger as poor as a rat,
But I'm bold as a badger, and 'cute as a cat:
I'm a sweep by purfession, but priggish I do,
Which at Clerkenwell Session I've made my *deboo*.

Chorus (in which the enlightened audience join)—

Oh, ain't I just a jolly blade, the pace oh don't I go!
The gals all fall in love with me, they call me Spanking Joe!

With the gloves I'm a winner, I'm up to all guards,
And you'll find me a stunner at forcing the cards:
I'm a bit of a lusher, and when I've a drop
I'll knock any Crusher all over the shop!

Chorus (with rapture at this hit at the constituted authorities)—

Oh, ain't I just a jolly blade, the pace oh don't I go!
There ain't a Peeler has the pluck to face old Spanking Joe!

I attends all the races, I plays on the ffoot,
Like a Nigger's my face is, as black as a boot:
My address if you axes, of the street I've the key,
And I don't pay no taxes, 'cept for corfy and tea.

Chorus (with a snapping of the fingers at the Tax-Collector)—

Oh, ain't I just a jolly blade, the pace oh don't I go!
Of Income-tax I ain't afraid, my fortin is too low!

(Specimen No. 3.)

"PRETTY POLLY POUTER."

PRETTY POLLY POUTER,
She's a reg'lar out-and-outer,
For she won a prize for beauty at a Barmaid Show:
She looks so 'ristocratic,
Though she lives in a back attic,
And her mother keeps a milk-walk in the slums of Pimlico!

She can chaff a cove so sweetly,
She can tog herself so neatly;
She's a skirt of scarlet satin trimmed with poppies in full blow:
And she sports a pink silk bonnet,
With blue butterflyes upon it,
Which astonishes the milk-walk in the slums of Pimlico!

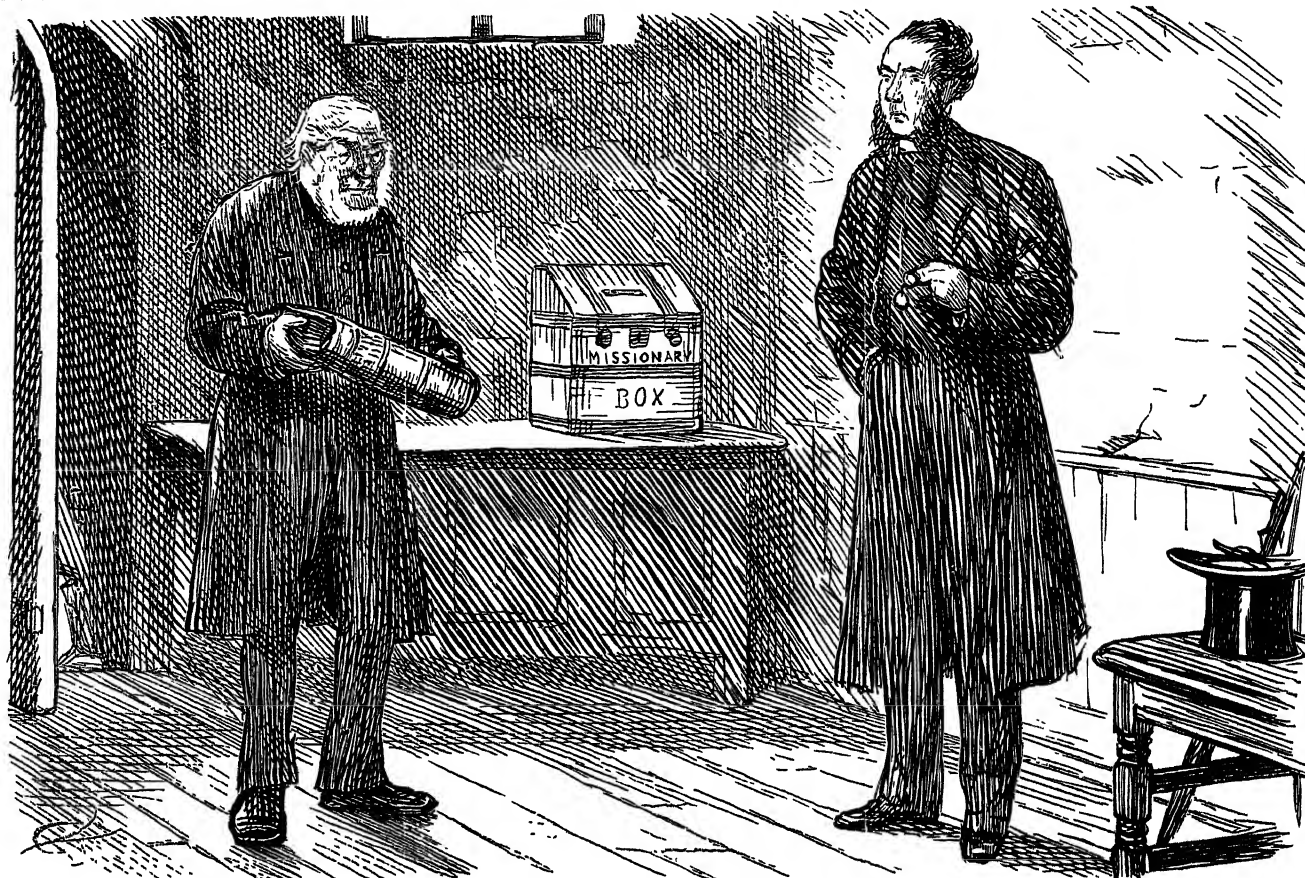
Since first I saw MISS POLLY
I've been took quite melancholy,
For I asked her if she'd have me, and she said, "Oh, dear me, no!"
Now I feel my heart is blighted,
For I ne'er can be united
To sweet pretty POLLY POUTER in the slums of Pimlico!

Lord Salisbury's Mission.

It is encouraging to have learnt, by various special telegrams, that LORD SALISBURY'S Mission has prospered hitherto to the extent of his Lordship's partaking of sixteen grand dinners, private and official, during his progress to the East.

The postprandial result appears to have been equally satisfactory; for a very special sub-marine telegram from Rome declares that his Lordship's journey has "increased his hopes of the peaceful result of the Conference."

It is almost superfluous to add that the telegram concludes by stating, that our noble Representative at the proposed Conference was to "dine" at eight o'clock with SIR AUGUSTUS PAGET at the Embassy at Porta Pia.



"SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE."

Presbyterian Minister (portentously). "JAMES, THIS IS A VERY DREADFUL THING! YOU HAVE HEARD THERE IS ONE POUND MISSING FROM THE BOX!"

James (the Beadle, who is strongly suspected). "'DEED, SIR, SO THEY WERE TELLIN' ME——"

Minister (solemnly). "JAMES! YOU AND I ALONE HAD ACCESS TO THAT BOX——"

James. "IT'S JUST AS YE SAY, SIR—IT MUST LIE BETWEEN US TWA! AN' THE BEST WAY'LL BE, YOU TO PAY THE TAX HALF, AN' I'LL PAY THE TITHER, AN' SAY NA' MAIR ABOUT IT!"

THE MORAL BUTTERMAN.

(A Romance in One Act.)

SCENE—A Butter Shop. Moral Butterman discovered reading "The Christian Universe."

Enter Lady Customer.

Moral Butterman. What can I do for you, Miss, this afternoon?

Lady Customer. Oh, thank you, I only wanted a pound of butter.

Moral Butterman. Yes, Miss, certainly, Miss. What quality would you like?

Lady Customer. What have you?

Moral Butterman. Well, here is a very nice, well-flavoured, article we call "Butterine," which we can afford to do at One-and-Two. We have a large sale for it. It is composed of Thames skimmings and clarified grease. It gives great satisfaction. Will you taste it?

Lady Customer. Oh, dear, no. Have you nothing else?

Moral Butterman (cheerfully). Yes, Miss. Here is another still better flavoured article, which we call "Oleo-margarine." I cannot tell you of what it is composed, as it is imported by the ton. We sell a large quantity, and at as low a price as One-and-Three. I think if you tasted it, perhaps?

Lady Customer. Oh, no, thank you. Then you have nothing else?

Moral Butterman. Not at the price, Miss; except our celebrated "Bosh." We do know what that is made of. It is composed of beef-fat and other harmless materials, together with a sufficient amount of water.

Lady Customer. Oh, thank you! Good evening!

Moral Butterman. Then you won't try the "Bosh," Miss? We

have some first-rate Devonshire butter at two shillings, but it has nothing like the flavour of the others.

Lady Customer. I should hope not. If you can warrant it, give me half a pound, and let me go. I don't feel well.

[*Lady is served, and exit.* Moral Butterman groans, and resumes "The Christian Universe."

Curtain.

More Easily Wanted than Got.

THE following advertisement has been extensively circulated in the South of Ireland:—

TO CLERGYMEN.—WANTED, for a small Seaside Parish in the diocese of Cork, which has been vacant some months, a steady married CLERGYMAN, between forty and forty-five years of age, as Rector. Must be a Gentleman by birth, education, and manners, of high intellectual attainments, a brilliant and persuasive preacher, a sound Protestant, strictly evangelical, untinged by either High or Broad Church opinions, and, as the congregation is largely composed of Ladies, a diligent and pleasing visitor. He must possess agreeable social qualities, and be of prepossessing appearance. The stipend being small, ample private means are essential. To a Gentleman of an amiable or compliant disposition this would prove a desirable post. No one need apply in whom the foregoing qualifications are not combined.—For further particulars apply, &c., &c.

A fine illustration of demand and supply in the "open market." It shows how Disestablishment must be working to "improve the quality of the article"?

TITLE FOR W. E. G. (when he takes his Peerage).—LORD PENMAEN-MAWR.



THE AMATEUR TENOR AT HOME.

Mrs. Brown (in the midst of the lovely prelude to Gounod's "Maid of Athens," which melody Brown is practising for the Smiths' party). "WOULD YOU—GIVE BABY—ONE OF THOSE POWDER'S, JAMES, OR DO YOU—THINK A—LINSRED POULTICE WILL DO?"

A BRITISH FÊTE FOR FRANCE.

THE Members of the French Senate, and Chamber of Deputies too, have lately received a very acceptable present all round; to wit, a copy of Mr. C. HILL's prize essay, entitled *Sunday*, containing an introductory letter by that prince of living letter-writers and polemics, MR. GLADSTONE. This useful and appropriate gift was also accompanied by a letter from the donors, the President and Secretary of the Committee of the Working Men's Lord's Day Rest Association, on the part of that Society. The presentees are severally addressed as follows:—

"SIR,—Will you do the Committee of this Association the honour of accepting the accompanying little book, entitled *Sunday: its Influences on Health and National Prosperity*? The observance of the Sabbath Day has been an incalculable blessing to Great Britain, and it is the desire of the Working Men and others connected with this Association to see their brethren and sisters in France enabled, like themselves, to enjoy the Sabbath as a day of rest from labour. We regret to learn that in France and other Continental countries labour is carried on to a great extent on the Lord's Day, and we feel that if practical measures could be devised for promoting the observance of the Sabbath, and reducing the amount of

Sunday labour to that which is necessary, a great blessing would descend on the French nation."

The above appeal has elicited the most satisfactory answers. This is one of them:—

Permit me, Gentlemen, to offer you millions of thanks for your valuable tract on Sunday by the eminent HILL, in addition to one of the celebrated letters of your incomparable Protestant ex-Minister, MR. GLADSTONE.

It is admirable the zeal which, in the face of grave preoccupations, has forced you to engage your minds with the subject of Sunday; and that for others who do not think of it themselves.

One is astonished to see that British Workmen, for whom the law has made the Sunday after their six days' labour a day of repose, are not satisfied themselves to rest and be thankful, but, besides, seek to oblige people not at all sleepy to desist from enjoying that festival by passing it in their own way.

Still more amazed is one in finding that Workmen of Britain, for whom their industries might be imagined employment more than full, not only labouring out of work hours to impose inaction during Sunday upon their compatriots, but also exhorting the French Legislature to institute throughout the whole of France the British Sunday. One thinks that working tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, bricklayers, painters, plumbers, and glaziers would have quite enough to do to attend to their avocations, and busy themselves solely with their needles, awls, saws, planes, axes, chisels, hods, trowels, solder, paint, and putty. To abandon their own business for the study of our welfare is too generous.

It is your desire to see the enjoyment of the Sabbath as a day of rest from labour made compulsory on those whom you affectionately call your brothers and sisters in France. This is, indeed, a fraternal idea. It is even more fraternal than Christian fraternity. You wish your brothers and your sisters to enjoy Sunday in the English mode, and likewise to enjoy the Sabbath. Consequently, your fraternity embraces also the Jews. Do you wish us all to enjoy, in doing nothing, both the seventh day and the first?

In England you are so happy as to have no places of amusement open on Sunday but the public-houses, and those shut during hours of worship. It is your desire to close them altogether for the whole day. You would advise us also to shut up all restaurants and refreshment-rooms, and, as well, all galleries of art and science, and every museum, to say nothing of theatres; besides to prohibit all races, dancing, and each possible kind of recreation on Sabbaths and Sundays. That is how you invite us to enjoy the Sunday and the Sabbath, and by legislation to compel everybody else to do the same. We thank you profoundly for that so kind invitation, which, however, the insuperable opinions and sentiments of the French People compel us to decline.

Accept, Gentlemen, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

TOUTMONCEL.

A Sign of the Times.

PORTENTOUS display of Ritualism! Where are the comments of the *Record* and the *Rock* on this last notable sign of the times? We observe that even at the Mayor's Banquet at Birmingham, the other day, a CHAMBERLAIN was present with a CROSS!

NOTES FROM OUR WELL-INFORMED MAN.

(Public and Confidential Addresses to the Editor.)



THESE are days, Sir, in which a Journal is behind the *Times*, and behind the *Telegraph*, too, for the matter of that, if not posted up not only in the latest news, but also in such details of private intelligence, highly-spiced, pressed and condensed, of course, as may interest and delight its millions of readers, and place them in that enviable position recognised by all as "behind the scenes." As to the pleasures and charms of being "behind the scenes," that will be a subject for another letter. But as a paper is nothing without its gossip, and its scandal, allow me to be your Gossip, though heaven forbid I should be your Scandal.

I do not profess to give anything political—I may; but this is not my object. I shall not present you with "bits about our

dear BEAconsfield. No, Sir. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. The Jew is not worth the scandal, as *Gwendolen* might have said of *Daniel Deronda*. Ah! why did not GEORGE ELIOT adopt the motto I suggested to that talented Authorress:—

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le *Dan'l Deronda*."

But perhaps it wasn't good enough for her. But to business. I am Your Well-informed Man. I send this letter now on the spot, because I happen to know that you will not get one from that flighty Gentleman who goes about calling himself "Your Representative." But that I am prevented by a severe cold," as the *Ghost of Hamlet's* father said, "I could a tale unfold" about the above-mentioned Contributor, which would make your quills stand on end, like those of the fretful Porcupine.

By the way, what a voluminous writer the Porcupine ought to be, if he'd only been brought up to it. But I suppose he never got over the invention of steel pens?

I met Your Representative going off into the country with—well, that's no business of mine, of course—only if he sends you any of what he calls his *criticisms* (!!!—on my word, I can't find enough notes of exclamation—for "admiration" is not the word I want—to express my intense astonishment at his unblushing effrontery), you may take my word for it—and I'll meet him anywhere afterwards—coffee for two, and pistols for one (myself)—that he has not been to the Theatre he professes to write about. As I am the Well-informed Man, let me prove it. I will tell you what is doing everywhere, and what is going to be done. You shall be with me a privileged person behind the scenes.

Drury Lane.—MR. CHATTERTON has determined upon producing *The Critic*. The after-piece will be an *Appeal to the Public*; of course, there will be no pantomime at this house.

The VOKES Family are staying at Hawarden, and MR. GLADSTONE takes lessons in Sanskrit every morning, before breakfast, from MR. FRED VOKES. In the Afternoon the ex-Premier,—or, as he is called at Hawarden, the Axe-Premier,—goes about axing riddles and cutting jokes for dinner.

At the Adelphi and Princess's, MR. WILLS, author of *Charles, his Friend*, and other capital Farces, will do the Pantomimes. He has not yet chosen the subjects.

At the Folly.—It is whispered in my ear that MR. HENRY IRVING will appear here in a round of his favourite characters after Christmas. The roof will be heightened, and the stage-door very considerably enlarged to allow of his entrance. He is to play in one new piece adapted from the French, entitled *Coutts qui Coutts*. Great things are expected—as they always have been.

Mlle. CHAUMONT has presented Mr. E. PIGOTT, the Licensor of Plays, with a new French Dictionary as a *souvenir*. There was a private performance of *Madame attend Monsieur* at the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Office. The part of *Monsieur* by the courteous and amiable licensor.

MR. DAVID JAMES is engaged on a Volume of Sermons. He will retire from the Stage after the 3,000th night of *Our Boys*. His only objection to becoming a Clergyman is purely technical. He says he cannot believe in the success of any Establishment that admits Orders.

When I was in Dorsetshire, I heard that Temple Bar was coming down, though by what train was uncertain. Besides these gems of information, I could give you several highly interesting and equally true, about most of our Public Men, but I think the above are sufficient to prove that I am what I profess to be,

YOUR WELL-INFORMED MAN.

A DISINTERESTED COLUMN.

NOTICE TO CANDIDATES FOR MATRICULATION AT THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.—A FINAL READING up of *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877 absolutely necessary. Terms for one Pocket-Book, Half-a-Crown.

DAYLIGHT REFLECTED EVERYWHERE by the Light Literature in *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877.

HOW COLD IT HAS BEEN.—But one glance at *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877 warms the heart and shakes the sides. The most seasonable and suitable Present for Birthdays, Weddings, and all Christmas Festivities.

"WHAT AM I?"—NOTHING without *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877. "Full of thought, and well worth Half-a-Crown"

WHY GIVE MORE?—*Punch's Pocket-Book* does not cost one half-penny over Two-and-sixpence. Post free for an additional Twopence.

HOW TO RESTORE THE MUSCULAR MOVEMENT GENERALLY.—Buy *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877, and laugh like a sun-beam and dance like a bird. Only 2s. 6d.

SEVEN SHILLINGS PER TON FOR COAL reads like a misprint, but there can be no mistake about Two-and-sixpence for *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877. The cheapest thing out.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT HAIR AND WHISKERS?—All information on every subject worth knowing is to be found in *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877.

THE EASTERN QUESTION answered satisfactorily at 85, Fleet Street, E.C., by the sale of *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877. Price Two-and-sixpence. Great Reduction of the original stock within a few days, on taking a quantity.

ALL STATESMEN, Government Officials, and Diplomats use *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877.

A PERFECTLY SAFE INVESTMENT, WITHOUT RISK.—Only Half-a-Crown for *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877.

"THEY ALL DO IT!"—WHAT?—Why, buy *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE at 85, Fleet Street, with *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1877.

A Beacon for Beaconsfield.

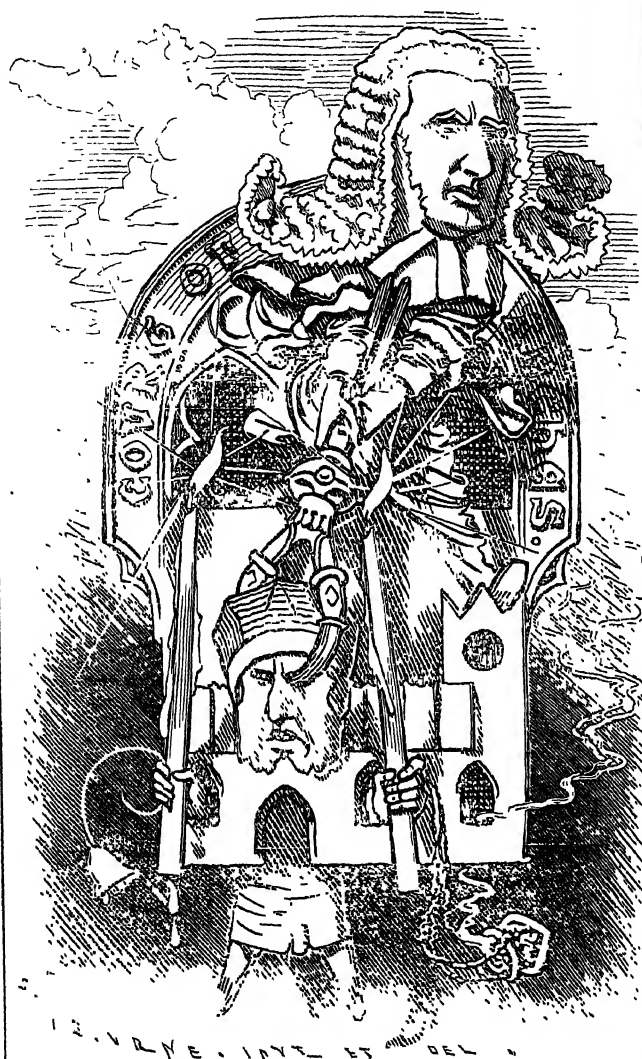
WARE your Admiralty's masters
Still incurring fresh disasters:
Ships colliding, sunk, or sinking,
Safety valves for lack of thinking
Out of order, and exploding
Boilers, ill in warfare boding;
Arctic voyage stopped by surry.
Why? No lime juice? Topsy-turvy,
Such mishaps' concatenations
Oft have turned Administrations!

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.—Motto for Lady Helps: "Learn to labour and to wait."—*Longfellow*.

A HINT FOR THE CONFERENCE.—What Ottomans were made for. To be sat upon.

LAMENTS OVER TEMPLE-BAR.—CHILDISH.

THE TOOTH THAT WON'T COME OUT.



THE REV. ARTHUR TOOTH, having been inhibited from playing *Mass* by the Court of Arches, a "large and enthusiastic meeting" of his habitual audiences was held at St. James's, Hatcham, the other evening, "to protest against" his inhibition, "and to express sympathy with him." According to the *Post* :—

"In moving the third resolution, which pledged the meeting to withhold all moral, personal, and pecuniary support from any Priest 'intruded into their parish,' MR. ROBERT TOOTH, the patron of the living, observed that the Vicar's conduct had been termed lawless, but it was not to be forgotten that, at the commencement of the proceedings, he had volunteered to submit to the Bishop's decision, provided his Lordship would try the matter in accordance with the Church's laws."

Under which Church, Bezonian, speak or die? The Church by law established, or the Church of which, in this country, the top-sawyer is CARDINAL MANNING? The former, by the decree of its highest Court, has declared MR. TOOTH to have proved himself, in playing *Mass*, an unsound Tooth, a Tooth to be stopped, a Tooth which, if stopping will not suffice, will have to come out. As to the latter, it would simply disown MR. TOOTH, and declare his pretension to play *Mass* improper, if not impious and condemnable. The least serious of those ecclesiastics whom TOOTH takes off would say that comedians go too far when they attempt *chiesa buffa*. Apparently MR. TOOTH, like other English actors in his line of business, does not know what he is about. He should learn. A Divine whose writings a few years ago caused great commotion in Exeter Hall, might teach him; for at present, evidently, this TOOTH is innocent of the theology of DENS.

BOOK-KEEPERS.—Book borrowers.

MUMBO-JUMBO'S LATEST MUFTI.

An Energetic Protest from an Alarmed Member of the Party of Order.

"The formula of our *Zeit-Geist* is Development."—C. E. APPLETON, in *Contemporary Review*.

DEVELOPMENT? Oh, yes! Our last new Dagon!
A fetish formula that I cry plague on.
Of this catch-word, that mouthed so far and wide is,
I'm sick as e'er was Greek of ARISTIDES.
I hold this vaunted key to the world's riddle

A downright diddle,
Devised by DARWIN and such imps of Babel,
To rob the world of *credos* comfortable,
And all that's fixed and stable.
There never was such aid to Revolution
As this pert theory of "Evolution;"
A sort of hocus-pocus, by whose sleight
Nothing, by slow degrees, grows everything;
And all, from mote to Seraph, made to spring
Spontaneously from Chaos and Old Night.

I love it not. I like to "draw the line."
I hold belief in boundaries, ranks, and classes.
The notion that a lump of jelly passes,
By changes none may mark they are so fine,
Into a stout Conservative County Squire,
Is one I can't admire.

A Radical may rise from an Ascidian
(He's not much better at his full meridian!)
But *Me* date back to speak of protoplasm?

It gives me quite a spasm!
Development jumbles everything. Nought's a fixture,
But all the universe a sort of mixture.
There's no clear boundary line 'twixt Ape and Angel,
According to this precious new evangel.

"All idiosyncrasies are fluent." *Are* they?
So are some idiots! Every bond and bar they
Would fain attenuate till 'tis as fine
As what they call a mathematic line;
Length without breadth or substance, which, by Jingo!
Seems a fair type of all their long-spun lingo!
(They'd like to serve my hedges so, no doubt,
But honest quickset keeps false Quixotes out.)
It's all their artful way of muddling things,
Creeds, Constitutions, Classes, Ranks, and Races;

Till none can fix their principles, or places:
A Radical conspiracy that flings
Doubts on our lineage, and throws dubious lights
On privileges and on social rights.
Cosmos! What Order could be underangeable,
With elements so vague and interchangeable?

Who's who, and which is which, in stamp or station,
In face of their confounded "Correlation"?
Development our formula? Absurd!
I hold a man's a man, a bird's a bird,
A Radical's a Radical, and a rat
Is not, and never will be, dog or cat.
Things were made so or so for weighty reasons,
And may they ne'er get muddled—like our Seasons!

Hard and fast lines are comfort and salvation
In Nature and the nation;
And, if the *Zeit-Geist* holds these doctrines hazy,
I'm sure the *Zeit-Geist* must be going crazy.

NO MORE CATTLE SHOWS!

ACCORDING to the report of a lecture lately delivered by DR. CHILDS, F.R.C.S., under the auspices of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at Tunbridge Wells, on "Vivisection, its Uselessness as well as its Unlawfulness," the Lecturer, introducing his subject, "said that nothing more was wanted to effect the total suppression of Vivisection than that the people at large should have a clear notion of what Vivisection means." Perhaps what he wished to say was merely that if people desired to effect the total suppression of Vivisection, it was necessary that they should clearly know what it meant. Now Vivisection means cutting or maiming any living thing. So, if it were totally suppressed there would be an end of butchers. As it is, we don't kill a pig every day, but then we should never kill a pig any day. Hunting, shooting, fishing, and all manner of field-sports, would be entirely prohibited, and we should become a nation of Vegetarians.

NOVELTY FOR THE BRIC-A-BRAC HUNTER.—A Railway in China.



"A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

Rustic (who had just been informed of the meaning of the "B.D." affixed to the Parson's name on the Notice). "BACHELOR O' DIVINITY! THEN THAT THERE MAN AIN'T A RIGHT MAN TO PRAICH, BY MY WAYS O' THINKING!"

Informant. "WHY NOT?"

Rustic. "'CAUSE HE CALLS HISSELF A BACHELOR! AN' I KNOWS HE'S A MARRIED MAN!"

GEOLOGICAL GENEALOGY.

JUDICIOUS MR. PUNCH, SCIENTIFIC SIR,

THE Order that I have the honour to belong to, is one wherein much account is made of Pedigree. You know what a name for high blood is borne by the descendants of the Godolphin Arabian. Of course we are all descended from coëvals of ADAM; but until lately our origin was not supposed traceable any higher. Now, however, it is referred to a prehistoric period of indefinitely remote antiquity. Geological Genealogists ascribe a long lineage indeed to the Noble Animal.

But, worthy Sir, in demonstrating our family to be as old as the hills, or at least as the rocks or strata in which are found the bones of our ancestors, some Gentlemen of Science do us a doubtful honour. PROFESSOR HUXLEY, the other day, delivered at the London Institution a lecture on "Some Recent Additions to our Knowledge of the Pedigree of" my race. They consisted in certain discoveries lately made of organic remains, imagined to warrant an induction, which the Professor, in concluding his discourse, and referring to the theory of "evolution," expressed as follows, if truly reported:—

"There was no longer any other reasonable and fair hypothesis, and it might truly be called an ascertained fact, that the various forms of the horse were all descended from a common ancestry. Just as certainly as there was a point whence the horse and bear diverged, so there must have been a common point whence all mammals diverged."

So, then, PROFESSOR HUXLEY declares it a certain truth that we Noble Animals are all remote cousins of that savage, ugly, ridiculous, climbing, plantigrade brute, the Bear. Is it so certain? How does he make it out? By showing that although, whilst the bear has five toes, we have but one, only one bone, apparently, in the fore leg to his two, and no more than forty-four teeth, he having forty-six, yet on minute examination we are found to possess, in the shape of "small splints" for toes, and an *ulna* "shrivelled to a mere thread of bone," the rudiments that make up the Bear's com-

plement of bones, and that certain of our ancestors whose relics have turned up in successive strata, exhibit these bones more completely developed. To wit, in the Pleiocene, the Pleiohippus, an animal like a horse, with differences as to teeth and bones, and the Protohippus or Hipparion, the latter having three really jointed toes; and so upwards through the Miocene beds with the Meiohippus or Anchitherium, and the Meshippus, with still more perfectly formed toes to the Eocene, the oldest bed of the Tertiary system, and therein the Orohippus with four complete toes to each fore foot; to each hind leg three. This creature, PROFESSOR HUXLEY says, is no bigger than a fox, he calls it the "Oldest Horse." Might he not rather have called it the "Oldest Pony"?

Now, *Mr. Punch*, without presuming to contradict PROFESSOR HUXLEY, allow me to ask, Do his premisses, as above quoted, clearly necessitate his conclusion? What proof is there that we are descendants of the Orohippus, indicated by some resemblance in point of toes, to be conceivably a not very distant relation to the Bear? Sir, I am ready to go at a five-barred gate or a bullfinch, with anything on two legs, and that much weight on the back of me; but one ought to be able to clear an acre of corn to match the leap which the learned Professor seems to make in jumping to conclusions like the foregoing.

Of course it was MR. DARWIN who put the idea of taking such jumps as those into PROFESSOR HUXLEY's head; but who put it into MR. DARWIN's? I don't know, *Mr. Punch*. I don't pretend to be wise enough to say; but I cannot help suspecting that it was some very profound Philosopher in the University of Laputa.

Believe me, dear Sir, your ever faithful and
Affectionate Friend and Servant,
HOUGHENNM.

P.S.—Geology will, perhaps, by-and-by reveal a so-called horse even older and smaller than the Orohippus, not so big as a Fox, being no bigger than a Rat, and nearer still akin to the Bears and the Sloths, to be called, possibly, the Microtherium, and supposed to have done duty for the Horse in Prehistoric Lilliput.



RAIN! RAIN!

COMBINATION OF SOU'-WESTER AND EEL-TRAP. (SUGGESTION FOR A WATER-TIGHT DRESS.)

THE ARCTIC PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

"Tuesday, Dec. 5th. The LORD MAYOR entertained the crews of H.M.'s ships *Alert* and *Discovery* . . .
"JOHN BUNYAN, of the *Discovery*, entertained the company with a song."—*Vide Newspaper Reports*.

Now Mr. Punch heard in his dream that this was the song JOHN BUNYAN sang:—

Oh, Christians all, both great and small,
To cheer you o'er the bowl,
I'll sing the Pilgrims' Progress made
Towards the Northern Pole.
Where bears forbear to make their lair,
And knots are not on wing,
Sloughs of Despond were struggled through,
With sledges in the Spring,
Across the sea of ancient ice,
As far as we could go,
O'er Mountains not Delectable,
Of hummock, berg, and floe!
Oft shifting ice as in a vice
Had our good ships held fast,
But Great-Heart NARES unshrinking dares
The crow's-nest and the blast.
From ice-sea's rim the Giant Grim
Forced us to axe our way,
But Giant Despair was fain to swear,
We kept him still at bay:
Both tried their best to baulk our quest,
Both we were game to lick,
And when at length they broke our strength,
'Twas by a scurvy trick.
We fought the cold as *Christian* bold
Apollyon did fight.
But vain to strive, we could not drive
Our Ice-Fiend into flight.
Then fill the cup! Take, others, up
The task we leave undone:
There's not a Salt will call a halt
When honour's to be won.
The Hill of Difficulty, still,
While stout hearts choose for goal,
His Pilgrim's Progress to fulfil,
JOHN BULL must reach the Pole!

"Chair!"

LADIES, gentle Ladies, please to look at this:—

"In Manchester an influential movement has arisen for providing seats for shopwomen, during their long hours of service at the counter."

Surely, Ladies, you will wish this movement all success. This, now the standing rule at shops where Ladies mostly congregate—an evil of long standing—should be remedied forthwith. "They also serve," says MILTON, "who only stand and wait." But, when serving at the counter, a girl may wait upon her customers without the need of standing all day long; and what fatigue she suffers from this "only standing," they only who have stood it can tell.

WRONG IN TOTO.

WHERE will it stop if such a precedent is admitted? We are told that MADAME CHAUMONT herself called on the Censor of Plays, and persuaded him to license the pieces she has lately so charmed us all in performing. We can hear her saying, with that irresistible smile, and that suggestive shrug of the shoulders, which we know and like so well, "*Voyons, mon petit chou! Sois raisonnable! Fais-moi cette petite concession! Pas moyen de me la refuser. Hein?*" And of course the merely human Licensor yields, as we should all yield in his place.

But if this conduct should be catching? If every time a piece was likely to be refused a licence, the Actor or Actress most concerned were to seek a personal interview with the licensor, what a life that unfortunate official would lead!

Suppose MISS E. FARREN were to rush off to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and, popping her head in at the door, were to say, with a wink—

"Look here, Old Man! If you don't let me play that farce, I'll strike you with a feather! I must have that line in, or I'll stab you with a Wose!" And then, with a hop, step, and jump, perch herself on the back of a chair, and inquire after the health of the Governor—meaning the MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.

Or, imagine MR. FRED VOKES, dissatisfied with the cuts made in the next Christmas Pantomime, coming head-first through the window in Palace Yard, and throwing his leg over the Censor's astonished head, windmill-wise, until the lines were restored!

Then, again, MR. DAVID JAMES might repair to MR. PIGOTT's private residence, and, sticking a knife into the "*Dosset*"— But no; MR. DAVID JAMES will never require another licence. Has he not sworn that succeeding generations shall take their boys to see *Our Boys* till the end of the century?

Another day, MR. TOOLE might take it into his amusing noddle to proceed, in a Hansom, to St. John's Wood, and, bearding MR. PIGOTT in his lair, might thus address him:—

"Look here, my dear boy! You're a licensed a good deal, and still—still I am not happy. I'll trouble you—excuse my taking off my glove!—I'll trouble you to put those lines back where you took 'em from! And don't try it on again—no before this Boy! What says the young OBADIAH? PIGOTT, my boy, you are on!"

Such licence on the part of the Profession would be inexcusable. But we feel sure the present Censor knows how to keep the Stage in order, without reducing himself to the necessity of maintaining a state of siege alike of his premises and his principles.

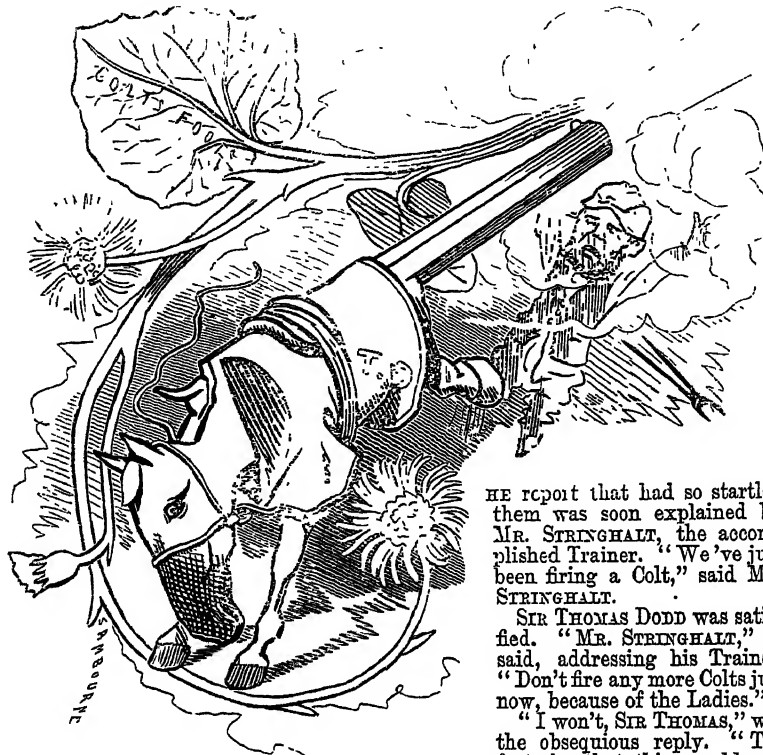
WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.—"The Jeddington Dodd Lot."



HE report that had so startled them was soon explained by MR. STRINGHALT, the accomplished Trainer. "We've just been firing a Colt," said MR. STRINGHALT.

SIR THOMAS DODD was satisfied. "MR. STRINGHALT," he said, addressing his Trainer, "Don't fire any more Colts just now, because of the Ladies."

"I won't, SIR THOMAS," was the obsequious reply. "The fact is, that this would not have happened, only the fet-

lock caught in something, snapped, and the Colt went off of its own accord."

"Oh, do let us go all over the Stables!" exclaimed LADY DI BRITTELEIGH, rapturously.

"Oh, let's!" exclaimed MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, not to be outdone by her brilliant rival.

"How happy could I be with either!" murmured SIR THOMAS, as he bent his left eye on LADY DI, at the same time turning his right full on the attractive MRS. AZAMYLE.

The HONBLE. PULLMAN CARR frowned, and pinched COUNT FARRAGO's arm, who, not to be behindhand, retaliated with a kick.

The Jeddington training-stables were a marvel of neatness. They were most conveniently situated between the house and the race-course, where SIR THOMAS had won so many Derbys.

The Trainer beckoned to an elegant young man, who was lounging in a Japanese arm-chair, in dressing-gown and slippers, inhaling one of the choicest bandannas that money could procure. By his expansive shirt-front of the purest white, which formed an admirable setting for his large diamond studs, anyone could immediately tell what capacity their wearer filled in these Stables. Evidently he was the Stud Groom.

With an easy bow he advanced, and proffered his services as *cicerone* to the party.

It was a thoroughly sporting scene, as MR. WILLIAM BUTTON (the Stud Groom) pointed out. In one corner there was a fine Dorking Hen laying the odds. In another, a sleek-coated Race-Horse was backing himself against a wall. A dead Mouse lay in the middle of the yard, and a fast-trotting Cob was walking over the course. The temperature was perfect, and the thermometer registered a dead heat.

MR. STRINGHALT's family of ten children—all of them of such a decided Japanese type as to have won them the name of "the Flat Race"—lived over the Stables, and the butcher, who had just arrived, was carrying in the Nursery Steaks; while MRS. STRINGHALT, a cheery, elderly woman, was putting the pot on. Just outside, where the garden joined the yard, the gardeners were busily engaged in hedging, and MR. STRINGHALT's eldest boy was trying to train a horse-chestnut over a low fence; while the second was watching a caterpillar on a mulberry leaf, and asking his brother, "Will it spin, OBADIAH? will it spin?"

"Now," said MR. WILLIAM BUTTON (who was as proud of the horses under his care as a grandmother of her youngest grandchild), "I will show you our Derby pets. First of all, you shall see our Twentybob Mare."

He led the way towards the Pound.

"Twentybob in the Pound," said the Stud Groom, admiringly. "And you won't get more change out of any horse than that."

Everyone admired her massive ribs, her short, curved back, and her long silver tail.

"A little slipped in the forehead," observed the HONBLE. PULLMAN CARR, quietly.

"You know, Sir, where the fault lies," returned the Stud Groom, who had some respect for the HONBLE. P.'s opinion.

And they walked on towards that peculiar building which, in all training stables, is called the Mansion House. Here they naturally expected to see the Mare. They were not disappointed.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed both Ladies, pressing SIR THOMAS's arm.

It was indeed a sight to rejoice the heart of any true lover of Sport.

They were looking at a splendid Mare lying in a soft, downy Mare's Nest. She was absorbed in profound thought, brooding over her lot. "She can't help it," the Stud Groom observed. "She belongs to the genuine stock of Brood Mares, and they all do it."

Suddenly a twittering carol of birds broke on their ears. The Ladies looked about amazed. There were no feathered songsters visible.

The Stud Groom smiled. "It's the Thrushes the Mare's always got. They sing on a fine summer morning like this," the Trainer, who had now joined the party, explained.

MR. STRINGHALT, the Trainer, might have added that he encouraged music in his stables. Outside, a quintette of Grooms might have been observed with their pipes, taking their time and their tune from the Chief Ostler, who was giving it them with his pitchfork; while each horse lazily leaned back in his stall, listening to the melody, and some few put their heads out of their private boxes, and either nodded affirmatively, or said "Neigh" distinctly.

"Look here!" said the Trainer, drawing their attention to an animal in a box. "Here's one of our Derby pets. This is the *Invisible Prince*, out of *Sight*, by *Jingo*."

She was a beautiful bit of skin was this brood-fal. Her legs were long and sinewy, with a good round, firm, swelling knee, well curved outwards—a sign that there was no bend sinister in her pedigree. Her left hock was still, her right hock was sparkling, just the sort you'd expect in a winner of a Champagne cup. Her shoulders drooped a little, giving the notion of extraordinary force and great staying power. This was the one point that SIR THOMAS went for with all his might and main. By the provisions of the will he was compelled not only to *lose*, but to come in absolutely last of all, for three Derbys in succession. Hitherto all his horses *would* win. If he could but find *one* mare with sufficient staying power to stay behind all the others, his estates were secure to him for the rest of his life. Therefore, on the *Invisible Prince* all SIR THOMAS DODD's hopes were centred.

LADY DI could not restrain her admiration.

"She has a tail of which a rat might be proud," she cried, enthusiastically.

"She's right in the mane," chimed in MRS. AZAMYLE.

* From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—We (speaking editorially) feel bound to ask you a few questions. We do not profess to be sporting, but haven't you slightly over-coloured the picture of the Stud Groom and the Training Stables?

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—Not a bit. Haven't I said "they were a marvel of neatness"? This carefully-chosen expression fore-stalls (as we used to say at Doncaster when I kept four race-horses in as many stalls) all objections. Depend upon me, my friend, for my sketches are from life. *Nil dubitandum*. Did you ever drive a tandem, by the way? If so, you would understand my motto, "*Nil dubitandum, nil desperandum*," i. e., "When driving an uncertain team in a tandem (old style of spelling), don't go at random."—Yours ever, J. S.

P.S.—Come down, and see us. By the way, just for sport look in at Billingsgate Market, and bring down a Bag Fox with you. No difficulty in train. Tip the Guard, and he'll let you put him under the seat. A leather carpet-bag will carry him as well as anything, and not attract attention.

"A more perfect nose I never saw," said the HONBLE. PULLMAN.
"Il naso Romano," cried the delighted COUNT FERRAGO, as good a judge of horseflesh as ever crossed the Pyrenees.

"And something of the Hebraic in it," added SIR THOMAS; "or, I should say, more correctly, of the Royal Judaic type, which, in this peculiar breed, has long been the distinguishing mark of the old Clothes' Horse."

"The Baron would be glad to welcome him in his Stables," murmured the HONBLE. PULLMAN, as he patted the animal's proboscis.

"We have another Derby mare," observed MR. WILLIAM BUTTON, carelessly. "She is named *Moka*, by *Sawney Beanie*, out of *Chicory*; at least, that is how I have entered her in the Registry. She is handsomely marked, you'll observe," he added, as he opened a small lattice in order to allow the visitors to get a peep at the animal in question. "She has the true length and delicate acuteness of ear, and the two dark stripes on the shoulders, which are the genuine signs of great staying and much enduring power. Should *Invisible Prince* fail, it is quite on the cards for *Moka* to lose a Derby for us. I have taken her in hand myself," added MR. BUTTON, with some pride. He had originally been in a *Cirque*, and it would have taken a clever quadruped to show him in a quarter of an hour more tricks than he could teach any one of them in five minutes.

The stable-gates were thrown open, and a young lady drove in. She was radiant as the morning, and wore a Gainsborough hat of magnificent dimensions.

"Gussy Gandar!" exclaimed SIR THOMAS, and in another minute they were locked in each other's arms, while the rest of the party were considerably shut up. When they were unlocked, MISS Gussy and SIR THOMAS went up to the House, skipping like a young heir and heiress in March, quite oblivious of the party they had left behind in the stable.

"*Andiamo!*" said COUNT FARRAGO, shrugging his shoulders. "*Cospetto! Il Bacio! Corpo di Baccy!*" And the good-natured foreigner lit a cigar, and strolled in the direction of Newmarket.

MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE seized the HONBLE. PULLMAN CARR by the right arm, LADY DI grasped him by the left.

"He must not marry her!" they both hissed in his ears. For a time jealousy of a common object had united the rivals. But Gussy was no common object. The HONBLE. PULLMAN CARR felt this strongly.

"I must have the estate, and SIR TOMMY DODD must win three Derbys in succession. Whatever happens, the *Invisible Prince* must not come in last. Yet, with such legs, and such a marvellous staying power, how can it be prevented? The question is, who will be put up to ride? and can I get at him? Who will it be?"

"I!" said a low, distinct voice, issuing from a dark corner.

The Ladies started to their feet. They had been previously on their knees, imploring the HONBLE. PULLMAN.

A tall man, far over the average height, and burly in proportion, weighing thirty stone if he weighed a pound, stood before them. He was dressed in full jockey costume, including armour-plates, which, owing to the provisions of the will necessitating weight carrying to any amount, constituted the *de rigueur* racing attire of a Tommy Dodd Boy.

"Who are you?" asked the HONBLE. PULLMAN.

"My name is CAVANSON," answered the warrior-like figure, "and I am the Dumb Jockey* of Jeddington."

The Ladies screamed, for at that moment they caught sight of a brilliant pair of keen, eager eyes watching them through the stone wall. To clear this at a bound was, with the HONBLE. PULLMAN, the work of a moment.

(To be continued.)

* I am far from wishing to interfere with the story, but how could it be the Dumb Jockey when he is made to speak? You'll excuse the question, I know. I am but anticipating an objection on the part of the readers. Yours ever, THE EDITOR.

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—My dear Sir, this is part of the plot. What interest could possibly be felt in a dumb Jockey who *didn't* speak? Why, the curiosity must be roused by the fact of the Dumb Jockey speaking! "How did he do it?" "Why did he do it?" "Was he really dumb?" Don't you see? That's the way we do the trick! When are you coming down to my little place in Hampshire? The Ladies are dying to meet you. Yours, J. S.

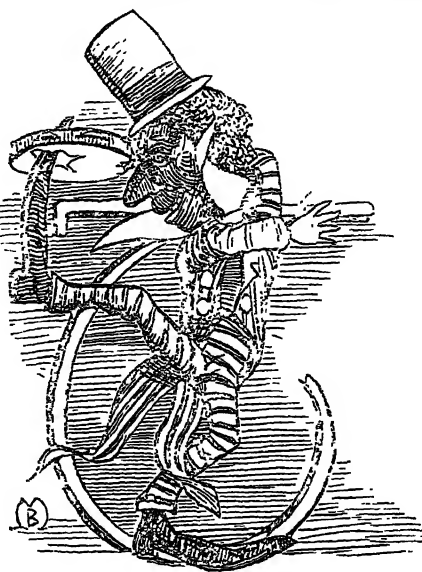
The Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—I'm ready. But you've again forgotten to put in your address.—ED.

A RARE PRINT.

THE one that frightened *Robinson Crusoe*. There was only one impression of it.

BEST WEAPON FOR KILLING TIME.—The Minute-Gun.

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS.



THE presence of a popular singer (whose appearances are a little uncertain) was, a short time since, announced in a certain provincial town by placards bearing the inscription, "MR. So - AND - So has arrived." Should this idea be developed, we may hope to see a column in the country papers devoted to a series of announcements, framed after the following fashion:—

(By Telegraph from Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON, 10 A.M.

SIGNOR TOMPKINI, the celebrated *basso-profondo*, has just reached the station in a Hansom-cab. He is now engaged in securing a first-class ticket for Jewsborough-on-the-Sea. He is expected (by the porter in charge of his railway rugs and hat-box) to travel down to Jewsborough-on-the-Sea in a smoking compartment.

LONDON, 10.10 A.M.

SIGNOR TOMPKINI has just started. He called for a newspaper, and his voice seemed to be in excellent order. The porter was right. The celebrated Singer is travelling in a smoking-compartment.

MUDBOROUGH STATION, 11 A.M.

The train containing SIGNOR TOMPKINI has just arrived here. He has asked the guard at what time the train is expected to reach Jewsborough-on-the-Sea. He seems to be in excellent voice. He is smoking a Manilla-cheroot. A medical man has just informed me that he has seen the celebrated Singer (through the carriage window), and thinks it highly probable that he will be able to keep his engagement at the Concert to-night. Train started.

CLAYSHAM-ON-THE-NOOZE, 12 NOON.

The London train has come in. SIGNOR TOMPKINI has just left it to get a sandwich. He asked for a glass of sherry. His "Upper G" seems to be as fresh as ever. Some anxiety was felt lest he should change his mind, and return to town by the next train. Now, happily, all doubts are set at rest. He has returned to his smoking-compartment, and has lighted a cigarette.

WALKANTALKINGTON STATION, 1 P.M.

Amidst great excitement the Tompkins Train has arrived at the platform. The celebrated Singer is still in his carriage. He has been heard by a fellow-passenger in the next compartment (listening through the communication-window), to sing a few bars of "*Tommy Make Room for Your Uncle*." He is said to be in excellent voice. From this point two detectives will accompany him on his progress. They will travel in the next carriage (a second-class one) to that occupied by the Signor.

CHAWD JUNCTION, 2 P.M.

The train has arrived. SIGNOR TOMPKINI has not as yet escaped. The guard has been bribed to look him in. The celebrated Singer, finding he could not open the door, called to the station-master for assistance. He seemed to be in excellent voice—his "Lower A" being most impressive. Great anxiety was felt lest he should escape to Bangerville on the other line. However, all is well. The train has started with the Signor. The detectives (who consider their present task one of the most difficult ever confided to their care), are in good spirits. They seem to be confident of success.

JEWSBOROUGH-ON-THE-SEA, 3 P.M.

Glorious news! The Signor has just arrived, and has put up at the Royal Hotel. Unless he changes his mind at the last moment, there is every reason to believe that he will positively sing this evening.

NEW NATIONAL SONG (by the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*).—
"Britons never will be Slaves."



POLITE SELF-ABNEGATION.

My Lady (anxious to get home). "SHALL WE TURN TO THE RIGHT, THOMAS, OR GO STRAIGHT ON?"

Thomas (the new Boy, much flattered at having his taste consulted). "LOR', MY LADY, IT DON'T MAKE NO ODDS TO ME!"

OUR HOME CONFERENCE.

(Friday, Dec. 8.)

PRIESTS, professors, poets, painters, politicians—all save fools—
Why leave your desks and easels, church or chapel pulpits, schools?
What are you to the Eastern Question—what that Question unto
you—

That *you* must have your Conference, and make all this ado?

Have you no fear of morning *douche*, or evening shower-bath chill,
From Jupiter Junior's mud-squirt, or the *Pail Mall's* keener quill?
No dread of club-room quizzing, or Society's slow sneer,
That in protest against Moslem rule you dare to muster here?

Don't you know the Turk's a gentleman, the Slav a scurvy knave?
That Islam takes French polish, and can learn how to behave?
That high policy's above you, who boast not DIZZY's head?
That you are but fools rushing in where DERBY'S fear to tread?

Are you not afraid of cutting Old Mother England's throat?
Of binding poor Bulgaria to row in Poland's boat?
Of becoming joint-executors of the CZAR PETER's will,
And setting up the Russian Bear Stamboul's high seat to fill?

You don't believe in policy too high for you to read?
One kind of Bear you do not fear—that of the Bugbear breed?
You don't think Russia fool enough on Stamboul to lay paw,
Because to do so were to run his head? the Lion's maw?

It is by way of buffer 'twixt the Turkeys and the Bear,
You would build up a people from the down-trod Slavs out there?
Those that Derby-Dizzy Policy to the Bear's hug has driven
You'd bless with friends who show a past with less to be forgiven?

You're sick of Turkish fetiches—Turk's promises to pay;
Debtors, who for reforms or bonds still seek a longer day?
You believe in Turkish programmes as in flakes of snow that fall?
Better Russian force—if Russian it must be—than none at all?

You don't believe in ELLIOTT—believer in the Turk?
You *do* believe in SALISBURY—if free his will to work?

You want to let LORD DERBY know what his "employers" feel,
And to convince the Turk he must not count on England's steel?

You want to give the Conference at Stamboul a good lead?
You wish the Northern Emperors—yea Bear and all—good speed?
Such common wish, and common cause, your various sections links?
I see—'tis BULL 'gainst BEACONSFIELD—'tis Lion against Sphinx!

HAMPERS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Furnished by our Dismal Contributors.

THE knowledge that all your tradesmen will send in their little
accounts, and request payment for the same.

The feeling that quarter-day means a cheque for the rent and
taxes.

The certainty that for at least a month (during the Christmas
vacation), your sanctum will be invaded at all hours of the day by
well-meaning, but boisterous children.

The consciousness that Turkey and Roast Beef *plus* Plum Pudding
and Mince Pies never agree with you.

The awkwardness of having to take part in a family party in
which some of your relations are not on terms of cordial friendship
with the rest.

The bother of having to attend your family on frequent visits to
the various West-End Pantomimes.

The trouble of having to entertain, and be entertained.

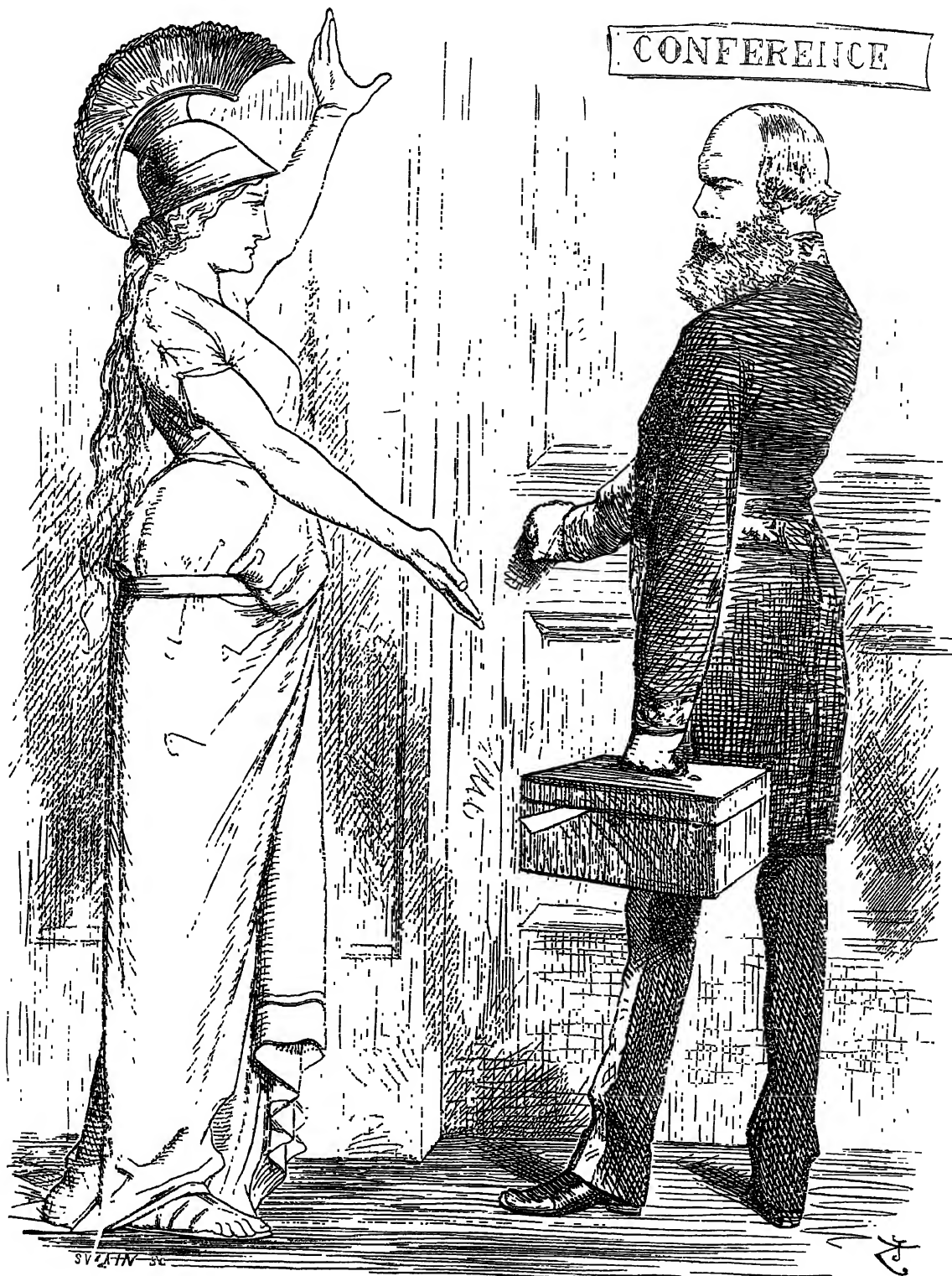
The labour of making up your books for the past year, and seeing
your way into the next.

The worry of easing your conscience by forgiving old scores, and
setting wrong things right.

The pain of receiving applications from poor relations, making
requests with which it is impossible to comply.

The nuisance of having to make merry when you feel inclined to
wear sack-cloth and ashes in preference to any other more cheerful
costume.

And last, the almost unbearable infliction of having to make
believe that you consider Christmas a joyous time when you know it
to be the most melancholy season in the whole year.



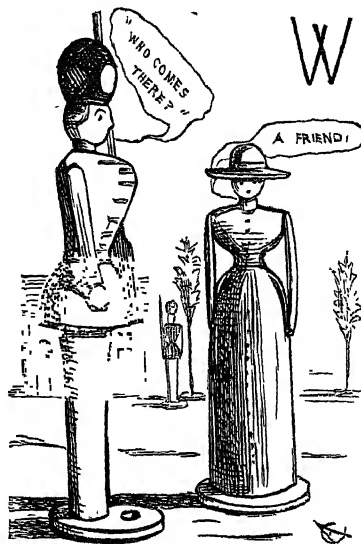
AT THE DOOR.

"LIFT UP THY BROW, RENOWNED SALISBURY,
AND WITH A GREAT HEART HEAVE AWAY THIS STORM."

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, Act V., Sc. 2.

MR. PUNCH'S GUIDE TO THE ARMY.

SECTION VIII. AND LAST.—CONCERNING PALL MALL.



WHEN Mr. Punch met his pupils in the ante-room, the face of the sage was sad. "My friends," said he, "the moment has arrived when we must part. I have shown you during the course of these lectures how to enter the Army, and how to behave in it when honoured with a place in the *Army List*. And surely that is enough. COLONEL CHARLES of the Royal East Mudborough Militia, stealthily brushed away a tear, ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, blew his nose with unusual energy, and even LIEUTENANT AND CAPTAIN GEORGE of the Grenadiers (Green) was affected. As for little SIR FRANK GEEGEE, K. C. B., he whined in the most dismal manner possible.

"Why leave off?" asked the four pupils together. "Because, my friends," replied Mr. Punch, "a Guide to the Army appearing in the leading English paper (for my lectures are reported in the *London Charivari*), might be considered at such a time as this, as threatening to the peace of Europe. Foreigners might imagine that we were going to arm in earnest." "You are quite right," returned COLONEL CHARLES. "I had given permission to the Band of the Royal East Mudborough Militia to play at an amateur performance. The permission shall be withdrawn. We cannot be too careful in avoiding the chance of an imputation of making demonstrations in force."

And then for the last time Mr. Punch addressed his pupils as the Teacher of the Army.

Part I. The Horse Guards. The Executive of the Army is to be found in a number of houses in Pall Mall. The houses opposite the Rag and Junior Carlton belong to the War Office and the Horse Guards. A small building in St. James's Square is quite large enough to contain the Intelligence Department of the Service. The War Office, like an official Octopus, has branches in the neighbourhood of Spring Gardens, but these branches are not of much importance. The two great Establishments of the Executive are the Horse Guards and the War Office.

The Horse Guards is called, at the present moment, the Horse Guards, because it has nothing whatever to do with the Horse Guards. It is supposed that the name was originally given to the Department because a former Commander-in-Chief swore until everything was "Blue." This must have been very many years ago, because no modern Commander-in-Chief has been known to use any stronger expression than "oh dear me!" and this only at times of great excitement.

The mission of the Horse Guards is to quarrel with the War Office. Although next-door neighbours, every kind of moral impediment is placed as a barrier in the dark passage which leads from the one to the other. The War Office has not always been able to maintain the reputation of being Civil. The Horse Guards has never been anything but Military. Two immense Grenadiers are crammed under a portico at the entrance, and the hall looks more like a Guard-room than a Government Office. The Messengers are Soldiers, and the Chiefs of the Departments are Soldiers, too. Scarlet meets you on every side, and appropriately the work of the Horse Guards consists chiefly of Red Tape.

The Commander-in-Chief has many duties. It is he who decides upon the adoption of a new button—of course, after obtaining the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. It is he who arranges about the Peace Campaigns of the Forces—of course, after obtaining the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. In fact, it is he who commands the Army—of course, after obtaining the sanction of the Secretary of State for War. From this it will be seen that the Commander-in-Chief (or, to be more exact, the Officer Commanding-in-Chief) is an Independent Official of the very last importance. And yet at times ill-feeling is said to exist between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War. If the Soldier claims the authority, the Civilian holds the money; if "the DUKE" wants this done, "MR. SO-AND-SO" would be delighted to oblige him if the Nation would only afford the expense.

Under these circumstances certain rude people have suggested that the Horse Guards in its present condition is not quite so useful an Institution of the Country as it might be made to be.

Part II. The War Office.—The War Office is quite a different place. A solitary Sentinel guards the roomy court-yard. The hall is full of obliging Messengers of the homely type—portly, grey-haired, and intensely unmilitary. The waiting-room is decorated with an old Picture of the Judgment of Solomon, some spirited Lithographs of Provincial Hotels, a List of Newspapers, a Book from a House Agent, and the Programme of the Royal Polytechnic Institution. It is in this cheery, unconventional apartment that Deputations are collected together, and hard-worked Clerks have little chats with their friends on "private business." If you wish to see MR. TENTERFOUR, a Boy carries up your name on a slip of paper to the proper Department, and, owing to the intelligence and activity of the youthful MERCURIES, you are kept in suspense for the appearance of the genial TENTERFOUR seldom less than ten minutes and sometimes more than two hours. And is not this as it should be? Is not the apartment a waiting-room?

The War Office delights in Forms for the transmission of business. Scarcely an *Army List* is published that does not contain at least half-a-dozen Forms to be filled in and signed by one Officer and countersigned by another. Mr. Punch, always anxious to be practical, begs to submit to Officers of the Army the most useful Form of all. If an Officer is a good fellow, and has been up to Town, he is sure to have met a Man in the War Office. Of this Man he should make a Friend, and, once having secured him as a Friend, he can use the following document as occasion may require:—

FORM FOR OBTAINING AN EXCHANGE, GETTING SPECIAL LEAVE, AND OTHER FAVOURS.

MY DEAR OLD MAN,

You are such an awfully kind old Fellow, that I don't mind bothering you a bit. Although I admit it is a little rough upon you to be always asking you to be doing something or other. But the fact is, I want—[Here insert what you want.] I am sure you will get it managed for me if you can. If you see BILLY, give him my love.

F. R. O. M. TENTERFOUR, Esq.

Mine ever,

TOMMY D'ATKINS.

If this does not get you what you need, all Mr. Punch can say is, that he knows very little of the kind-heartedness of those most obliging and most hard-working of Officials—the Clerks at the War Office.

CONVERSATION ON SECTION VIII.

Ensign Eugene. My dear Mr. Punch, before you go, cannot you tell us something about foreign Armies?

Mr. Punch. My dear ENSIGN EUGENE, of the Volunteers, I made up my mind only to deal with our own Forces. But, to oblige you, I can hint that the Russians have several million Soldiers; but of these several millions only a few hundred thousands really exist. The rest are merely efficient—on paper.

Colonel Charles. The German *Landwehr* is a sort of Militia, is it not?

Mr. Punch. Yes, my dear Colonel. PRINCE VON BISMARCK has recently declared that peace between England and Germany has been the tradition for centuries. Under these circumstances it is highly improbable that the English Militia will ever meet the German Militia in deadly combat. This will, of course, be very lucky for—the weaker Militia.

Lieutenant and Captain George.—And what, Sir, is the strength of the British Army?

Mr. Punch. My good Friend, I will answer your question, and bring my lectures to a conclusion, with the assertion that the strength of the British Army may be summed up in the words, "unlimited pluck."

Impromptu by Sir Wilfrid.

"One teetotaller, ADAM AYLES, was as fine a fellow as ever stepped, and he kept on his legs manfully to the last."—CAPTAIN SIR GEORGE NABES, at the Portsmouth Arctic Entertainment, November 30.

A HEALTH to gallant ADAM AYLES,
Who o'er the toppers still prevails,
From scurvy safe, and Arctic gales,
Through drinking only Adam's Ales!

PROVERB FOR DIPLOMATISTS.

"Bis mark qui citò mark."—"He makes his mark twice, who makes it quickly."

BEST FOUR IN HAND.—Honours at Whist.



"HAPPY THOUGHT."

Little Funnyman. "GOING TO THE BLOKERS'S FANCY BALL, FRED?"

Fred. "YAS. BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT CHARACTER TO—"

Little Funnyman. "CHALK YOUR HEAD, AND GO AS A CUE!"

ON A LATE "EARLY BIRD."

THERE lived a man of such an active mind
That, ere the lark had mounted on the wind,
Or night had fled,
He made a point—when not by pain deterred—
Of being up before most folks had stirred,
And out of bed.

And, ere the Winter's or the Summer's sun
Had o'er the wakening hemisphere begun
Its labour splendid,
The twilight, as it slowly stole away,
Saw this man's labour, every working day,
Begun—and ended.

And so intent to catch the "early worm,"—
'Twas not according to proverbial term,—
He ever sought it:—
But leaving others to the morning light,
He stayed out all the weary hours of night,
And always "caught it."

And yet when Time relentlessly had shown
(What so much earlier he might have known)
The pace was killing,
This active man achieved a thankless end,
And, dying, died without a single friend—
Without a shilling!

Suggestion for an Annual Boat-Race.

"THE EPISCOPAL FOURS."—Course—from Fulham to Lambeth. Umpires—the Archbishops. Starter—the BISHOP OF LONDON. The last crew in the race to sit as Episcopal Assessors for the year in the Final Court of Appeal for Ecclesiastical Causes. (N.B.—It is hoped that they may thus learn the art of "pulling together.")

NATURAL NOMENCLATURE.

It is said that, owing to the expense of keeping their large crocodile, the Aquarium Directors propose (with the PRINCE OF WALES'S permission) to change its name to *La-bouche-chère*.

How many Feet are there in a Dock-yard?
Twice as many as there are Hands.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He addresses the Editor, and has something to say about a revival at the Court Theatre.)

SIR,

I WILL make no comment on the statement about myself in the letter from your "Well-informed Man" (!) which appeared in your pages last week. There will be a settlement in *future* for that *as in present*. I will come to Hecuba at once. What I have to say, if you will allow me to say it, is of more general importance, at least to that section of the "Theatre-going public," which delights in showing its appreciation of a good English Comedy, correctly "mounted," and intelligently played throughout. Such an opportunity has been recently afforded to all interested in the well-being of true Dramatic Art by the revival—in these days of Revivalism—of *New Men and Old Acres* at the Court Theatre. Let me parenthetically remark that I fail to see why the fact of MR. DUBOURG'S collaborateur in this play being "one of Ours" should preclude Your Regular Representative from bestowing on this play, in this journal, that attention which it certainly would have otherwise received, had its authors' names been the BROTHERS ROWE, or MESSRS. HOOK AND CROOK, or anything else instead of MESSRS. TAYLOR AND DUBOURG. I think the occasion demands it, for the play itself is a lesson in the art of comedy-writing to those who err, either through an unreasoning admiration of the school of French Modern Comedy, or through an over-estimation of what may be termed the "Robertsonian Style," as once seen, in its perfection, at the Prince of Wales's. Not having seen *New Men and Old Acres* when first produced at the Haymarket, the play is, to me, a novelty. This, however, affects the actors, not the play. First, it has a very simple but thoroughly interesting plot, clearly and intelligently told through the media of good dramatic situations, always natural, never forced, and of solid, nervous English dialogue, which, if it seldom flashes with epigrammatic brilliancy, possesses at least the rare merit of being invariably in keeping with the individuality of the person who utters

it, while never once sinking to the level of commonplace, it is not at any time either tedious or uninteresting.

The right people say the right things at the right moment, and, though there is scarcely what is too often now-a-days considered as a "pointed line"—meaning a line that pricks and pains—in the Play, yet every line is to the point. To any one who has seen *Our Boys*, it will be evident how easily the part of the *parvenu*, Bunter, unable to manage his aspirates (like MR. BYRON'S *Butterman*—and full of pious sentiments—like *Aminadab Sleek*, in *The Serious Family*), might have been exalted into undue prominence for the sake of "getting laughs" in the cheapest manner possible at the expense of the more serious interest of the Play, that is, to the ruin of the Comedy. The Bunter family might have been made to draw the Town, but *New Men and Old Acres* would then have been a Three-Act Farce. It seems to me that the *collaborateurs* are entitled to great praise for their firmness in resisting what must, at some time or other, have presented itself as a most alluring temptation; secondly, the two contrasted love-scenes in the Second Act are admirable. Here is no straining after the "idyllic," no hard-working efforts at pumping up buckets full of sentiment, no despairing struggle, as we meet with in ROBERTSON'S imitators, to win the languidly gushing "Quite-too-charming-and-oh-so-nice-don't-you-know" sort of praise from the affected babblers of the Effeminate Admiration Society. From beginning to end the Comedy is an honest Comedy, purely English, and Englishly pure, free from all suspicion of offence.

It may be hypercritical to point out a speck, but that the livery-servant at the Bunter's should be called "Montmorency" does seem to Your Representative a slip of the *collaborateurs'* pen, like DICKENS'S page-boy, Augustus, who "had plain BILL stamped on every line of his countenance." The livery-servant, *Montmorency*, would have been perfectly in keeping with one of MR. TOOLE'S Farces, and, therefore, is quite out of place in *New Men and Old Acres*.

With MISS ELLEN TERRY not a fault is to be found. *Lilian* is the best thing, far and away, that she has yet done. She has an



YOUNG, BUT PRACTICAL.

"WHAT! HARRY! NOT IN BED YET, AND IT'S NINE O'CLOCK! WHAT WILL PAPA SAY WHEN HE COMES HOME?"

"OH, PAPA! HE'LL SAY, 'SUPPER! SUPPER! WHAT'S FOR SUPPER!'"

opportunity of showing her rare command of the lighter and graver notes of emotion. She is as true in the one as the other. Nor do I think too great praise can be awarded to MRS. GASTON MURRAY for her performance of *Lady Matilda*, the presiding genius of the family, the far-seeing fashionable mother with a daughter to marry. The Authors have placed her in sharp contrast with the vulgarian *Mrs. Bunter*; but there would have been great inducement for a less conscientious artist to lose sight of the contrast, and to have established a rivalry. A very little exaggeration and the part would have degenerated into a mere colourless repetition of the hackneyed stage type of the scheming mother and over-bearing wife, which found its place in ROBERTSON'S *Society* in the person of *Lady Ptarmigan*, mated to that impossible aristocratic dormouse, which in MR. HARE'S hands was one of the "hits" of that amusing and excellent after-piece, the first of the great successes, in the early days of MR. and MRS. BANCROFT'S reign.

By the way, I should imagine that the part of *Lord Ptarmigan* was not much, if at all, longer than that of *Marmaduke Vasasour* in this piece. To have little or nothing to do in a play, and yet to impress the audience with the idea that the performance would be, somehow, incomplete without you, is an artistic triumph on which, in the present instance, MR. HARE is to be congratulated.

MR. KELLY'S honest, upright, generous, but rather inarticulate, Liverpool Merchant,—calling to mind occasionally the character of *John Mildmay*, in *Still Waters*—is as thorough an impersonation as can be seen on any stage, French or English. MR. ANSON'S *Bunter* will be justly appreciated by those who saw him in *Brothers*. Most carefully does he avoid the pitfalls into which the broad Low Comedian might so easily tumble. MR. ERSSER JONES'S German adventurer is a capital bit of character; and MR. CATHCART might be trusted as a Solicitor off the Stage, so totally unlike is he to the conventional Stage Attorney. MRS. STEPHENS, with her bad

HAWK V. FALCON.

THE gratitude of all narrators of anecdotes and quoters of facetious sayings and witticisms, the thanks especially of diners-out having to entertain their company, are eminently due to the LORD CHIEF BARON for his recent ruling in the Exchequer Division of the High Court of Justice, as to the privileges of Counsel. Aggrieved by a certain statement made by MR. NAPIER HIGGINS, Q.C., during the conduct of a case before VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS, MR. LEWIS, an eminent Solicitor, brings an action for malicious defamation against MR. HIGGINS. Though "hawks," as a rule, "winna pick out hawks' een," yet a Solicitor can occasionally sue a Barrister. The CHIEF BARON ruled that, as the words complained of were spoken by MR. HIGGINS in his character of Counsel before a Judge in a Court of Justice, an action on account of them could not be maintained, whether they were false or true. Like a thing of beauty, a good joke is a joy for ever, and will bear endless repetition, not everywhere, not, for example, ordinarily in these pages, but always in proper time and place. Now only consider what would have happened had the LORD CHIEF BARON laid down the law contrariwise to the effect foregoing? Counsel would have been, and would remain for ever debarred from the practical repetition of that capital old joke, once embodied in a brief, for its brevity a brief indeed: "No case—abuse the plaintiff's attorney." But now and henceforth, as the law declared by the CHIEF BARON stands, an advocate acting in his professional capacity remains privileged and entitled to abuse the Attorney on the opposite side, or any other Attorney or Solicitor, or person *ad libitum*, without fear, and with perfect impunity. Hooray, Brother *Buzfuz*, for the LORD CHIEF BARON!

SHAKESPEARIAN PROGRAMMES FOR THE CONFERENCE. — (*Pessimists*)' *Much Ado About Nothing*, followed by *The Tempest*. (*Punch's*) *Measure for Measure*, followed by *All's Well that Ends Well*.

grammar and malapropisms, is as amusing as she was in *The Ticket of Leave*. MR. CONWAY seems a trifle too old, too knowing, and too manly for *Bertie*, though it would be difficult to mention any one who could fill the part better. MISS KATE AUBREY, in her anxiety to give a stamp of originality to the character of *Funny Bunter*, shows a slight tendency to exaggeration, which is, perhaps, under the circumstances, pardonable. And so, Sir, I have done. You may probably disagree with me on many points; but differences of opinion will never deter me from signing myself now as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Wouldn't that last line, beginning with "differences of opinion," &c., make a good exit speech? I shall register it.

SPIRITUALISM AND SWINDLING.

PENDING the SLADE prosecution, it may be unsuitable to discuss the question whether a Medium, in accepting fees for any consideration whatsoever alleged to be spiritual, receives money under false pretences. Some people think he doesn't; others think he does. What will the latter say to the following telegram from Rome:—

"The *Unita Catholica* announces that the widow of the DUKE DE GALLIERA has laid the sum of 1,000,000 francs at the feet of the Holy Father, in the names of herself and her son PHILIP, imploring the Apostolic benediction on the suffering soul of her deceased husband."

Unless the foregoing intelligence is a dish of wild duck, a point to be mooted is whether the tender of the sum therein mentioned was accepted, and His Holiness has got the money. If so, let us trust that he is a Medium who really believes in his own mediumship of communication with the spiritual world, and in the efficacy of his benediction to benefit suffering souls in it.

A CLOWN ON THE CATTLE SHOW.



WHEN I be up in
London,
What times I
got to goo,
I mixes pleasure
wi' bismus
If I can jine the
two.
Although the
raain vell
pourun,
And the starry
winds did
blow,
I went to the
Agricul'tral
Hall,
And zee the
Cattle Show.
Terreable zight o'
beastes,
Cows, oxun,
ship, and
swine,
A veeast to every
grazier's eye,
And to us in the
farmer line,

Likewise our wives and daaters,
To useful ways inclined,
Affoordun 'um informaaishun,
And fodder fur the mind.

But 'twarnt alone the Cattle
That was wonderful to me,
But the People in their thousands,
The Christians come to zee,
Of every kind o' callun',
And trade besides our own,
To enjoy the feast o' Fancy's eye,
And feelosofy alone.

They poked the bullocks and heifers,
Till they couldn't stand up no more,
And they prodded the fat pigs, weighun
From twenty to varty score,
Till they squealed ten thousand murders—
How 'tis to hear and zee
The intelligunce o' the Public
Awake to that there degree!

'Tis popular enlightenmunt,
All that, beyond all doubt:
Zound practical eddication,
As you med zay, carried out.
And a hint on that there subjeet
Vrom the Smithyfield Club I got;
What's the use o' that superflus fat
On the sides o' that there fat lot?

The most on't runs to perfect waste;
Doan't do no sart o' good;
To gie a pig too much barley-male,
'Tis as bad as burnun food.
I've heerd o' the banks o' the Izus,
And likewise those o' Cam;
And in eddication o' animuls too
I fears there be too much Cram.

IN EXPLANATION.

In his number of December 2, *Punch* published, under the head of "True or Untrue," some lines on the death of EMMA BLACK, alleged to have been caused by her being shut in a dark cupboard at the Southwark Board School.

The lines did not endorse the allegation, but pointed it out as one for inquiry. *Punch* is glad to learn that before the lines were published, a Committee of the School Board had made an inquiry into the case, and found—

1. That the child's death was due to natural causes.
2. That there was no evidence, beyond the statement of the Mother, that the child was ever shut into a dark closet at the school, though the Coroner's Inquest was adjourned for a week to allow of such evidence being produced.

3 That such evidence as was produced of other children having been put in a dark closet in the same school related to a time before the present Mistress was appointed.

4. That the Mistress now in charge of this infant school, MISS BARRETT, is a kind and gentle person, much liked by the children under her charge.

When the London School Board is so jealously watched and so harshly criticised, *Punch* feels it a duty on his part to give all the publicity he can to the fact that, in a case which seemed to call for inquiry, the Board promptly made such inquiry, and were able to exonerate the schoolmistress of the Southwark Infant School from any responsibility for the death of EMMA BLACK.

PUNCH'S PARTY WORD-BOOK.

WITH a view to the enlightenment of unsophisticated and, therefore, frequently puzzled perusers of Party outpourings, whether from the press or the platform, *Mr. Punch* has prepared the following definitions and explanations of some of the chief words and phrases in the verbal armoury of the Party Controversialist. The personal pronouns in these cases will, of course, be understood to refer to the person speaking or writing, none other being worthy of consideration—from the Party point of view.

All reasonable and respectable People—Ourselves.

Everybody—That portion of the community, small or great, which sides with us.

Nobody—Everybody who holds or expresses opinions antagonistic to ours.

The Opinion of the Country—This is arrived at by an exceedingly simple arithmetical process, namely, by subtracting the views of "Nobody" (in the above sense) from those of "Everybody" (as before defined).

Common-Sense—The opinion common to all those who agree with us.

Patriotism—Our views of the interests and duties (especially the former) of our country. Of this quality we have, from the very necessity of the case, an exclusive monopoly. A claim to any share in it on the part of others may be described indifferently as "blind philanthropy," "mischievous humanitarianism," or "bigoted fanaticism."

Blatant Conceit—The impression, on the part of our opponents, that they have a right, equally with ourselves, to opinions of their own.

Well-meaning but Misguided People—Persons whom it may be desirable to depreciate, but impolitic to abuse.

Pestilent and Pretentious Sciolists—Persons of precisely the same way of thinking or speaking, who may be attacked with impunity.

Spouting—A depreciatory epithet for all talk but our own.

Nostrum—The specific of a rival prescriber.

Faction—Departure from our pet programme.

The Herd—The World minus our clique.

Imperial Interest—Natural Selfishness—with a big S.

Humanitarianism—A scornful synonym for any form of humanity that happens to run counter to "Imperial Interest."

Intelligent Public Spirit—Open advocacy of our views.

Fatuous Fussiness—Public advocacy of any others.

Atrocity—Venal errors on the part of our clients.

Ferocity—The indignation of those who dare to denounce them.

Sentiment—The root of all—political—evil.

Inverted Commas—A mechanical, but compendious and invaluable—because unanswerable—method of tacit perversion and mute depreciation. What a shrug is to a scandal-monger, Inverted Commas are to a superfine critic.

The list might be indefinitely extended, but the principles of interpretation here enumerated will be found to apply to wide fields of contemporary controversy. Read in the light of these principles, many journalistic Jeremiads will be found more intelligible, if perchance less edifying.

From Psycho to Gastro.

FROM a recently reported lecture, it appears that the Loan Collection at South Kensington contains an artificial stomach, capable of actually digesting food. If it can really perform that function, there will then indeed be occasion for "no more pills, or any other medicine" at present requisite for the relief of dyspepsia. The artificial stomach will form a supplement to, or indeed mainly, a substitute for, artificial teeth. It will supply the want of invalids, who complain that their stomach is all gone, and thus virtually, though not anatomically, replace the real stomach. The artificial stomach may be safely pronounced a real blessing to Aldermen.

DRINK FOR QUIET DRUNKARDS.—The Silent Spirit.



THE REAL THING FOR ONCE.

Jenkins (who has missed the line, comes upon what he imagines to be the "Stag at Bay"). "OLD 'ARD, 'ARRY! WE MUST WAIT FOR THE 'OUNDS!"

BETSY PRIG'S SOLILOQUY

On Things in General and Sairey Gamp in particular.

(See the latter's Letter, *Punch* No. 1844.)

No, SAIREY! Don't go a supposing it! Pardners no more, if you please! Which I've still got a character, SAIREY, and then there are T's, Mum, and T's. As *Telegraph* doesn't mean Tory, nor Tory ain't ekal to Turk. Me wisit you, SAIREY? Good grashus! There would be a fine piece o' work!

Shoe Lane ain't no place for my feet, SAIREY. Like that werry odd-behaved star Them Music-hall Gents is so nuts on, "thou art so near, yet so far." And as for inviting yourself, or that HARRIS, to tea in P. Court—I declines to demean myself, SAIREY. Ascuse me; but there it is—short.

And so I shan't answer no letters. But, bless us and save us! I 'ope As I may have a mind of my own, and make chice of the parties I'll soap.

Which poor W. G.'s had his turn, and—who knows?—he may have it again.

Though they did use to say as my treacle at last rayther went 'gainst his grain.

And wot if I lather the Turks, as he's give hisself lately to leather, And call "anti-human" and sech, as I holds is too bad altogether; Why, patriot feeling in course is my tip, and I'm sorry to say That, as patriots, G. and his backers is gone werry sadly astray.

Which freedom's a werry fine thing, and humanity too,—in its place.

Ah! who ever preached that 'ere gospel with BETSY's effugion and grace?—

Big Capitals spent in their cause was they ever begrudged by B. PRIG?

But Constantinople, you see, is a Capital rayther too big.

Likeways Sentiment's proper and nice—when it doesn't touch pockets or power—

A neat fancy gingham, for use when there isn't no signs of a shower; But when "National Interest"'s at stake, it's as much out of place as mischeevius.

"Perish India, rather 'than honour"'s a sentiment shocking [and grievous.

Them Russians would use the poor Turk just to gain their own ends—fraud or force;

Which the same is percisely *our* game—though *our* ends is all righteous, of course.

To turn the mild Mussulman out, with sech self-seeking motives, is sin;

We, with similar motives—but pure ones—would keep the mild Mussulman in.

They may say them dear Turks has a turn for "atrocitiy"—bother that word!—

But they're brave, and they're grave, and don't gush—jest my sort!—that D. N. is absurd.

Won't they leave ne'er a place to repent for my own sweet Seraskier? Ah, bah!

If those bloodthirsty Christians *had* bowels, they'd pity that young Padishah.

Oh! them noisy fanatics do rile me! As well I'm aweer a head Nuss Is a party as ought to be took—like a pardner—for better or wuss.

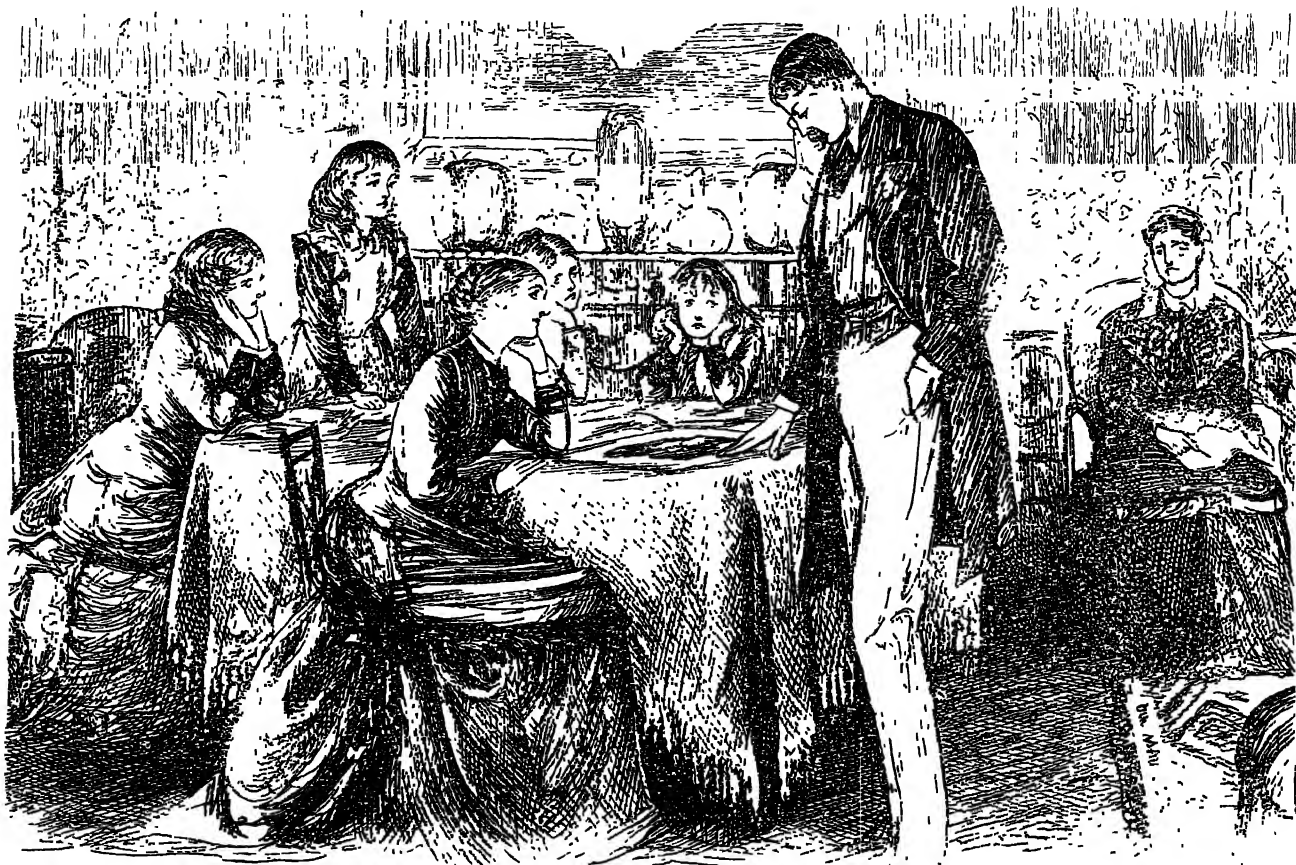
And Guv'ments is ditto—leastways when they're handling o' furrin affairs.

Which outsiders should never go meddling, except with good wishes and prayers.

Which is why I've a kind fellow-feeling for BENJAMIN B. and his lot.

Up's up, after all! I shan't jine with the parties that's down on them hot;

BETSY PRIG is a patriot too downy for ever a Party to blind; More pertikler when that Party's stumbled, and got itself quite left behind.



A GENTLE EGOTIST.

The only Son (in the Bosom of his Family). "‘PUNCH’! ‘GRAPHIC’!! ‘ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS’!!! WHAT RIDICULOUS WASTE OF MONEY TO BUY THESE, WHEN I CAN SEE THEM ANY DAY I LIKE AT THE CLUB FOR NOTHING!"

No! Her eye on the mane and the tail of the roused British Lion, she stands
With Guyment a-watching and smiling to see how she "strengthens their hands."
BETSY PRIG, with her sentiment shelved, and her spread-eagle standard upreared,
And "England's Imperial Interests" for ever! Hooray! Who's appeared?

AN ENGLISH STEEPLE-CHASE.

(Dedicated to the Middlesex Magistrates, with Mr. Punch's Compliments.)

A PICTURE SUGGESTED BY IMAGINATION.

A BEAUTIFUL country of the greenest trees and the smoothest turf. Birds singing in the bushes. A cloudless sky reflected in the clear spring water filling the brooks. Nature at her best.

The horses the finest of their breed—gently nurtured and kindly ridden. The course a good old English cross-country road o'er turf and hedge, testing the sinews and nerves, but not too harshly.

The spectators, the fairest and the bravest of the land—beautiful women, refined and graceful; men of gentle blood, strong with health, and athletic from their childhood, the patterns of the country: gay, without licence; merry with becoming mirth.

The patrons great landowners, proud of their nationality, anxious to see England in possession of the grandest cavalry the world has ever seen.

The place the boast of the neighbourhood.

In short, the picture of an Arcadian Paradise.

A PICTURE FOUNDED UPON FACT.

A MISERABLE swamp—mud and stunted bushes trodden under foot by hob-nailed boots. The barking of curs and the shouts of drunken men. A few deep puddles of the dirtiest of dirty water. Nature at her worst.

The horses miserable creatures, scarcely worthy to crawl between

the shafts of a broken-down hackney-cab or a superannuated bathing-machine.

The course a narrow road, through mud and slush, over cruel stone-heaps and break-neck "brooks"—a course meant to put both necks and backs in jeopardy, to maim, if not to kill, the riders and the ridden.

The spectators the foulest of the foul—bold, and brazen-faced, painted, loud and licentious women, the shame of their sex; the men brutal and low-browed, full of oaths and blasphemy; miserable shop-boys, with pockets full of stolen coin; burglars and thieves; drunkards and blacklegs; rags of the frowziest covering rogues of the blackest and deepest dyes.

The patrons, sellers of strong drink. Drink adulterated and bad. Drink blunting the senses of some, and leaving them helpless logs upon the muddy road. Drink exciting the passions of others, and turning dull brutes into wild beasts, pickpockets into highwaymen, bullies into murderers.

The place the curse of the neighbourhood.

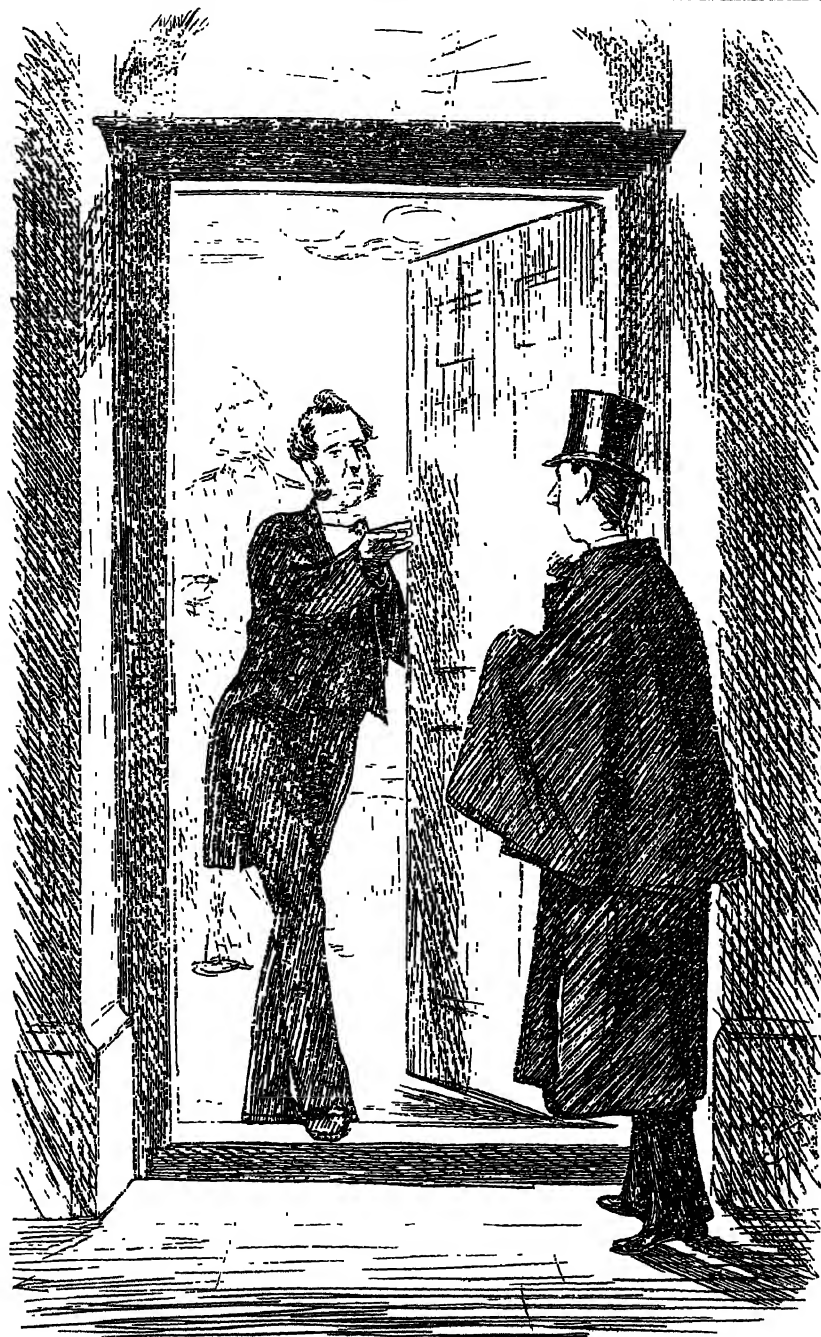
In short, the picture of a suburban hell!

Christmas Charity.

(A paragraph received from our Special Penny-a-Liner.)

WE willingly record an act of seasonable benevolence, which thoroughly deserves the fullest possible publicity; and we therefore do not hesitate to admit it to our columns. A Gentleman, whose name we are at present not at liberty to mention, has conceived the happy thought of distributing some thousands of *Punch's* useful *Almanack* among the London poor. No better means could be devised for diffusing information and general intelligence, as well as cheerful mirth; and as each gift will be accompanied with a bit of Christmas beef, an excellent plum-pudding, a dozen of mince-pies, and a gallon of good beer, there can be very little doubt that it will be everywhere most thankfully received.

PLURAL OF BOUQUETS.—Book-cases.



MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

As the De Smiths, to whose Dinner-Party he was invited, lived in the next Square, Brown thought he would walk over.

Head Waiter (under a wrong impression). "THIS WON'T DO, YOUNG MAN! WE'VE BEEN EXPECTIN' O' YOU THIS 'OUR AND A 'ALF! NO NAPKINS LAID, NO GLASSES, NO——"!!!
[Brown never got over it all the Evening.]

A PATTERN TO PARLIAMENT.

MR. SPEAKER, the Assembly over which you so ably preside has ever appeared reluctant to add to or alter those traditional usages of which you, Sir, are the official exponent. Yet, pardon the suggestion that the British House of Commons might, as advantageously for the Public as agreeably to Honourable Members, above all to yourself as the moderator, and more often than not, perhaps, the endurer, of their debates, take a leaf, or even leaves, out of the book of another Parliament—that of Fatherland. A column of recent German news in a contemporary has perhaps informed you that:—

"The German Parliament is devoting part of the time of its last Session to the testing of various articles of public interest. About a week ago some zealous Pisciculturists arranged an exhibition of German

fishes, which was succeeded by a 'Parliamentary fish dinner,' in which specimens of the species exhibited were served up cooked for gastronomic examination."

Is not this, Sir, a way of winding up the Session in every respect preferable to that of polluting its fag-end with the Massacre of the Innocents—a massacre necessitated by previous hindrance to despatch of business? The German Parliament at the close of its sittings has time on its hands, the German Parliament does not throw away night after night in prolix debates, of which the greater part end in nothing; still less does it sacrifice one day every week to fanatics and crotcheteers. If in these particulars the British House of Commons would take pattern from a more thinking and less loquacious Legislature, might it not also have time possibly to pass all needful Bills, and then, having finished political work, have leisure enough to occupy its closing days with parliamentary pinnners for the discussion of good things? Although in the month of August there is no R, you might yet have oysters on the table—at any rate, as a question of supply; and you could, on any day, combine the consideration of the cost of meat with its consumption. After dinner, in further pursuance of Teutonic precedent, would ensue smoke, the House becoming actually a "Tobacco Parliament."

See, further, Sir, how much more wisely they deal with a certain "burning" question in another Collective Wisdom:—

"And very shortly a parliamentary testing of German wines is to take place, for which German winegrowers have contributed a selection of the best home-grown wines little short of a thousand bottles. The act of testing is to be made the occasion of another Parliamentary dinner."

Consider, Sir, how much more sensible it is to deal with the Liquor Question by dining upon it, than by squandering Wednesday after Wednesday in wasting breath upon Sabbatarian Sunday Closing and Teetotallers' Coercion Bills? In order to make people sober by Act of Parliament, would not the soundest legislation consist in measures to secure them sound wine and sound beer? May you be destined, Sir, to see the House of Commons resolve itself into many a good dinner-party on purpose to test claret, burgundy, and all manner of wine, as well as ale, beer, and other generous and exhilarating liquors; and may you yourself perpetually preside over the banquet as Speaker and Symposiarch.

THE SPECIFIC FOR SCURVY.

WHAT, no lime-juice? And so the gallant fellows on the Arctic Expedition were seized with scurvy, and had to return before their time. And why no lime-juice? Some plead that it is spoilt or impaired in virtue by getting frozen, also that sailors don't like it, and shirk taking it, so as to require Officers to stand over them and make them drink it. How are these difficulties to be overcome? By due admixture of distasteful lime-juice with agreeable rum and sugar. Add, perhaps, a dash of equally agreeable brandy. Then wouldn't the lime-juice go down the nautical red lane? To be sure—and there would be your remedy of remedies for scurvy. What cures the gout, the colic, and the phthisis? What is it that's allowed to be the very best of physio for every possible human ailment, including Scurvy? Punch!

CHAUCER for Children! Surely a Spenser would have been more fitting.

WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A NEW SPORTING NOVEL BY
MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,
Author of "Two Kicks," "Squeezing Langford," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.—"Conspirators."



HE glittering eyes which, peering through the stone wall, had startled the two Ladies, belonged to LAWYER FERRET. His eyes were as sharp as he was himself; in fact, they were his pupils.

"I can see through a stone wall as well as most people," said LAWYER FERRET, in an undertone, to the HONBLE. PULLMAN. "Come," he added, looking carefully about, "the women have gone up to Town; the coast is clear. We will talk over this in my office."

In another hour the HONBLE. PULLMAN was seated in LAWYER FERRET'S sanctum.

"The Jeddington Dodd property is safe to come to me, and

we shall both be millionaires, if you can insure SIR THOMAS'S winning the next three Derbys," said the HONBLE. PULLMAN.

LAWYER FERRET looked up at him from under his eyebrows.

"It shall be done. I'll take six-fourths. You'll have five-thirds." He was hard at a bargain was old LAWYER FERRET.

"Good! Your plan?"

LAWYER FERRET considered a moment, then he replied,—

"I know *all* the Jockeys, including CAVASSON the Dumb Jockey. I will buy them *all*. There will be one hundred and twenty starters for the Derby. They will all curb up their horses, hold them well in, and flog and spur the *Invisible Prince*, so that he *must* go. Whatever it costs, whatever time it takes, the *Invisible Prince* will be bound to come in first, as the others won't move a step without his being well ahead. If CAVASSON should fail us, he must be poisoned."

"Yes," answered the HONBLE. PULLMAN, as he leisurely cocked his hat.

This action did not pass unobserved by LAWYER FERRET. It was not the first time he had seen a hat cocked right before his eyes, and had waited for it to go off, unflinchingly.

Whatever might have been the HONBLE. PULLMAN'S original intention in cocking his hat, he had evidently given up any notion of injury to LAWYER FERRET, as he only nodded to the latter, and allowed his hat to remain on his head, while he took himself off.

A brougham pulled up outside the door. In it was LADY DI.

"PULLMAN!" she exclaimed, as the HONBLE. P. came up smiling, "here are one thousand pounds for you. More if SIR THOMAS does *not* marry Gussy."

"He shall not," answered the HONBLE. P. "Come to the Meet to-morrow. Gussy rides a fresh horse. Accidents will happen. You understand?"

"Perfectly. Tell the Coachman to drive to GUNTER'S. It is so insufferably hot. See you at the Opera to-night. Ta, ta!" And off dashed the spanking ten-guinea stepper, with the miniature brougham, and the three Flunkeys in pink silk-stockings

and gorgeous liveries, hanging on for dear life behind.

As the HONBLE. PULLMAN pocketed the note, a rap on the hat from an elegant riding-whip caused him to look up.

"I thought I knew the tap," exclaimed the HONBLE. PULLMAN as he put up his glass, and drank in the liquid intoxication of MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE'S sparkling eyes.

"Your news?" she asked, as, with the skill of a perfect equestrienne, she gave her horse his head, which was all he wanted to make him perfect. Like most Ladies, MRS. AZAMYLE allowed all her horses to eat their heads off in the stable, so that it required no mean veterinary knowledge on her part to supply the defect, and complete their symmetry. This she had now done.

"Ah, MRS. AZAMYLE," said the HONBLE. PULLMAN, "you will be glad to hear that I am arranging it all to your satisfaction. Gussy will be thrown over to-morrow, you'll see. SIR THOMAS will win three Derbys in succession, and the property will be *mine*. Will you be mine also?"

"How much are the Jeddington Dodd estates worth?" was MRS. AZAMYLE'S adroit reply. She was a master in the art of fence in conversation.

"Oh, about two hundred million a year," was the careless rejoinder. "Just enough to scrape along on."

"I'm there!" returned MRS. AZAMYLE.

"You will be out hunting to-morrow, of course," called out the HONBLE. PULLMAN, as the fair equestrian turned her horse, in the direction of Rotten Row, which was as usual crowded with the *haut ton* of society.

"Of course," she replied; and then added, in a tone of significant inquiry, "How about the Ditch?"

The HONBLE. PULLMAN nodded. They understood one another.*

CHAPTER V.—"The Hunt is up."

THE Spring had passed, the Summer had well set in. Bright Chanticleer proclaimed the morn, and SIR THOMAS was out with his hounds before 11 A.M.

CAVASSON, the Dumb Jockey, was mounted on *Invisible Prince*.

"Nothing like hunting to train for the Derby," was MR. STRINGHALL'S opinion.

SIR THOMAS was in high spirits. He had just put spurs to his horse,† which now strutted about as proud as a fighting cock. Gussy GANDER was mounted on a sweet cream, which she whipped occasionally.

* *The Editor to Major Jawley Sharp.*—My dear Sir, surely there's no hunting in Summer. For of course this is intended for Summer. The Opera season going on, and Ladies oppressed by the heat going from Rotten Row to GUNTER'S. We, speaking Editorially, never heard of hunting in Summer.—Ed.

Jawley Sharp to the Editor.—What! no hunting in Summer!! I suppose you'll say there's no fishing next. I do not pretend to describe ordinary events, though there's nothing very extraordinary in a good run with a July Fox. Evidently you don't understand sporting. But come down here, and I'll put you up to a thing or two. Of course I'll put you up anyhow, and not anyhow, but in first-rate style. Now let me explain about a "July Fox." A "July Fox" is not to be found in every county. It is a Fox not of the present, but of the previous year, and should more correctly be described as a "last year's Fox." He won't keep till the following winter, and so they are obliged to hunt him in July, so as to get him out of the way before the Cub season sets in. Of course this is a mere matter of A. B. C. to any sportsman. And as to "no hunting in July"!! 'Gad, Sir, I should like to see the man who doesn't prefer that season of the year to any other. My dear friend, you know your business, I know mine. *Jawsatis.*—J. S.

† *From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.*—Sir, surely "putting spurs to a horse" does not mean what you evidently intend it should mean here. Of course I only ask for information, but—does it?—Yours, Ed.

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—Dear NEDDY, of course it does. Why, any infant in the nursery could have told you *this*. Don't you remember "Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross," &c., &c.? And

According to agreement, and in order to carry out their nefarious designs, the HONOURABLE PULLMAN and LAWYER FERRET have escorted LADY DI and MRS. AZAMYLE to a ditch, in which they all sat down, well hidden from view, in order to watch the horse, the man, and the woman in whom they had such a tremendous interest. "I have arranged everything," said SIR THOMAS to Gussy, as hand in hand they flew a bullfinch.

"Delighted, dear Tom, to hear it," replied his fair companion, as she cleared a haw-haw, preparatory to giving a light silvery laugh.

"Yes," he went on, after blowing his horn, and giving the view holloa to the Bagman,* who, with the pack at his back, made for the bright, sweet-scented clover-field. "Yes, dear, by my influence I've induced the members of the Turf Committee and the Jockey Club to give the Three Derbys in one day. I shall run the same mare—either the *Invisible Prince* or *Moka*—for all the three. They're both being most carefully trained not to start or go one inch. The *Invisible* is beautifully broken in. She has opium every morning, lettuces, hay, clover, rye, bread, dumplings, apples, buns, and buckets of water; everything, in fact, she can eat and drink, and as often as possible."

"And *Moka*?" asked Gussy.

"Getting on fine. She's out on the sands, with the boys, from morning to night at sixpence an hour."

They drew near a sunk fence, with a ditch on either side, surmounted by spikes, and a stream running swiftly between the boundaries.

The Lawyer, the HONOURABLE PULLMAN, and the two Ladies secreted in the ditch, held their breath. Suddenly, as Gussy's horse rose in the air, LAWYER FERRET jumped up and made a hideous grimace. Gussy's horse, startled by the apparition, swerved, and fell heavily against SIR THOMAS's hunter, and in another moment both were in the river, and she was safe in his arms, safe as the bank where he had just deposited his treasure.

"I am thine for ever!" she murmured.

The hounds were in full cry. The unhappy and panting Bagman much worried by the dogs, had headed them, and crossing the corn-fields, was now all among the barley, and rolling in the grass among the buttercups and daisies.

Cries of "Tally ho!" "Yeo ho!" "Heave ahead!" "Yoicks!" and "Half a turn a-starn!" now arose from the mouths of the Huntsmen. Poor Puss was hard pressed. In another second the dogs were on him, when they suddenly lost the scent, took up an old trail, got on the spot, and streamed away for another county. In vain the field halloo'd. Only old *Harbinger*, the veteran hound of the true Scotch breed, was true to his instincts, but he was too weak to tackle the infuriated Bagman, who would have made short work of him, had it not been that SIR THOMAS, seeing the unfortunate wretch about to rush at poor Gussy, jumped off his horse, and, drawing the hunting-knife which hung at his belt, cut off his head and tail at one slice.

Then the Hunters struck up a chorus, and rode merrily home, while four stout retainers bore on a litter the body of the luckless Bagman, who would never more travel that road again.

Of course the poor Bagman, who had thus hardly earned the money for his starving family, was buried, at SIR THOMAS's expense, in the

would a "cock-horse" be complete without *spurs*? I grant you that the expression is a stable technicality, and is, probably, founded on a very old English custom. But if you want to see the sort of thing I do mean, run down here.

J. S.

From the Editor to the Major.—Nothing would give me greater pleasure. But—the address?—Ed.

* From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—My very dear Sir, I am not an Anti-Vivisectionist, but in the interests of humanity I have tried to soften down this chapter as much as possible. When, in Chapter IV., you spoke of hunting in summer, I naturally thought you meant Fox-hunting, and your letter corroborated this notion. But now, Sir, I find you mean Man-hunting. It is useless for you to deny this, as I have asked several eminent sportsmen, and one and all tell me that "to hunt a Bagman" is most unusual, though, perhaps, when a Fox cannot be obtained (as e.g. in summer, I suppose), it may occasionally be allowable. I gather, from information I have received, that some impetuous Commercial Traveller is selected for his knowledge of the country, and is then started with a red herring, or a bag of aniseed, which serves as scent for the hounds. This is a sufficiently cruel pastime by itself, and it is shameful to think that the poor Bagman, after a severe run, should be caught and worried, as you describe, by the dogs. But, good heavens, Sir, you are not in earnest, you cannot be, when you go on to say that the successful huntsman cuts off the unhappy Bagman's head and tail!!! Of course this is the spice you have given to the romance, and therefore, as we appeal to the general public, and reckon on the support of *Lady readers*, as well as *unsporting Gentlemen*, I have taken upon myself to throw in a little tender touch—in the way of epithets, and by an allusion to his funeral and his poor family—just to soften down this "Bagman hunting," which, otherwise, would be really worse than any Bulgarian atrocity.—Yours, Ed.

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor. (By Wire. In haste.)—Don't touch a line. It's all right. Real sport, every word of it, and you'll spoil it.

The Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Too late.

village churchyard, and his wife and children were handsomely provided for by the members of the Jeddington Hunt.

"We have failed to-day," said the conspirators, as they crept out of the ditch, and wended their way home again up to London through the muddy lanes, with rueful countenances. "We have failed to-day: but our turn will come."

The HONBLE. PULLMAN eyed LAWYER FERRET narrowly.

"To-morrow the Three Derbys will be run," said the crafty Lawyer. "That we know. To-night I buy the Jockeys, and the game is ours. Ha! ha!"

It was an anxious night—the night before the Three Derbys.

(To be continued.)

NURSEMAIDS BEWARE!



PRAY Mr. Punch, direct the attention of Servant-girls, through calling that of their employers, to the following piece of good news:—

"At Hammersmith Police-Court, MR. HENRY BUNKER, of Clapham, was summoned by the Police for driving a Bicycle on the footpath in Ladbroke Grove Road, Notting Hill. The Defendant pleaded Guilty to wheeling the Bicycle on the footpath, but not to riding upon it. The road, he said, was bad, and he thought there was no harm in wheeling the Machine on the footpath. MR. PAGER said it was against the Law to wheel a Bicycle on a path which was for the use of foot-passengers. Bicycles, it was true, had been invented since the passing of the Police Act, but the Act was elastic enough to take them in. The Defendant must pay for his experience of the Law. He fined him Five Shillings, with Two Shillings Costs, and recommended

him to tell his Bicycling friends that riding on the footpaths was against the Law."

If it is against the Law to wheel a Bicycle on a path which is for the use of foot-passengers, it must be, at least, equally against the Law to wheel a Perambulator. Does Materfamilias want this Law to be enforced? If not, she had better direct her Nursemaid to take care how, with eyes fixed on vacancy, she pushes a Carriage containing, perhaps, a couple of heavy Infants, along the pavement, and over the toes of a Philosopher, rapt in meditation, whom she does not see in her way. Perhaps he has Gout in his toes, and, in that case, when they are flattened by a heedless fool, that alteration of their form is particularly unpleasant for

SQUARETOES.

OUR CHRISTMAS ROSE.

"ROSES AT CHRISTMAS.—A correspondent at Llandudno sends us a few roses and hawthorn sprays gathered in December bloom, at that favourite Welsh resort, where indeed roses are often known to flourish in the open air all the year round."—*Daily Telegraph*.

HAPPY Llandudno! where, whilst Winter's pall
Droops o'er the town, and dims Mirth's struggling ember,
The Queen of June flaunts her bright coronal
In drear December!

Roses in Fogdom! Flora from her bower
Of deathless summer well might gaze with pity,
To see, midst dark and damp, her favourite flower
In our dull city.

And yet our *Rosa Mundi*, fragrant, fair,
With careful culture may be brought to blooming
In Babylon's heart, whilst Winter, Want, and Care
Are round us glooming.

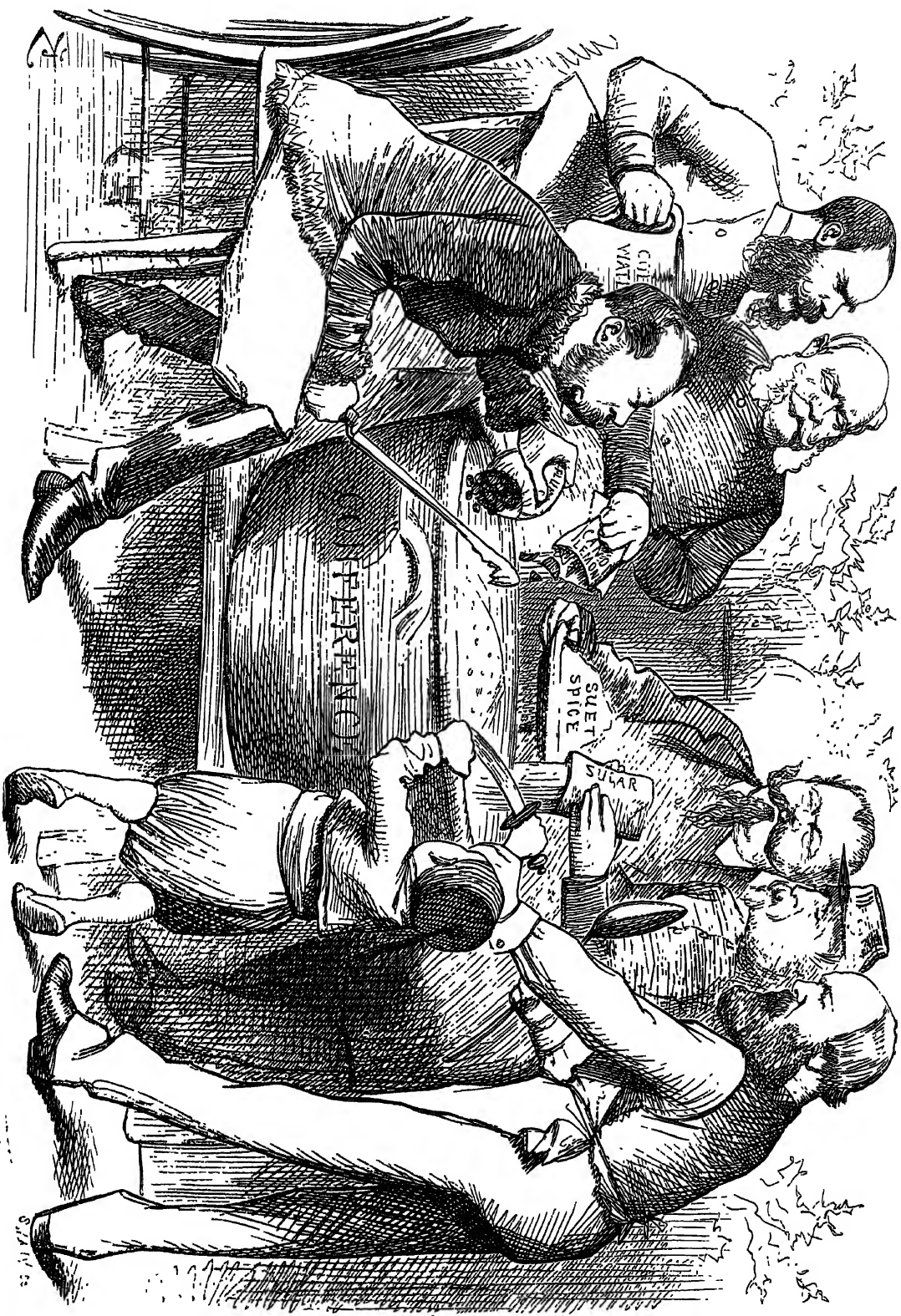
Think of it, Gentles, while you gaily twine
Your Christmas wreaths of mistletoe and holly;
To miss the flower of flowers, of birth divine,
Were worse than folly.

Think of it, Ladies of the Liberal hand,
Ere round your Yuletide log you cheerly close,
Let Charity in City wastes expand
Her Christmas Rose!



"KEEP UP YOUR SPIRITS."

NOTWITHSTANDING THE GLOOMY SEASON, THOSE MARVELLOUS ENTERTAINERS, MESSRS. PUNCHYLYNE AND TOBYCOOK, SUCCESSFULLY CONJURE UP A FAMILIAR AND WELCOME OLD SPIRIT ONCE MORE.



DAME EUROPA'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

"NO, NO, MY LITTLE MAN! YOU MUSTN'T STEAL IT! YOU'LL ONLY MAKE A MESS, AND SPOIL THE PUDDING!"

FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES;



RACKERS to be Let Off
at intervals during
Dinner or Dessert.

ASTRONOMERS have
ascertained, by the
Patent New Steam
Telescope, that the
Dwellers in the Stars
which form the
Milky-Way, bear, on

close inspection, a strongly marked resemblance to the Kurds.

A Member of the Peace Society has been Lecturing at Hanwell for the purpose of securing the co-operation of its Inmates in Petitioning for a General Suppression of the Zoo-phytes.

Owing to the outcry against our Vulgarian Atrocities, an influential City Gentleman has abstained for a whole fortnight from the dropping of an H.

It is rumoured in New York that MR. BARNUM is in treaty for the purchase of Temple-Bar, which he desires to place in his Historical Museum.

A whisper has been gaining credence on the Stock Exchange that, on and after the first day of April next, all Passengers by Trains running Northward of the Thames will be supplied with Newspapers and Refreshments Gratis, at the Cost of the Directors.

In Fashionable Society the *non de plume* of "Ouida" is called "Wider." Her New Tale will be entitled, "*As Broad as it is Long*."

A Company has been formed for the purpose of working an extensive vein of coals which has lately been discovered in the crater of Vesuvius.

An influential Deputation of able-bodied Paupers has attended the HOME SECRETARY, with the object of requesting him to introduce a Bill, to prohibit the purchase of Australian beef and mutton for the inmates of our Workhouses.

It has been calculated by a member of the criminal profession, that a decrease of ninety-seven and a half per cent. is certain to take place in cases of wife-beating, within a year after the Cat has been prescribed as a fit punishment.

The Ladies on the Oxford School Board are getting up petitions for amendment of the Education Act, so as to insure the teaching of plain cookery in all our Infant Schools.

After much discussion, it is finally resolved that members using latch-keys shall be civilly, but firmly, requested to withdraw from all the West-End Clubs.

It is predicted by the Bivalve Statistical Society that, at the birth of the next century, Oysters will be valued at a sovereign a-piece,

and a Sumptuary Act will probably be called for, limiting the consumption to half a one per head when served at public dinners.

A Chinaman has petitioned the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER that the tax of a strait-waistcoat shall be laid, by Government, upon all buyers of old porcelain.

At a Meeting of Dramatic Managers, which is appointed to be held in the middle of next week, it will be proposed that, in the interests of the Drama, and to meet the need of playgoers who reside in London, no piece will be permitted to run without a change for more than thirty nights.

A startling story has been circulated by some members of the Ladies' Club, that a Cook has condescended to accept a situation where no Kitchen-maid is kept, on condition that a carriage is provided to take her to early service on Sundays.

MR. PUNCH'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1876.

(In the festive style which seems appropriate to the season.)

CHAPTER I.—The Infant Ghost!

AGAIN the weird creature crept through the long lone walk of Ghastley Grange!

LADY LAURA and her companion started from the tree (behind which they had been hiding in very terror), and pointed at the spectre as, slowly and surely, it crept along. It was a moment full of horror for both. ALBERT had been pleading his suit with all the impassioned eloquence of a young barrister fresh from the Old Bailey, and she had been listening to him. And now they were interrupted. Here, alone in the moonlight, they thought themselves safe from intrusion, and they were wrong. A creature as unsubstantial as the air, as awful as the Unknown, was creeping, crawling through the long, lone walk.

"What is it?" asked ALBERT, for the fourth time.

LADY LAURA gave a great shudder, and clung to her companion's shoulder with renewed energy. Then came a frightened whisper.

"It is the Bane of our Race. The villagers over yonder call it the 'Infant Ghost'!"

And then ALBERT noticed that the apparition was crawling on all-fours.

"We both have seen it," murmured LADY LAURA, trembling with terror, "and now you must know all. It is I, the girl who loves you, the woman who would go through fire and water to save you a moment's pain, who must tell you this—a story that will rob you of all your joy, turn you from the gayest of the gay into the gravest of the grave: a story that will steal from you your peace of mind, and make you prematurely old."

"What is this story?" he asked, impatiently.

"The story of the Infant Ghost. You must know, then, that"—and here she paused. She pressed her hand to her heart, gave a heavy sigh, and died.

CHAPTER II.—The Fatal Telegram!

CHRISTMAS EVE! A grand old castle, ruby with red berries, and covered with mistletoe. The armoured figures reflected back the glare of the Yule-logs as they burned brightly in half a score of wainscoted rooms. Everybody was smiling. Even the old portraits of the family of FITZ-BROWNSMITH seemed to laugh fitfully as the firelight illumined them.

The Earl was holding high revel in the Hall. Scores of guests sat at the festive board, toying with the dessert, and drinking bumpers to every newly-proposed toast. Only one of all that gallant company was pale, only one had eyes starting out of his head, only one had hair rising from the roots in abject terror. That one was ALBERT DE PENTONVILLE, or, as he must now be called, "the Lost One." The death of LADY LAURA had greatly annoyed him.

The Earl was on his feet. He looked proudly at a picture behind him, representing a Patriarch leaving an Ark. It was the portrait of the Founder of the Family of FITZ-BROWNSMITH.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," cried the jovial Earl, and his cheery voice rang merrily through the vaulted halls, "I have one more toast to propose—one that will make you leap to your feet and cheer with all your might. Need I say that I propose the health of—"

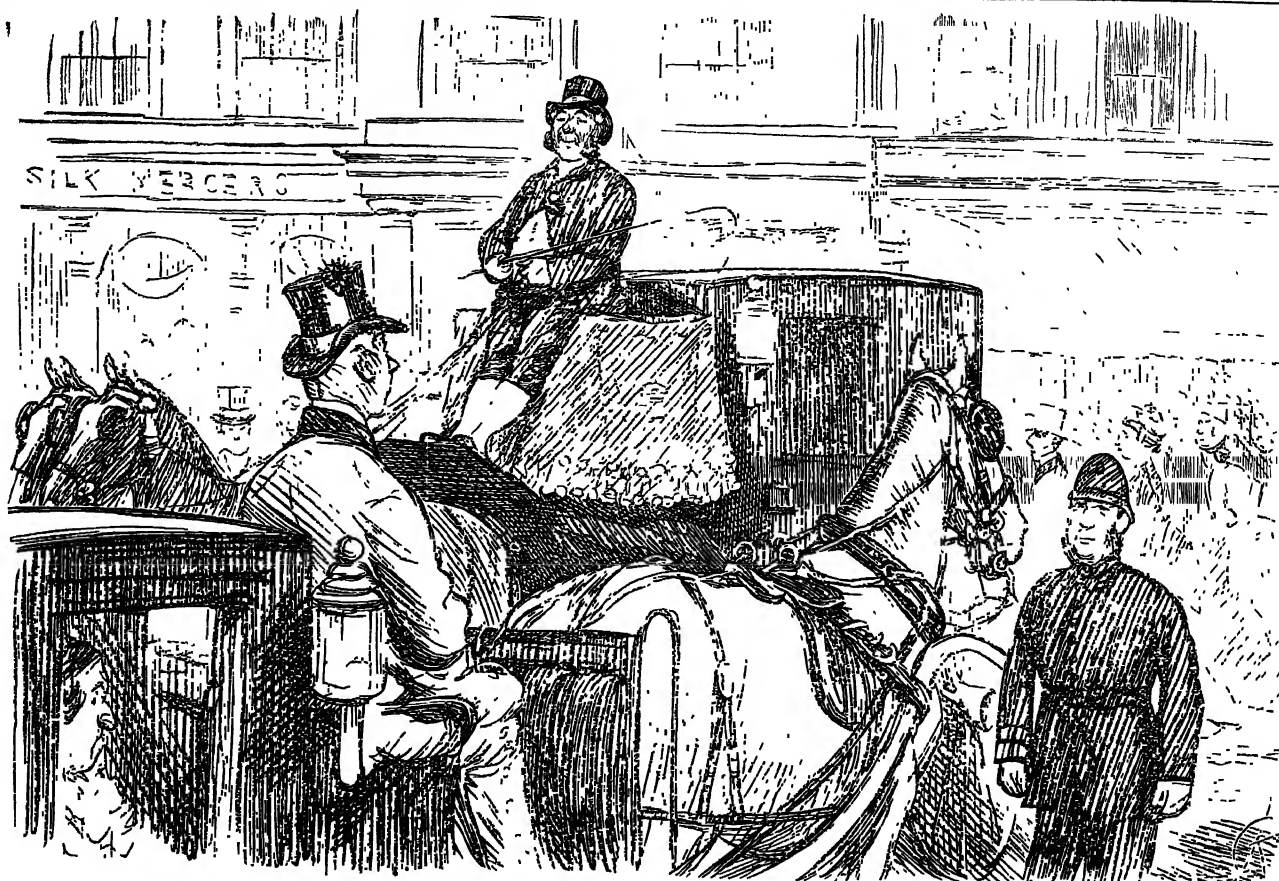
But the sentence was never finished. At this moment a telegram was thrust into the Earl's hands. To tear it open, read it, and turn as white as a sheet was the work of a moment. The enraged nobleman threw the paper into the fire, and, trembling with passion, approached ALBERT.

"Scoundrel!" he cried, and then turned to the Armoury.

But before the infuriated Earl could seize a battle-axe, ALBERT had quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER III.—The Secret Treasure of Heidelberg Castle.

"We shall be Princes after this night's adventure," said CART to ALBERT, as they climbed up the hill towards the Castle. "We were



"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW."

Swell Coachman (with his eye on the Brougham's cockade). "YOUR GUV'NER IN THE ARMY?"
Brougham (artlessly). "NOT 'ZACTLY IN THE ARMY. BUT MISSIS SAY AS THEY SOLD MILINGTARY CUR'OSITIES WHEN THEY KEP'
 A SHOP IN 'OLBORN!"

obliged to come by night. In the day time the Guardians of the Ruin would have stopped us."

"What is this Treasure?" asked ALBERT, with some curiosity. "You shall know when we are back once more in my house beyond the river," replied his companion. "Enough to say, that for this Treasure LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH would have given up his Throne, CROMWELL his Protectorship, NAPOLEON THE GREAT his Victories. Once possessors of it, and we can laugh the world to scorn. We shall be richer than ROTHSCHILD, and more powerful than BISMARCK. And now we have arrived."

They were standing in the court-yard of Heidelberg Castle. ALBERT held a dark lantern, and CARL carried a spade. The latter produced a small map, and then approached a stone wall. He tapped thrice, and then a secret door opened before them, revealing a flight of steps. They descended, and found themselves in an old oak chamber, which had evidently not been entered for two hundred years. The ancient furniture was covered with cobwebs, and rats played about the floor. In front of the rusty fire-place was a magnificent rug, moth-eaten and threadbare. CARL removed this rug, and then began to dig. In five minutes his spade turned up a small gold box, covered with mystic figures.

"I was not deceived!" cried CARL. "And now we are Kings of the World—nay, more, our empire extends to the Moon and Stars!" "What is the Secret?" again asked ALBERT.

"You shall know when we have returned to my cottage beyond the river," was the frank but determined response. And they retraced their steps. As they crossed the bridge, the small gold box slipped from the hands of CARL, and fell with a heavy splash into the water.

CARL threw up his arms in despair, and jumped in.

ALBERT waited for more than three-quarters of an hour, but his companion never returned!

CHAPTER IV.—A Voice from Scotland Yard.

CHRISTMAS-EVE in Australia—in the Bush. A white-haired Man was entertaining a short, sharp, little fellow he had found wounded near unto death by the wayside. The wounded Man was now

convalescent, and both he and his rescuer were eating plum-pudding.

"And so you are a Detective?" repeated the white-haired Man.

"And can tell you everything, ALBERT DE PENTONVILLE."

"You know my name?"

"And everything about you," replied the Detective, with a stealthy smile.

"I know that you are living here unnoticed and alone under the assumed name of the DUKE OF SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK. I know that you have chosen this *alias* to escape attention."

"And do you also know," asked ALBERT, "that I have chosen this solitary fate because there are three Secrets I cannot solve?"

"Certainly," returned the Detective. "You mean the Story of the Infant Ghost, the Contents of the Fatal Telegram, and the Character of the Secret Treasure of Heidelberg Castle."

"And you know them?"

"All," replied the Detective. "And I have come this weary journey from England to Australia to you, ALBERT DE PENTONVILLE, to reveal these Secrets—these Secrets so startling in their novelty. Listen while I give you the fullest particulars upon each of these interesting subjects. You and I will be the only men in this wide world who will ever know them."

And then the Detective began.

(To be continued in Mr. Punch's Christmas Number for 1877. Order early.)

What Old Grumpy says.

"MERRY Christmas! Pooh! Don't talk to me of merry Christmas! How can any man be merry when he knows that for a month he'll have to dine on roast beef and boiled turkey, or roast turkey and boiled beef!"

THE BOOK OF THE PLAY (as Managers like it).—"All places taken for the next fortnight."



"FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED."

Chorus. "ULLO, FWED! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU WALKING ABOUT WITH THAT BEASTLY SAUSAGE UNDER YOUR ARM FOR?"

Fwed. "WELL—AW—THE FACT IS, THE OTHAW DAY, I SAW IN THE PAPAWS THAT A FELLA'D BEEN SENT TO THE WORKHOUSE—AW—BECAUSE HE'D GOT NO VISIBLE MEANS OF SUBSISTENCE! PUT ME IN A REGULAR BLUE FUNK, YOU KNOW! SO I GOT THIS SAUSAGE TO PROTECT MYSELF—AW——"?!

THE MODERN PATRIOT'S CREED.

(As collected from the "Daily Telegraph," "Pall Mall Gazette," "Standard," "Morning Post," and other harmonious and irrefragable authorities.)

I do believe that Heaven designed
Our land to play first fiddle;
And that Humanity's a blind,
And Justice just a diddle.
That JOHN BULL, as Heaven's special
pet,
May read both as he wishes;
His interest's all that he can get;
His Rights—his loaves and fishes.

I do believe in "Cockahoop,"
As watchword for the nation;
That to unselfishness to stoop
Is mandlin degradation:
That rolling brag about our Flag,
Our courage, or our coffers,
Is just the way to put the gag
On foreign foes and scoffers.

I do believe fanatic fools
Who cackle of "Humanity,"
Are truants, who shirk History's
schools,
To play at Christianity.
That he—the worst of all the pack—
The emotional politician,
Is to a statesman what the quack
Is to the true physician.

I do believe in shaken fists
As means of striking terror;
That amateur diplomatists
Must always be in error;
That the true patriotic plan,
The rule that men should bind
most,
Is, our own Interests in the van,
And Devil take the hindmost!

A HINT TO SUPPER-GIVERS AT
CHRISTMAS.—Don't put your *Cosaques*
too near your Turkey.

THE BEST DIALECT FOR OUR
PLENIPOTENTIARY.—Salisbury Plain-
English.

CHRISTMAS "CASES."

THE melancholy case of MR. FRANK FLOWERDALE, who has hitherto contentedly dined with his maiden aunts at their residence in a little village in Epping Forest on Christmas Day; but is this year chafing and growling at being obliged from interested motives to accept their inopportune invitation, depriving him, as it will, of the bliss of joining the SUMMERTHORNS' family party in Rosebery Street, sitting next to MINNIE SUMMERTHORN at dinner, and dancing with her for the best part of the evening.

The miserable case of rich old RIDDLESWORTH, who is a misanthrope and a misogynist, and will dine as usual at the "Welsh Rabbit" in Fleet Street, on the 25th, and afterwards return to spend the evening alone in his dingy chambers.

The perplexing case of the REV. C. BARRY TONE, the popular curate of St. Osnaburgh's, who has received four invitations to dinner on Christmas Day, all from influential members of the congregation with most delightful families, the female members of which are witching in appearance, fascinating in manners, and highly cultivated in their musical tastes.

The touching case of poor little PINTHROP, from Jamaica, who is at school at the REV. FINBOROUGH DUMPHICK's at Hackney, and has to remain there for the Christmas vacation.

The worrying case of MRS. WHISSENDINE, who with a particular and fidgety husband, eight children all at home for the holidays, friends staying in the house, and a large family party expected on Christmas Day, is looking forward to the departure of her cook

and housemaid on the 21st, and has not yet succeeded in finding competent successors.

The happy case of CHRISTINA CLOVERBOB, aged four, whose birthday falls on Christmas Day, and who has talked and thought, and dreamt of nothing else for the last month or six weeks.

MINISTERIAL MEDICINE.

AMONG those things which no fellow can be expected to understand may be classed the following newspaper announcement:—

"THE EPILEPTIC HOMICIDE.—MR. SECRETARY CROSS, having carefully considered the case of WILLIAM DRANT, has felt justified, under all the circumstances, in advising HER MAJESTY to commute the convict's sentence to penal servitude for life."

What, then, is Epileptic Homicide manslaughter? Does the Law—Home Office Law—call Epilepsy an extenuating circumstance of Murder? Epilepsy, Doctors tell us, is a convulsive disorder whereof the subject's movements are involuntary, and wherein some sufferers do not know what they are about. Either way, if homicide is done in an epileptic fit it is not homicide by misadventure, or at any rate through absolute if temporary insanity? One can understand why an Epileptic Homicide should be taken care of during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure, but not why he is punished with penal servitude? It is not MR. CROSS'S Law, probably, that is at fault in this matter; but the line he took as to Vivisection, and his dealing with Epilepsy, taken together, appear to indicate rather hazy views of Medicine.

CATTLE SHOW EXPERIENCES.

(From our Cockney Correspondent.)



Show and is now going to South Kensington Museum. Hasty bundling of Genuine Farmer out of omnibus to get a right one. Arrive at last. Wrong door, turn to the left. Do turn to the left and walk several miles. Right door at last. No: turn to the right. More miles, begin to sympathise with Weston. In the Show finally.

First sensation, smell. Worse than Cologne. Train of ideas, scent the animals another year. How much per cent. better would it be? Try and look like a Country Farmer.

Go to the rescue! Where is Islington? Great searching of maps to discover the locality. Long discussions as to best method of proceeding thither. Victualling as for a voyage. Start by humble omnibus in order to study character. Honest rustic with fine bloom of health upon his face. What must be his feelings at the first sight of the metropolis! What stories he will have to tell when he returns to his native village, in the winter evenings, in the chimney corner of the ale-house! He looks troubled—perhaps thinking of his country lass? Row in omnibus. Honest rustic's hand in somebody else's pocket. Police appear upon the scene. Disappearance of honest rustic in custody of the guardians of the peace who affectionately greet him as "VITTOCHAPPEL BILL." Moral: do not judge by appearances.

Proceed on journey. Genuine Farmer informs all who care to listen that he has been to the

Go and see prize beasts. One is pretty much the same as another. Foretaste of Christmas indigestion in looking at the adipose animals. Watch and see what the experts do. Punch animals with their fists. Do likewise. Animal shows signs of retaliation. Somebody makes offensive remarks on danged Cockneys. Failure. Great rush of crowd. Arrival of the PRINCE OF WALES. Mob him. Hustle him. Touch his coat-tails. Get a good stare, at any rate. Never mind knocking him among the cattle. Discovery. It is not the Prince at all! Gentleman bearing strong facial resemblance to His Royal Highness departs breathless and pommelled. Wish that someone knew anything about cows. Meet friends. Friends are all blessed with country friends, and are being posted up in details. Don't seem to have any country friends.

Hale-looking Squire enters into discussion as to the relative merits of some sheep-pens. Great chance. Perfect stranger, but how pleasantly simple these country manners are! Ingratiate new friend with proffers of drink. Accepted. Knows everything. Nod at other friends triumphantly. They stare, wink, and make queer grimaces. All envy. Policeman tells newly-discovered friend that it won't do. Newly-discovered friend does not understand him. Policeman advises a speedy departure. This will not do. Why should a country gentleman be insulted by the minions of the law? I interfere hotly. Policeman grins. Friend has disappeared in the crowd. Policeman grins again. What? What? Really? Have been fraternising with the head of the great Confidence Dodge Gang. Policemen are gazing suspiciously. Am being pointed out. Hang the Cattle Show! Go away and never return!

DECLARATION OF WAR (by a Ritualist with a cold in his head).—We will resist the Secular Courts "Tooth and Dale."

DIRECTIONS FOR THE SHORTEST DAY.

In the morning put on a short coat.
Take a short walk before breakfast.
After breakfast go and have your hair cut short.
To celebrate the day becomingly, invite a party to dinner, consisting exclusively of persons who are short-necked, short-sighted, short-tongued, short-winded, and short in bodily stature. But do not give your guests short commons, and instruct the cook to be mindful that her pastry is short.
If you are called upon for a speech, let it be short and sweet.
After dinner have a short nap.
At tea-time place short-bread on the table.
In the evening play short whist.
The acquisition of fresh knowledge is always desirable—begin, therefore, on this day to learn short-hand, or to study short-horns, or to acquire greater facility in the composition of verses, longs and shorts, or if you are afflicted with a short memory to employ artificial means to improve it.
Select this anniversary for baby to be short-coated.
Order in a stock of candles, short sixes.
Avoid short cuts.
Beware of taking something short.
Let your resentments be short-lived.
Do not give short weight or short answers; and, if you are short of money, do not suffer the deficiency to cause you to be short-tempered.
At the close of the day indulge yourself with a short pipe.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

At the Consecration of the BISHOP OF CALCUTTA, it was noticed that all the Bishops present, with the exception of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, turned their faces to the East. We know that the Wise Men turned their backs on it.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

ALL Europe waits to know the result of the Constantinople Conference.
All England waits for the opening of Parliament.
All the young folks wait for the pudding, the Pantomimes, and the presents.
All the poor old people in the Workhouses wait for their Christmas Day dinner, tobacco, and beer.
All the usual recipients wait for their Christmas-boxes.
All the theatrical world waits for Boxing-Night.
All industrious, hard-worked, busy people wait for the holidays.
All persons, of all ranks and degrees, wait, with some trepidation, for their Christmas bills.
All the young Ladies wait to help the young Curates with the Christmas decorations.
All the younger branches wait for the Christmas tree.
All the Members of Parliament wait the 8th of February with an impatience which can hardly be restrained.
All right-thinking people wait the abolition of "gate-meetings."
Temple Bar waits its doom.

Noël.

(A Christmas Anacreontic.)

BRING me Turtle here in bowls!
Bring me Turbot, bring me Soles!
Turkey too, and dainty chine,
Balls of sausage-meat combine:
Topsy-cake and Roman Punch;
Of Plum-pudding a good hunch,
With Mince-pies, both brandy-sauced.
Bring—The list I can't exhaust—
Bring them all!—and, when you do,
Bring the nearest Doctor too!

TARPEIA OVER AGAIN.

Punch protesteth.

WEET friends, forbear your
Christmas hands
With festive offerings
filled;

Though *Punch*, I'm mortal, and can
be
Even with kindness killed.

Oysters, geese, turkeys, game of sorts,
In furred and feathered dress;
Cosaques and Christmas cards and
books,
And numbers numberless!

They come, they come, in endless
stream

On my devoted head,
That scarce o'er Christmas boxes peers,
O'er-cosaqued, carded, fed!

WISEMAN of Paglesham, with thee
I thought not to pick quarrels.
But wherefore, Grey-beard, tempt'st
thou me
With Green-beards, packed in
barrels?

Green-beards so sweet, so delicate,
So clean and plump of cheer,
Not Natives to my mind so good,
Though they may be more dear.

Christmas is Turkey time, we know,
In bulletins, on boards,
And now insidious Russia shows
Her *Cosaques'* daring hordes.

Be't SMITH's or CADMAN's wit that
arms
These bright-clad troops of fun,
With toys and trinkets, games, cos-
tumes,
Pictures, and noise in one!

And then what books for boys and girls,
The groaning Press supplies!
What happy and unhappy thoughts
For catching cash and eyes!

Enough! Forbear! Hold hard! In
vain,
The gifts rain, pelt, and pour;
Like poor Tarpeia I am swamped
In the too liberal shower!

"Give not to him that has too much—"
A happy thought! I cry—
"Turn the full flowing stream on those
Whose Christmas-tanks are dry!"

SINGULAR RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

(Specially reported by our own Penny-a-Liner.)

AN accident of rather an unusual character occurred at Euston Station on Monday morning last, on the instant of departure of the nine o'clock express. The train was actually in motion, and, indeed, had well-nigh left the platform, when suddenly the signal-cord was violently pulled, and a bare head was seen protruded from a first-class carriage window, whence, by several of the bystanders, loud screams were heard proceeding, such as seemed to be the

shrieks of anguish or despair. On the stoppage of the train, the cause of the disturbance was speedily explained. It appeared that an old gentleman, who was travelling to Scotland with his wife and his two daughters, in order to spend Christmas, very wisely, away from his own home, had, by accident, omitted to purchase *Punch's Almanack* to amuse them on the journey. In the excitement which attended the discovery of his neglect, the worthy traveller proceeded to signal the disaster, forgetting that he easily could make the wished-for purchase at any of the bookstalls at which the train would stop.

A REMONSTRANCE.

MR. PUNCH,

OR, why should I call you anything but what I've been accustomed to, which it is old *Punch*, don't go a supposing that SAIREY GAMP aint felt your ow-dacious attacks, which they are shameful. To chaff a poor old woman who's seen better days, and as 'ad to give up nussin for to start a paper through misfortin! Not that I aint better off than another party, a friend of mine, who set up a paper, which shall be nameless, although some said it was the *'Erald*, which she killed it, and which it killed 'er.

No, old *Punch*, I wouldn't demean myself by addressing you as I have known werry intimate parties, quite carriage company, with bran new titles, who now seem disposed to show the cold shoulder to a poor old woman who never 'armed a'air of their 'eads. Bother them, or rather him, meaning LORD BEACONSFIELD, who now won't have a word to say to his own SAIREY. No, Mr. *Punch*, I wouldn't have demeaned myself by addressing you, adn't you accuged me of being a Poet, like some low lot, such as TENNYSON or SWINBURNE, or that there SHAKESPEARE. As MRS. HARRIS said to me the other day, "SAIREY, you are the best of women. If I was asked who is a angel in clogs and an umbereller, I'd say SAIREY GAMP is that angel. SAIREY, you 'ave your faults (who 'asn't); but, SAIREY, you ain't a Poet: not your worse enemy can say sich a spiteful thing!" And then I said, "MRS. HARRIS, Mum, that old *Punch* has said it." And then MRS. HARRIS said, "SAIREY GAMP, you are the best woman in the world; and that old *Punch* is the worst man! Need I say more?"

Ugh! you bad, ow-dacious individual, I only wish I'd the nussin of you! I'd wake you up, then, you may be sure, instead of sending you gently to sleep with my paper, as I am accustomed for to do now, as it leaves me at present. Saying such awful things of me, when I am sure not one of my staff, from the real College Gent who does my leaders down to the young chap who takes down the shutters and writes the notusses on the Christmas Books, would ever think of such a thing! Ugh! you bad thing! I'd bang you on the 'ead with my umbereller, if I wasn't a Lady!

It ain't the fust time you 've done it by many a while. And at Christmas time, too, when there's always a bottle of somethink on the mantel-piece for parties to put their lips to when so disposed!

But I ain't rewengeful. As MRS. HARRIS said to me only the other day, "SAIREY, I do believe as if any one was to pull your 'ead off your shoulders, you would smile quite pleasant. SAIREY, your worse enemy can't deny but what you are a saint!" I replied, "MRS. HARRIS, Marm, you 'ave known me these five-and-forty years; and so what you says must be true;" and so, *Punch*, I forgives you: and if you likes to come to spend New Year's Eve with me, you will find the bottle in the usual place. All I ask of you is not to say anything to me, nor to look at me, but only to let me put my lips to it when I feels that way inclined.

And so, *Punch*, I wishes you a appy New Year, and sends my respectful duty to your good Lady, 'oping that all the cherubs is well, as they leaves me at present.

Signing myself more in sorrier, than in anger,
Shoe Lane, E.C. YOUR OWN SAIREY.

BITTER IRONY.—"Exeter Hall." Should it not be "*Exiter*," because, in case of alarm, there is no exit.

RIVER STYX.—"The thousand masts of Thames."

MEDITATIONS ON MYCENÆ.



Nor four years since,* some scholars, in their zeal,
Proposed the rifling of the Troad's mounds,
Where, within buried Ilium's doubtful bounds,
Great Hector lay by great Achilles' heel.

That heel, at which he whilom had been swept
Thrice round the weeping walls of windy Troy,
When white-haired Priam through the watch-fires crept,
To beg, with tears, the body of his boy.

Little the long-haired Greeks then dreamed that heel
Would for the fatal arrow find a way,
That cut Achilles' thread with vengeful steel,
And stretched him beside Hector—clay by clay.

But stern BOB LOWE, guard of the public purse,
Flung scorn on HOMER's topographic truth,
To Hector and Achilles showed no ruth,
Exploding both, as solar myths, or worse.

So they in their grave-mounds were left to sleep,
Unrifed and unverified, while BOB

* See *Punch* for April, 5, 1873.

Chuckled at *savants* who, the grave to rob,
Would rob the Exchequer it was his to keep.

Since that date simple SCHLIEHMANN's venturous spade
Has brought Troy, layer by layer, to light of day;
And, if not Hector's and Achilles' clay,
Raised owls from eggs Athene never laid.

Thence kindled, German zeal now Hellas delves,
The Altis first, round great Olympia's fane,
Making PAUSANIAS clear, and STRABO plain,
And with maimed statues filling Elian shelves.

Next SCHLIEHMANN at his ghoulish work again,
All former Resurrection-men o'er-rides,
Rifling the tomb-banks where Mycenæ hides
The treasure sought by Ancient Greece in vain.

For still it glimmered through traditions dim,
That called Mycenæ 'rich',* and her one vault,
Of massive stones that had braved Time's assault,
Christened the 'Treasury'—watched by Lions grim.

* "Argos, ditiesque Mycenæ."—HORACE, Book I., Ode vii.



"PAUCA VERBA."

SCENE—Canadian Shanty.

American (at the Door). "YE AIN'T NARY ONE SEEN MY DOG? HE WERE AN ALL-FIRED CRITTER AT 'BAR, AND I'LL MISS HIM!"
Voice (from the Bunk). "SEED A BAR AND DOG—THEY WERE RUNNIN'—DOG WERE A LITTLE AHEAD O' THE BAR!" [*The Yankee leaves.*]

Henceforth best surnamed GLADSTONE and BOB LOWE,
 For 'twas that pair of Lions at the door
 Of England's Treasury, whose watchful roar
 Drove scholars back, that Troywards craved to go.

O Nemesis! SCHLIEHMANN the game doth win:
 Makes a run on Mycenæ's buried bank,
 Empties the grave-chests of her men of rank,
 Unlike ours, buried, not in lead, but tin.

Discrowns great Agamemnon, King of Men,
 And plays at loggats with his giant bones;
 Whips out his spear and shield and sword from stones,
 Laid down to keep them GLADSTONE knows not when.

Measures Cassandra's *cranium*, whose small hoop
 Enclosed more future than our spirits know;
 Weighs Clytemnestra's arm—whose treacherous blow
 Floored Agamemnon, seldom axed to stoop.

Ransacks Queen's toilet, jewel-box, and bed;
 Bares "Potnia Bōōpis" shrewish face,
 Bedecked with horns, that had seemed more in place
 Upon her faithless Zeus's brazen head.

Routs up their arms and arts who routed Troy,
 And, ere HERODOTUS, to myths had grown;
 To old PAUSANIAS and STRABO known
 As shades of names when PINDAR was a boy.

Oh, why was not our WILLIAM, there and then,
 Digging up kings, instead of felling trees?
 Why not our BOB LOWE, groping on his knees,
 In the Exchequer Books of those old men,

Who, albeit rich, were, as 'tis now too plain,
 Shallow political economists,
 Or wherefore shut this gold within their kists,
 That might have bred gold o'er and o'er again?

Good luck to SCHLIEHMANN! may he find one day
 The House of Atreus; he should know it well;
 ÆSCHYLUS says of blood it breathes a smell,
 And blood, we know, no time will wash away.

'Tis well a German on that house should light,
 And find its walls cement with blood and gold;
 Since BISMARCK doth to blood and iron hold,
 As the best kind of mortar to bind tight.

He, musing p'raps, where once Mycenæ stood,
 By SCHLIEHMANN's latest lights might come to see
 'Twere better if United Germany
 Had more gold and less iron with its blood!

'Tis said PYTHAGORAS, in Juno's fane,
 Hard by Mycenæ, once took down the shield
 Which, as Euphorbus, he was wont to wield,
 So making his Metempsychosis plain.

If he who ruled as Agamemnon then
 Be living in our midst, let him but go,
 And pick Atrides' shield out from the row,
 And so proclaim himself the King of Men.

If from that choice of shield to proof he goes,
 From joy in fight, clear voice, persuasive tongue,
 Love of rule, old limbs with young vigour strung,
 And power alike to fell trees and floor foes,

Who, but with one voice, on Mycenæ's height,
 Will hail him Agamemnon, high of hand,
 Game of the Argive fleet to take command,
 And lead once more his Hellenes to the fight,

Hard by the Scæan gate of windy Troy,
 Where flows the Hellespont, the Moslem's still—
 Turks worse than Trojans—soon to own his will,
 Who Homer's Greek doth more than Greeks enjoy!

WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY
MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,
Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.
CHAPTER VI.—"The Treble Event."



ALL the bright-toned joyous music of a brilliant morning heralded in the great day of the Treble Event. Three Derbys in one day was something almost unparalleled in the history of the English Turf, and mighty was the surging crowd that came from all quarters to the Sussex Downs. Soldiers were there; sailors, of course, were there, led by their gallant Admiral, with his crew of fine old weather-beaten Epsom Salts, who would not have missed such a sight, no, not for the best, highest-mettled Spanish Chestnut that ever was foaled.

Hither came the million, hither came the millionaires. By road came the aristocratic drags of the Royal Humane Society, starting from their head-quarters by the Serpentine, with their spanking tits; then by river came the crews of the Universities, still in training for their great water-course, and the winner of the *Grand Prix*, in all the glory of his new satin riband recently won on the French

Turf. Hither came Royalty with its sixteen horses, its equerries, its outriders, its carabineers, and its detachment of Life Guards. Then the Russian Imperial Duchess, preceded by the Courier of St. Petersburg riding six horses at once, and guiding them with bright-coloured reins. Then the world-famed Silver Trumpets were heard, as the LORD MAYOR, with his suite, dashed past the saluting point, gracefully raising his plumed cocked hat to the occupants of the Royal Box.

Close upon these the Starter* was carried past, ready equipped for the race, borne aloft, in his loose box, by four bookmakers, followed by a well-trained troupe of Monkeys on Ponies, emblematical of the Ring. Behind him waved the banner of the Turf, with the motto, "There is another and a Betting world."

All eyes are, for a moment, fixed on the Starter. On him, in fact, the Derby entirely depends. It is the fundamental and most necessary rule of the Jockey Club that "*Without one Starter there shall be no Derby.*" Consequently it is incumbent on the Turf authorities to provide a Starter, whose duty it is to be *booted and spurred, and in the saddle*, ready to supply the place of any, or of all defaulters. If none came to the post, the Starter would then start by himself, and walk over the course. This has only happened twice in the last hundred and fifty years, once being the celebrated *Neigh Buddie's* year. Up to the last moment of his being shown to the people, "the Starter" is kept, by the official trainers, wrapped up in cotton wool, to guard against the slightest chance of his being scratched before the race.

* From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Dear Sir,—You must be wrong. I mean, at least, are you certain you are quite right in your information about "the Starter"? Surely, my dear Major, "the Starter"—as I, at least, have always been given to understand—is the person who claps his hands, or fires a pistol, or rings a bell, or says "One, two, three, and away!" to the Jockeys? Isn't it so? I write under correction, but isn't it so?
Yours truly, Ed.

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—My dear but unsporting friend, you are nowhere in these matters. You're not "in it." Just see what a mess you made of my hunting chapter last week by your meddling with "the Bagman," which you thought was a Commercial Traveller (!) instead of a Fox in a bag. I know all about "the Starter." And, once for all, let me ask, are you writing this Sporting Novel, or am I? But, in the name of common sense and the English language, what does "a Reader" mean? Why, "one who reads." "A Smoker" is "one who smokes," &c., &c. And a Starter is "one who starts." Excuse warmth; but, hang it, do not attempt to correct in sporting and turf technicalities.
Yours ever,
JAWLEY SHARP.

In front of the throne where H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES was seated, were stationed a picked body-guard of splendid men from his own Principality. All eyes are on the celebrated corps of Royal Welshers, with their banneret, on which is proudly displayed the motto, "*Semper Faciens.*"

The Half-world, too, of whose existence the other half knows so much and yet so little, was present in full force with flowers, sparkling champagne, lobster-salad, and all the fun of the fair. Here sat stately, as of old, the old DUCHESS SARAH of Stückenbaskitt, calmly contemplating the throes of the excited throng. From highest to lowest, all are eager about the one business of the day. The Gipsies, ready for their *al fresco* dinner, have turned away from their fire, and have put the pot on the field, while within the refreshment-tent, excited Waiters are running for a plate, and the Sporting Admiral has just managed to place himself in time to come in a good third for the cup.

Previous to the great event of the day there were the usual number of small races, over which a considerable amount of "stuff" changed hands, though the public interest was, of course, centred in the Derbys.

First on the correct card was a flat race for the Consolation Stakes. The entries for this were entirely confined to those who, through ignorance of sporting matters, had been heavy losers through the week. A purse had been made for them by the Ladies. It is needless to say that LAWYER FERRER and the HONBLE. PULLMAN were not among the competitors.

One of the prettiest sights of the day was the Maiden Race, run in costume. The prize for this was provided by the Bachelors of the County; and nowhere, save in Great Britain, could be seen so many fine, fresh, sport-loving Damsels, in their pink and white colours, as are brought together on such an occasion. Attractive as is the spectacle, however, we must not linger near the ropes, in order to bestow too much attention on it. Suffice it to record here, that the Maiden Race was won by MISS GUSSEY GANDAR, mounted on a hot chestnut, to which she gave a regular roasting with her jewel-mounted whip.

"He's only a Plater," said GUSSEY, radiantly, as dismounting, she threw herself into the arms of SIR THOMAS DOPP.

"True; but, 'Plater, thou reasonest well,'" was SIR THOMAS's quiet reply. They had too serious work before them to allow of any spare time for the pleasantries of society.

Three hundred horses—foals, colts, mares, fillies—had been entered for the Great Race.

They were all there; not a screw loose.

Moka is here, and the Invisible Prince.

The Prince is not to run. He is only here in case of any accident to Moka, by whose side stands CA-
VASSON, the Dumb Jockey of Jed-

dington, sparkling in the Tommy Dodd colours. LAWYER FERRET and the HONBLE. PULLMAN, among the crowd, watch him closely. They have given him two thousand pounds to win, but, feeling uncertain of him, they have been poisoning him all night, and are now waiting anxiously to see the effect.

LADY DI and MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE are also among the spectators, in a barouche. Gussy, who has overheard their schemes, has told SIR THOMAS everything.

"What's the odds?" asked a neophyte. He is informed that the bookmakers have backed *Moka*, at thousands to nothing, to win the three Derbys in succession on this glorious day. Besides this, there is no betting.

Everyone is "on," and STRINGHALT and WILLIAM BUTTON are pale and nervous.

Breathless was the excitement for the Great Event.

The Sporting Admiral, who had been riding at anchor about the course, and carrying a formidable whip, which he called his "screw-propeller," now entered the weighing-room to see the Jockeys get under weigh. CAVASSON, being late for the post, could not be allowed to go without an extra penny. This was what the Trainer wanted. Every ha'porth of overweight made the Dodd victory more certain.

STRINGHALT grasped WILLIAM BUTTON's arm. "Do you trust CAVASSON?" he asked him, in a low, nervous whisper.

"I trust the animal—not the man," was the brief answer.

"What shall we do if we are floored?" asked the Trainer, in the same tone.

"Why, 'carpet' CAVASSON," was the Stud Groom's stern rejoinder.

But there was no time for further parley. The Bell was already ringing, and the horses were settling down into their places.

"*Moka!*" "*Invisible Prince!*" "*CAVASSON!*" were the names on every tongue. Anxious amateur bookmakers, who had been watching the market, might now be heard offering ponies in hoarse whispers.

Once more the Silver Trumpets sound, as the Judge, in his well-known Derby horse-hair wig, well powdered and curled, and wearing his scarlet and ermine, bows to the Royal box, and then takes his seat in *banco*. Below him sits the Clerk of the Course, in ordinary barrister's costume, with the Correct Card before him, ready to call out the names and colours of the riders in proper order.

SIR THOMAS has taken the odds all round.

CAVASSON, who only speaks on his fingers, is now beginning to take the odds freely.

This caused a temporary panic among the bookmakers. But on STRINGHALT and WILLIAM BUTTON backing *Moka* to win, the feeling of security returned, and the betting went on again merrily.

LAWYER FERRET and his *Fidus Achates* the HONBLE. PULLMAN have issued secret orders to all the jockeys—simply these: "When the word to start is given, hold hard. Squeeze Invisible Prince. Wait on *Moka*, and if CAVASSON does not use whip or spur, then let everyone belabour his animal, and urge him forward. Let the crowd press on him: he must go. If all the rest persistently stay behind, and shove *Moka* on, *Moka* must win, even though the race takes three or four hours."

SIR THOMAS felt that the Jeddington Dodd estates were in the hands of CAVASSON. His fortune and his wife were the stakes he was playing for on this his Bridle day.

The Judge has arisen, and silence has been proclaimed by the Ushers. For an instant thousands might have been heard to drop all over the course. CAVASSON's heart palpitates violently, and so great is his excitement, that his colours come and go.

SIR THOMAS DODD grips Gussy's hand, while WILLIAM BUTTON and STRINGHALT keep their eyes fixed on the Dumb Jockey, who, for all his agitation, sits, apparently to the crowd, an immovable, impassible, wooden figure.

The Starter calls over the names, as his assessors, the Two Probable Starters, note them down in their books.

All are present.

There is only one duty for the Police to perform before the start. They have to see that everything is laid level all round, so that there may be no obstruction to the running.

"One . . . two . . . three . . . and—"

A piercing scream interrupted the Starter! It proceeded from CAVASSON, the Dumb Jockey, who, as if in a fit before the start, suddenly threw up his arms in the air, and reeled heavily in the saddle.

(To be continued.)

From Fraynes Refrain.

WHEN, Rifle-Tells, these Fraynes their triggers pull,
Yet blow no brains out with their dangerous lead,
Let's hope at least they will not hit JOHN BULL,
Or, like their marks, he must be "off his head."

TO-DAY'S PANTOMIMES.

(By an Old Boy of Yesterday.)



TINKLE! Up goes the Curtain,
To flashes uncertain,
On Demon or Witch
(When there isn't a hitch)
Stirring make-believe broth
Into property froth,
While implings in fleshings
Take chaff, cuffs, and thrashings;
And the wit of each line
They speak may be divine,
But you can't hear words said
In a property head.
With Scene First pitch-dark,
I need scarcely remark,
Scene Second's as bright,
As the whitest lime-light.
Full of toys, boys, and noise,
And such infantile joys.

While a Prince, out of court,
In tights spangled as short,
Sings much out of tune
Of the "sweet flowers of June,"
Or the "bright shells of ocean,"
Or some just as new notion.
(The song's meant to sell—
But this you won't tell.)
Then, no one knows why,
Change of scene and of sky,
And a marvellous Ballet
With a "rake" in a valley
Which ballet-girls pose on,
With brief, breezy clothes on,
And can't make a move
Of joy, grief, hate, or love,
Without raising their toes
To the height of your nose:
Then, while next scene is set,
The Prince sings a duet
With a Lady in wings,
And not many more "things;"
While tin-foil and ossidew†
Shimmer in glossy dew;
And spangles and logies‡
Recall to old fogies
The days of their youth,
When they took tricks for truth:
Counted Stage-tin good money,
And found Clown's jokes funny;
Thought each Columbine fay,
And were not grave but gay
As they sat at the Play.
Meanwhile, fun grown tricksier,
Does its best 'gainst asphyxia.
Yet, in spite of foul air,
And jokes too bad to bear,
Blue-fire reek and gas smells,—
Still, like sweet silver bells,

Ring Childhood's clear laughter
Right up to the rafters,
If, midst dry scenic splendour,
Like some strayed offender,
Comes the chance of a laugh—
One grain to much chaff:
Till, in slow colour-changes,
Prismatic in ranges,
With girl-groups in garlands,
Slung from flies turned to star-lands,
Breaks on tired expectation,
The Grand TRANSFORMATION!
And when that's wheeled about,
And its blue-fires burnt out,
And the girls in the skies,
And the babes from the flies,
Have been lowered on deck
Without breaking a neck,
Come, so-called, Comic Scenes—
Spill-and-Pelts, fish and greens,
Butter-slides and hot pokers,
Endeared to old jokers;
Clown's tricks upon passengers;
Lion-leaps; stolen sashengors;
Thefts of turkeys and geese;
Chaff and cuffs of Police:
Nursing property Babies,
And selling old gabies;
Tricks that won't do the trick;
Flaps and joints that will stick,
Sloats that cords disobey,
And can't work and won't play,
Till two hours serve to show—
—Long-drawn, stupid, and slow—
That Clowns now are no more
What Clowns were long ago,
Or that Old Boys ain't Young—
Which perhaps may be so!

* A Stage slope.

† Theatrical gold shavings.

‡ Stars, looking quite as bright as diamonds, though only concave facets of tin. There are a good many "Logies" doing duty for diamonds off the Stage as well as on.

Motto for our Training Ships.

(From HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode iv.)

Doctrina sed vim promovet instum,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

TEACHING promotes the vigour of the seed,
And a right training hearts of oak will breed.



FOR TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

Paterfamilias (improving the shining hour). "AND NOW, WHO SUCCEEDED RICHARD?" *Son and Heir.* "JOHN."
Paterfamilias. "AND WHAT DID JOHN SIGN?" *Son and Heir.* "THE PLEDGE!"

MR. PUNCH'S PROPHECY FOR 1877.

DURING the early part of the year a great deal will be said and written about the Eastern Question, and a Meeting will be held in a suburban Vestry Hall either to sympathise with the protectors of the Turkish Christians, or to "strengthen the hands of the Government."

On the meeting of Parliament, notice will be given of the proposed introduction of a couple of dozen Bills that will be counted out as they have often been counted out before.

For the first three months the House will adjourn (on an average) at half-past nine o'clock. During the rest of the Session, the closing average will be 3 A.M.

A great many "personal statements" will be made.

A great many too many railway "accidents" will occur. The Government Reports thereon will be published long after the details of the mishaps have been forgotten.

Some new periodicals and new papers will come out and go in.

Several "Tragedies" will fill the "Contents Bills" of the daily papers, with good head-lines for many weeks. These may be chiefly looked for during the silly season.

A fashionable watering-place will be accused of being overrun with small-pox, an accusation that will lead to long controversies in the journals.

Some one will see an early swallow, and write to the papers to tell the public all about it.

A Series, entitled *The Servants' Halls of Old England*, by One who knows Them, will be produced for the entertainment of the Lower Middle Class.

When the House is up, "the Silent Members" will air their eloquence before their Country Constituents.

Several marriages will be arranged at Hanover Square, and disarranged in the Divorce Court.

The sale of Post Cards at Hawarden will increase so largely that the Post-Office revenue for the year will be appreciably raised.

Skating Rinks and Lawn Tennis will be superseded by amusements equally rational.

A great deal of fuss will be made about the Summer Drills at Aldershot and its neighbourhood.

Several new Clubs will be opened for the special benefit of their promoters.

More than one letter will be written about the aims of the Charity Organisation Society.

The Derby will be won either by a favourite or an outsider.

London will fill and empty as "per usual."

Many brilliant specimens of English Men and Women will be personally conducted over the Continent.

There will be winds, rain, fogs, and mist in March, April, May, September, October, November, and December.

And lastly, everybody will be delighted to welcome *Punch's Almanack* and *Pocket Book* for 1878.

ON A RAGING TOOTH.

AN unsound Tooth that can't be stopped,
 Nor drawn, for all its throes,
 May, like the set that Cadmus dropped,
 Spring up in armed foes.

Quoth Tooth, "I'll let down Bishop's pegs;
 For Folkstone I a match am.
 Leave me to lay mock-Roman eggs,
 In Ritual nests and Hatcham."

Punch fain would Mother Church release,
 So, no extreme astrid of,
 He warns her she will have no peace,
 Till this Tooth is got rid of.

GENERAL LYXONS objects to "loose drill." Perhaps he prefers stiff buckram.

THE LATEST IMPERIAL HATT.—MIDHAT.



THE OLD YEAR'S LEGACY.

AFTER THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



REPORTED BY OUR OWN LITTLE BIRD.

What Paterfamilias says.—Well, it might have been worse. TOM's wife didn't quarrel more than usual with JACK's niece, and UNCLE JONES seemed to take some notice of the children. I wish, though, he hadn't abused the port. However, BILL's funny story put him in a good temper, and so I think his will is all right for the present.

What Materfamilias says.—I really must speak to Papa about FANNY and her cousin HENRY. The boy hasn't a halfpenny, and it's most injudicious to encourage his visits. Dear me! what an anxiety one's daughters are to one!

What Fanny says.—Oh, wasn't it delightful? I know when he sang "Is this a Dream?" he was thinking of me. If he does propose, what will Mamma say? I can answer for dear Papa; and that's a comfort, at any rate!

What Uncle Jones says.—They are a great deal too civil to me, and are waiting for my money. I hate children; and the port was vile! Shall I leave it to BILL, or the Asylum for Idiots? Better give it to the latter, for then BILL will get the benefit of it! At any rate, I will see my lawyers at once.

What Jimmy says.—On my word, she seemed jollier than ever! I must say I do like her—awfully. But then I should be so chaffed at the Club! And I don't think she would like me to have a latch-key! And then AUNT MARGARET would make such a bother about it! On the whole, I can't do any harm by thinking over it—another year.

What Laura says.—I am sure in my new dress (quite long, you know) I looked quite as grown-up as FANNY. It was very nice, you know, but I didn't care about TOMMY showing attention to me. He's quite a boy, you know—only fourteen. Fancy a child so much younger than myself (I shall be sixteen in August!) presuming to speak to me! It was quite ridiculous, wasn't it?

What Miss Wallflower says.—Oh, we girls had such fun! FANNY, LAURA, and I all lost forfeits. So absurd! Young MR. RUBRIC, the Curate, had to bow to the wittiest, kneel to the prettiest, and kiss the one he loved best. I was so relieved when he didn't come near me. It quite reminded me of the happy Christmas we spent when poor CAPTAIN ROSEBUSH went out to quell the Indian Mutiny. And that must be nearly ten years ago! How quickly time passes!

What Tommy says.—I don't care about your bread-and-butter Misses! I only flirted with LAURA because I was afraid of speaking to MISS WALLFLOWER! How beautiful she is! I would run away from school if I could get her to elope with me.

What Mr. Rubric says.—Oh, a most pleasant party—on the whole. I hope I am not ungrateful for feeling that I could have been more at my ease if MISS WALLFLOWER had not sat next to me at dinner. But the fact is, she really does send me so many slippers. It is very awkward. I don't know what Lucy would say if she heard of it.

What Dr. Dose says.—Certainly, my dear Madam. After Christmas we must expect a little disarrangement. If you will permit me, I will go to the nursery at once, to see the children.

What Misses Gerty and Emmie say.—Oh, don't let him come near us, Nurse, and we will be so good!

What Masters Franky and Artie say.—We won't take the nasty stuff! There!

What Mary Jane says.—If you don't take it before I count three, I'll go and fetch your Papa!

What Grandpapa says.—It was a very delightful evening, but I wish those young romps hadn't persuaded me to dance *Sir Roger de Coverley*. I am feeling it to-day.

What Grandmamma says.—The little ones enjoyed themselves so much; and they are growing up so like their parents.

What the Cook says.—Well, it was an undertaking! But we had a werry pleasant time of it afterwards. JOHN plays on the banjo like a regular angel!

What Mr. Punch says.—And now, my good people, as you have enjoyed your merry Christmas, I wish you all a Happy New Year!

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

[PUNCH prints the following suggestion, as he believes there are many of his readers who will be glad to embrace it. No doubt the Committee which is managing the benefit will receive subscriptions also.]

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I WRITE this time not with a contribution, but with a view of inducing contributions. I read this morning, with real sorrow, of the severe illness of MR. COMPTON, and the urgency of some movement on his behalf. Now, I shall certainly send my subscription in some form or other, but it has occurred to me that there must be many, like myself, to whom a monster benefit performance, shared by all the stars in London, presents no particular attraction, and who would much rather give through some other channel. Could not an ordinary subscription list be issued, quite apart from the proposed Drury Lane performance, and advertised in the daily papers? I by no means desire a stall or box for the benefit; but I do desire to offer my guinea or two for the benefit of an actor who more than any other living comedian has helped me, and thousands of others, to understand certain sides of Shakspearian comedy, and who is, furthermore, one of the truest, most self-respecting, most artistic actors the Stage in our time has seen.

If this hint is likely to be of any service to the Committee, and to the cause they plead, pray make any use of it you please; though I do not care that my name should appear.

Yours faithfully,

A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,
(Who is also a student and lover of
SHAKSPEARE).

QUIS CUSTODIET CUSTODES?

(Prompted by a defence of superfluous "Sentry Go" in Winter Weather.)

WHEN sentries you tether
To posts in bad weather,
With nothing to guard, and consumption to grow.
Could *Punch* orders issue,
The wish he would wish you,
Would be, not in the old Army sense, "Sentry, Go!"
Nights of sleet, or damp shed,
Thin great coat, and guard-bed—
Our troops for such waste cost too much, foot and horse.
Were but *Punch* at the Horse Guards!
But there other force guards,
And, alas! it is not a *Centrifugal* force!

YES OR NO?

THE *World* asks the following question, which is echoed by the *Times* of Dec. 13th:—

"YES OR NO?—Yes or no: is scarlet fever raging at a very well-known and popular watering-place not a hundred miles from London? It is all very well that the matter should be kept quiet in the interest of the tradesmen and lodging-house keepers of the town; but such reticence may be pushed too far, and do more harm than good, as the evil will be inevitably exaggerated when the prevalence of the epidemic becomes generally known. In the meantime people talk about doctors visiting fifty and sixty patients a day, all suffering from scarlet fever."

MR. PUNCH, with his usual zeal for the public welfare, telegraphed to his Brighton correspondent, and received the following reply:—"Scarlet fever raging during the early part of the season. Parasols, cloaks, neckties, bonnets, fans, and châteline bags were all scarlet. The epidemic is, I am glad to say, now much abated."

Worse than Bulgarian Atrocities.

DURING the late visit of the PREMIER to LORD ALLINGTON at his seat, Oriehol House, the *Wiltshire County Mirror* announces that in one day's sport the shooting party from the House (of some six guns) killed, besides other game, 1,109 *peasants*. We have heard a good deal too much lately of the murder of Policemen by Poachers. It would seem that Game preservers are beginning to retaliate. The attention of MR. PETER TAYLOR, M.P., MR. ARCH, and the Agricultural Labourers' Union should at once be called to the subject.

GHOSTS AND GULLS.

As an argument for the credibility of alleged spiritual manifestations, we are continually reminded that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Unluckily the spirits never tell us any of them.

SPIRITUALISM FOR SCHOOLBOYS.—The "usual tipplings."



THE COUNTRY IN THE FUTURE.

Retired Citizen (to Metropolitan Friend.) "WHAT I ENJOY SO MUCH IN THE COUNTRY IS THE QUIET! NOW HERE, IN MY GARDEN, MY BOY, YOU DON'T HEAR A SOUND, 'CEPTING THE TRAINS!!"

THE GROAN OF THE COMPETITION-WALLAH.

"The first further examination of candidates selected in 1876 will commence on December 27th."—*Extract from Official Circular.*

AH, weep for the Indian Civilian,
Though elected in 'Seventy-six!
Not for him with the joys of the million
In Christmastide revels, to mix.

Not for him to be funny—how can he?
Not for him to be smiling and bland,
When he thinks of that blanked Hindustani,
Which no fellow can "hindustand."

Many thanks to that blessed Commission
For the foresight and thought they have shown,
In thus dating the next Competition
To suit our convenience alone.

The next day but one after Christmas
Was the day of all days they must fix,
With the cheering conviction that this must
Please five men at least out of six.

To their goodness we poor fellows owe it
That our Christmas this year is a blank;
If we use naughty words, such as "Blow it!"
We've these kindly Officials to thank.

Not for us are the gun and the hunter;
Not for us are the joys of the dance;
Nor to revel in suppers from GUNTER,
Washed down with the vintage of France.

E'en plum-pudding is out of the question;
The mince-pie of our boyhood a snare:
We must all of us think of digestion,
And eat with most scrupulous care.

My whole life is one night-marish vision
Of wild blunders and heart-breaking "sap,"
While examiners laugh in derision
As they see me fall into their trap.

All the pages I read daily daunt me
With mountains of volumes I've not;
Through the long-lagging night-watches haunt me
Grim ghosts of the things I've forgot.

E'en in dreams I peruse legal fictions,
Review forms of attachment and sale,
Or ponder on Courts' jurisdictions,
And hold endless defendants to bail.

I decline things that know no declension;
I face armies of words short and long;
Yet, in spite of my earnest attention,
All somehow contrive to come wrong!

* * * *

List! shades of old Wallahs departed,
List, embryo Wallahs to be;
Pity, pity a wretch broken-hearted,
Lift the voice of your weeping for me.

Dear old *Punch*, brand the wretches who've made me
In all the world's feast, the one slave:
Or, best, prove the news that's dismayed me
A bad joke or barbarous shave!

SUGGESTED ADDITION (if the Academy has no objection).—R.A.,
Royal Aquariumician.

SPECIALITÉ SHERRY.—Felt oh! the next morning.



A BORN ORATOR (IN THE EAST).

Farmer (proposing Landlord's health). "AN' IF A' SQUIRES 'UD DEW AS OUR SQUIRE DEW, THERE WUDNA BE SO MANY ON 'EM AS DEW AS THEY DEW DEW!"

THE CRICKETER'S GRAVE-STONE.

"Our Sheffield Correspondent telegraphs:—An extraordinary tombstone dispute has arisen at Wadsley Bridge, near Sheffield. The widow of one BENJAMIN KEETON, a recently deceased Cricketer of some local renown, has erected a tombstone to her husband's memory, on which is carved a set of stumps, about a foot high, with bat and ball. The Vicar and Churchwardens declare the stone was surreptitiously fixed, and have ordered its removal, which has caused intense local excitement."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

O Wadsley Bridge, where KEETON bloomed,
Thy Vicar's wits what ails?
To bowl the stumps of KEETON tumbled,
Estreat his buried balls!

Could KEETON plead, to his life's fame
He'd urge the symbols german,
More home, than to some Parsons came
Prayer-book, and bands, and sermon.

That hit, and all, he now must waive,
Score closed, runs run, green-swarded;
Alas! he cannot guard his grave,
As his mid-stump he guarded.

But why disturb the symbolled stone
Above this quiet sleeper,
Who with his life's score fairly shown,
Must face Heaven's wicket-keeper?

Dying, perhaps, he thought, "If he's one
As is fit to keep wicket,
He'll know a Cricketer when he sees one,
And hand me my gate-ticket."

Christmas Numbers.

THE numbers who, at this festive season, fill the trains and throng the streets, and cram the cabs, and crowd the omnibuses, and clap the pantomimes, and drink too much strong drink, and eat too much plum pudding, and send out Christmas cards, and send in Christmas bills, and call for Christmas Boxes.

THE PLUM FOR STAGE MANAGERS.—*Col's Golden Drop*.

DECEMBER DREAMS.

(After Christmas Dinners.)

LORD BEACONSFIELD dreams he is Sultan, and installed at Constantinople as Defender of the Moslem Faith.

LORD SALISBURY dreams that Bulgaria is occupied by three Fijis and a Maori Chief. The Marquis beats the drum in front of their caravan, and holds a conference outside.

MR. GLADSTONE dreams he is an Automatic Letter-writer, and employed, at a weekly salary, by the *Sunday Times* to answer Correspondents.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT dreams he is Lessee of Cremorne, and ascends nightly to the top of a Set Piece, amid a blaze of fireworks.

MR. TENNYSON dreams that he shoots an arrow up into the air, and finds it, some years after, sticking in *Harold's* eye. His publisher brings it out.

MR. SWINBURNE dreams he is the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, and, in sheer despair, poisons himself with a complete copy of *Songs and Ballads*.

MR. MORRIS dreams that Nature is reproducing his wall-papers. He turns mud-colour, and eventually dies a lingering death of Sunflowers on the brain.

MR. IRVING dreams he is stabbed with Two Roses, and struck with a feather out of SALVINI's cap.

MRS. BANCROFT dreams her husband is in Peril, and completely buried beneath a heap of old armour and brass dishes.

MR. HARE dreams he is coursed by critics over his Old Acres, but, after an extraordinary run, returns to his old form, and leaves his New Men.

MR. TOOLE dreams he is put into the Gaiety by the brokers, and that the Stock scenery is not worth removing.

COLONEL MAPLESON dreams he has found a tenor for his com-

pleted Opera-House; but it turns out to be only an organ-grinder under his window, quarrelling with a stonemason out of work.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON dreams she is decorated with the Order of the Charing Cross.

THE CLAIMANT dreams he is in his old home at Wapping, and has never seen BOGLE or ONSLOW in his life.

DR. SLADE dreams he is mixed with MacGillp and Spirits of Turps, and used as a Medium by a Royal Academician, but that the portraits so called up are not a bit like the originals as they lived.

TOMMY dreams that room has been made for his Uncle (from whom he has great expectations) in Kensal Green.

THE REAL NATIVE.

As his tribute to the approaching ceremony of the Proclamation in Grand Durbar at Delhi of the MAHARAJ ADHYRAJA SRI RANI VICTORIA KAISAR-I-HIND, *Punch* presents this genuine and characteristic effusion of native loyalty, being a circular received by a native Prince, and forwarded by him for *Mr. Punch's* consideration:—

"SIR,—May it please your Highness—The humble petition of NHAGABATI CHURAN SEN GUPTA most respectfully sheweth;—

"That your Highness' humble petitioner, being a subject to the British Crown, likes to illuminate his house on the day that H. M. G. M. QUEEN VICTORIA (ALEXANDRINA) proclaims the EMPRESS OF INDIA.

"Your Highness' humble petitioner therefore hopes) that your Highness will kindly encourage him to show his loyalty towards his Sovereign (HAR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN), by conferring assistance upon him, but at the same time it is the duty of your Highness' petitioner to let your Highness know that your humble petitioner will be very glad to receive any assistance and thereby to keep your Highness' fame as unblemished as ever.

"NHAGABATI CHURAN SEN GUPTA,
"Manapoor, in the District of Dashedabad, Bengal."



SAMBURNE

A CAUTION TO SNAKES.

PUNCH'S REGISTERED PALETTE—"RAIL OF THE SERPENT."

"Snake skin is valuable, as, when tanned, it makes very beautiful leather. A friend has a very handsome cardcase made of boa constrictor's skin, which he obtained in Paris. I propose to furnish him with the skin of one of the large pythons, that he may have it tanned. This will form a handsome trimming to his wife's cloak. The Ladies patronise birds, why should they not patronise snakes? If snake-skin dresses once become fashionable, the extermination of snakes is inevitable. I hope shortly to see Ladies wearing snakes in their hats à la gorgon. This fashion would look very pretty. I commend the idea to Mr. WORTH."—MR. FRANK BUCKLAND'S *Letter to the Times*, Dec. 21st.

A GROWL AT GOOD WISHES.

(Symptomatic of Biliary Derangement from the Delicacies of the Season.)

DECK out your dwellings with cypress and yew,
Toll out the Old Year and toll in the New.
Life is a tangle of troubles and fears.
Wish you may get many Happy New Years!

"Happy New Year!" So you said on the last,
And who'll say the twelvemonth has pleasantly passed?
When you are as old as I am now, my dears,
You'll have most of you seen few or no happy years.

"Happy New Year!" How long new to remain?
New Year is very soon Old Year again.
Always with more or less bother in store,
And as 'twixt "more or less," in most cases with more.

All our New Years unhappiness bring,
So will the present, 'twixt this and the Spring.
Accidents, crimes, and diseases, no doubt;
Bring me, most likely, a fit of the gout.

Needy relations an old foggy hears
Oft wish himself many Happy New Years,
When they suppose he has money to leave.
If they came into it, wouldn't they grieve!

Happy New Years, 'tis true, may await
Youths that inherit an ample estate,
Born with a big silver spoon in their jaws,
And idiots and fools who can laugh without cause.

But heirs, as a rule, are deficient in brains—
Spend all their money, and sell their domains,
Ruin their health by the ways they pursue,
So that their years are unhappy and few.

Christmas! I'm glad "merry" Christmas is o'er,
Shall be still gladder when fools cease to pour
Impossibilities into my ears—
Wish me no more any Happy New Years!

WORKING A SPELL.

THE present London School Board endorses the condemnation passed by its predecessor on the present method of English spelling, and prays for a Royal Commission to consider the best way to reform and simplify it. For this purpose it has sent out circulars inviting all the School Boards throughout the kingdom to join in a representation to the Education Department and to Parliament. There is room for reform in spelling when Dictionaries disagree, to the extent so strikingly indicated a little while ago by the experiences of the "Spelling Bee." But the Phonetic System goes too far, being a scheme not of reform merely, but of revolution. There seems a curious felicity in the idea of appointing a Royal Commission to determine our orthography. Royalty can command no special road to learning, but nevertheless let us remember that the language whose spelling the Government and the Legislature are solicited to settle is the Queen's English.

Is the sort of thing below what we must make up our minds to see introduced into the language of SHAKESPEARE and DRYDEN, MACAULAY and SCOTT?—

THE SPELLING OF THE PRESENT. THE SPELLING OF THE FUTURE.

School Board for London,
Victoria Embankment, W.C.,
Dec. 8, 1876.

School Board for Lundun,
Viktories Embankment, W.C.,
December 8, 1876.

SIR,

I am directed by the
School Board for London to forward
you a copy of the following
Resolution:—

"That this Board is of opinion that a great difficulty is placed in the way of Education by our present method of spelling, and that it is highly desirable that the Government should be moved to issue a Royal Commission for considering the best manner of reforming and simplifying it."

I am at the same time directed to ask whether your Board would be willing to unite in a joint representation to be addressed to the Education Department on the subject.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

Clerk to the Board.

To the Clerk of the School Board for —.

SER,

I am direktd bi the
Skool Bord for Lundun too forward u a koppee of the foloing
Rezolutushun:—

"That this Bord iz ov opinyun that a grät dikkultee iz plást in the wá ov edukashun bi our prezent method ov spelling, and that it is lee dárly desirable that the Gúvurnment shoo be moovd too ishoo a Royal Kommishun for considering the best maner ov reforming and simpleefying it."

I am, at the sām time, direktd too ask whether yor Bord woud be wiling too unit in a joint re-presentation too be addressd too the Edukashun Department on the subject.

I am, Ser,

Yor obedcent Servant,

Klarck too the Bord.

To the Klarck ov the Shool Bord for —.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

By Our Hard-up Philosopher.

IF our parties were all of little HARRYS, little CHARLIES, and little JACKS, we might like Christmas to come twice a year; but what when these are largely dashed with little BILLS?

"Under the Rose" is far more satisfactory to shy people than under the mistletoe. The one tells its kisses; under the other you may kiss and not tell.

Holly reminds me forcibly of my tradesmen's books. Its red berries recall their covers; its leaves the sting of their contents.

When one listens to the good wishes lavished at Christmas, one remembers this is the season for crackers.

Why will we give our children a false view of life from its very threshold? You take your boy to the Pantomime at six. The dream of his highest ambition is to be a Clown, and his highest felicity to win and wed the Columbine!

PUNCH'S TWELFTH-NIGHT PARTING WITH OLD FATHER CHRISTMAS.



Such weather as this year you've had to know—
This weary water-waste—this gloomy mist-mass—
This dreary end in slush of would-be snow—
So dull for Father Christmas!

OLD friend, fare-
well! Your
fist! You'll
call again?
Punch and
the world are
always glad
to see you.
We welcome
much that
follows in
your train,
Yet there are
some few
things from
which we'd
free you—

Development's the universal law,
Not e'en so old a hand as you may shirk it.
Now, do not snap, or snatch away your paw:
Punch's is friendly counsel; pray, don't burke
it!

The good old times! What sermons one may read
On that old text!—and some of them right, true
ones.

But, after all, the good old times should lead,
Methinks, to better now ones.

Merry? Well, *Mr. Punch* should be the last
To say one word against judicious merriment.
But may we not improve upon the past,
Even in that regard? 'Tis worth experiment.
The loud "*gros rire de Rabelais*," after all,
Is scarce the very highest kind of laughter,
Grins and Gargantuan gormandising pall;
And, query—what comes after?

Good cheer? Well, cakes and ale are right good
things,
So are mince-pies, sirloins, and chins, — in
measure.

Plum-pudding, too,—such memories it brings
As make dyspepsia's self seem half a pleasure.
But this elaborate gushing over grub,
To which your Laureates are addicted, rather,
Rather more savours of the styre or tub,
Than fits you, reverend Father.

Genial? Why, bless your blooming face, of course!
But genuine sentiment scarce comes in gushes;
And when mere stomach-comfort is its source,
It ought to raise not so much cheers as blushes.
The laugh, the joke, the kiss 'neath mistletoes,
Punch would not brand as sins however venial,
But, pray, without that big Bardolphian nose,
Were you, in truth, less genial?

I see you twig. We are too ancient friends
For you to take the huff at hints like mine,
meant

To show your annual advent's happiest ends
May well consort with temperance and refine-
ment.

Whilst cherishing traditions of old times,
'Tis well to lift them to a higher level.
The fit accompaniments of Christmas chimes
Are Peace and Joy—not Revel!

THE French Chamber has been on fire. The
Deputies were put out, of course.

PAUPERS AND POLEMICS.

THE inmates of most of the Metropolitan workhouses fared upon roast beef and plum-pudding as sumptuously as usual on Christmas Day, thanks to the care of Poor Law Guardians for the material nutriment of the poor. Their solicitude is, perhaps, too generally limited to that object; but there is a case in which it evidently aims higher. The spiritual sustenance also of paupers is looked to by at least one Board of Guardians. So it appears from a statement in a contemporary, showing that in one case at least such devotional luxuries have actually been introduced, as:—

"HYMNS IN WORKHOUSES.—At the last meeting of the St. George's, Hanover Square, Board of Guardians, MR. FLEMING called upon the Little Chelsea Workhouse Visiting Committee to explain why copies of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, had been ordered in substitution for those previously in use in the house."

Singing in a workhouse chapel is hardly conceivable as a "merry noise," which the congregation, one would think, can have little heart for. But old-fashioned Psalm-singing was doleful enough, even for a workhouse. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, probably superseded BRADY and TATE, the tunes also being changed for the merrier. MR. FLEMING seems to have thought these Hymns unmeet for the workhouse, as being too High spiritual diet—he, perhaps, voting for Low diet altogether. But:—

"COLONEL HAYGARTH observed that these hymn-books were in use throughout the army. He declined to express any opinion as to these hymn-books, which were obtained as recommended by the Chaplain."

Hymns suitable for soldiers may be imagined to be not inappropriate, at any rate on controversial grounds, for paupers. But the orthodoxy of the workhouse is apparently of an importance beyond that of the barracks:—

"MR. Z. D. BERRY objected to the books, as he considered it the introduction of the thin end of the wedge—SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK pointed out that while more hymn-books were required the ones obtained were different from the rest. Ultimately, the guardians were understood to decide that the original book should be substituted for *Hymns Ancient and Modern*."

Of so much moment is it what hymns the paupers of Little Chelsea sing! Little Chelsea seems to be a place of strong polemical feeling. MR. Z. D. BERRY fears that *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, which, in point of doctrine, are understood to be not strictly parochial, will introduce into the workhouse of that great little place "the thin end of the wedge," of which the thick end is Popery. Let all sound Protestants rejoice to know that the Guardians of Little Chelsea, by deciding that BRADY and TATE, or DR. WATTS restored, shall replace those objectionable *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, have effectually defeated an insidious endeavour to undermine the workhouse of Little Chelsea by sapping the principles on which it is founded, and finally degrading to Papists the paupers in that citadel of orthodox Protestant opinions.

ALL SMOKE.

A BERLIN telegram announces that GENERAL NIKITINE has left Wilna for Servia, to inspect the Army. "Nikā" means "Victory," but "Nicotine" is a deadly narcotic poison, which paralyses the strength, and even stops the springs of life. Which omen of the name will prevail?

SIGNS OF RECOVERY.

THERE is some hope that affairs in Turkey are assuming a healthier aspect. The Sick Man has got a new Constitution.

MOMUS'S NEW-YEAR RING O' BELLS.



Ting! Ting! 'Tis *Punch's* peal that sounds
 Amidst the chimes this New Year's morning.
 Will Wisdom, on her sober rounds,
 The Jester's merry peal be scorning?
 Sage Madam, stint, and hear a hint—
 Fun is not always folly.
 That Protean sprite can look askint,
 Through the grim mask of Melancholy;
 While oft a preacher's purpose swells
 The music of the Cap-and-Bells!



TENANT RIGHT.

Young Squire. "THEY CAN'T SAY MY FATHER'S AN EXACTING LANDLORD. ALL HE INSISTS UPON IS THAT THEY SHOULD VOTE FOR THE LIBERALS, AND WALK A FOX-HOUND PUPPY!"

Ting! Ting! *Reveille* to the ranks
Of Motley's quaint yet strenuous fighters!
Again we'll hurl our quips and cranks
Gainst fools and knaves in crowns or mitres.
A jest may prick, a jibe may stick
Where Jeremiads will not,
And search Stupidity's callous quick
With smarts that scath and shame yet kill not.
Smile, Wisdom, smile! as truths it tells—
The music of the Cap-and-Bells!

Ting! Ting! Each tinkle wakes a smile
On honest lips, beard-fringed or coral;
Or shrills a dart through greed or guile,
Or points with mirth some pungent moral.
Midst war of words, and shock of swords,
The Jester's jingle rising,
Some restful interlude affords,
With Right's alarms harmonising.
And ancient Wrongs may hear their knells
In music of the Cap-and-Bells.

Ting! Ting! Still knaves and fools we'll flout,
Grave meaning hide with mask of Momus,
Bring truth and sense to put to rout
The brood of cant, the crew of Comus.
But all that's fair from that keen air
Shall draw refreshment only;
Weak Right shall find our weapon bare,
No honest cause sit lonely.
While Wit, with Wisdom tuned, impels
The music of the Cap-and-Bells.

THE YOUNG LADY TO GET A BOW FROM AT CHRISTMAS TIME.—
MISS L. TOE.

THE MODERN "CORK LEG."

(AIR—Of course—"The Cork Leg.")

I'LL tell you a tale without any flam
Of a man who isn't a bit of a sham;
The admired of pedestrians great and small,
As he walks in the Agricultural Hall.

(Spoken) In the Agricul—

(Chorus) —tural lural tiddy fol lural,
Agricul—tural,
Ri fol lural i do.*

His name is WESTON: he says, "You see,"
"You'll all win your tin in—Weston in me!"
And the marvelling folks to each other repeat,
"What wonderful legs for his wonderful feat."

(Spoken) At the Agricul—

(Chorus) —tural lural tiddy fol lural,
Agricul—tural,
Ri fol lural i do.

MR. EDWARD PAYSON is not, we know,
The famous Neddy that wouldn't go;
Would outstrip the rate of the wildest dream,
When Payson puts pace on and goes like steam.

(Spoken) In the Agricul—

(Chorus) —tural lural tiddy fol lural,
Agricul—tural,
Ri fol lural i do.

I hear, but of course by the card cannot speak,
This Walker takes two thousand a week;
If this be true, then I'm bound to confess,
That I'm open to try and do it for less.

(Spoken) In the Agricul—

(Chorus) —tural lural tiddy fol lural,
Agricul—tural,
Ri fol lural i do.

You'll see, if to Islington you repair,
That though he's all Walker yet he's all fair,
And if by the Eastern Question perplexed,
Try the Weston Question—"What will he do next?"

(Spoken) In the Agricul—

(Chorus) —tural lural tiddy fol lural,
Agricul—tural,
Ri fol lural i do.

* Evidently a song that ought to have been in the Greek Play at the Crystal Palace some little time back. The chorus, founded on an ancient model, is strictly classical and perfectly correct.

SOME CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Nor the Butcher's, the Baker's, the Grocer's books, and other household books—oh dear no, but books for the household, or rather the juniorest part of it.

What luck children are in for now-a-days! We hadn't such books, and certainly we hadn't such pictures. Here's a charming one for old and young, called *Starlight Stories*, by MISS FANNY LABLACHE, whose name sounds musical enough to begin with. Commend us to this Lady's *Jack with the Fishes* and *Why the Icebergs come so far South*. Then, next on the table is *The Hunting of the Snark*, by LEWIS CARROLL, who, as he never appears in print except at this festive season, ought to be known as the Christmas CARROLL. The *Snark* is very distantly related to the Jabberwok, but it is not the Jabberwok. Of all Christmas illustrations, those of *Fairy Land*, by RICHARD DOYLE, are very easily first. Here is elfin fun and frolic, here is a Midsummer Night's Dream at Christmas. Look at the little Pucks racing on snails, irritating butterflies, fighting frogs, or flirting with tiny, coquettish fairies. McMILLAN & Co. are to be congratulated on "*Carrots*"—just a little *Boy*, which is a genuine children's book: we've seen 'em seize it, and read it greedily. Children are first-rate critics, and thoroughly appreciate WALTER CRANE's illustrations, not only in *Carrots*, but in his *chef-d'œuvre* of the year, yeleft *The Baby's Opera*, which is the cleverest, prettiest, fancifullest, and, generally, superlativest Christmas book that we've seen for a very long time. The only mistake in it is, that, in some instances, the ancient land-marks of nursery readings have been sacrificed to a sense of modern requirements. This, however, would be a subject for Shakspearian commentators; as must be evident when we question the correctness of the version as here given of the nursery song of "*Mrs. Bond and the Ducks*," "*Froggee would a-wooing*," and others. Folios wouldn't exhaust the subject. But to all those interested, antiquarianly, in the Rhymes of the past, and to all those interested in the happiness of the present rising generation, we say, advisedly, "Get WALTER CRANE'S *Baby's Opera*."

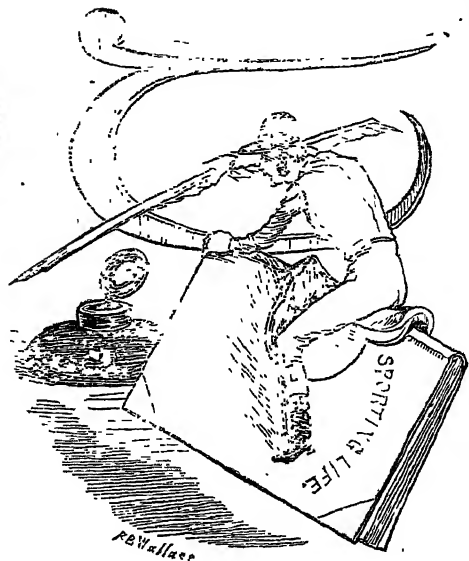
WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.—"Settling the First Event."



HAT scream which had so alarmed the field was not CAVASSON'S. It came from MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, who was seated in LADY DI BRITTELEIGH'S barouche writing a last letter to SIR THOMAS DODD.

Oh, these last letters! these X, Y, Z's, of Love's Alphabet!

Woe's me; but we all do it, though sometimes we rue it, but so it will be till the end of the world. The wily Irish LORD CHANCELLOR THURAMOUGH was right for once when he said, "These are letters

that ought to be written with a sheep pen on a calf's skin." No one understood what he meant at the time, but experience has proved the justice, as well as the wit, of the remark.

In a firm hand MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE traced the following lines:—

Gussy will not love you. She can't. She may laugh if you tickle her under the chin, but it's the same old game. I have stooped to plot, because I love you so grandly, so madly. Rumour says your hands are to be tied at your marriage. If so, how will you put on the ring? The ring, indeed! Are you to give up the betting ring for the wedding-ring? Bah! I've never blenched, and would not now. I scorn sentiment. Let them all have a mate but me, what matters, or rather what matters? After this observation, perhaps, you will not care to see me. To-morrow I shall be all abroad. Address me France. Pay your addresses, as the postage comes heavy. I shall be all there. Thine for ever, your

A. DORA.

P.S.—If PULLMAN CARR can mar your Three Derbys he will.

LADY DI BRITTELEIGH was looking over her shoulder and copying the letter word for word.

MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE, turning suddenly, caught her at it. This turning suddenly had soured her. She was relentless.

One moment and the bright steel flashed in the air—another, and it was in the inkstand, for LADY DI had screamed, and all eyes were on the barouche.

MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE tossed the letter to SIR THOMAS, and then was carried away by her feelings to a distant part of the course. LADY DI, with a bottle of chloral in her hand, remained to witness the result of the race, which her emotion has so suddenly and so strongly interrupted.

In the meantime, unable to effect a satisfactory start, the horses were going round and round a tall post, while a barrel-organ, worked by machinery, played various well-known airs. For this advantageous exercise each jockey had paid a penny. The rich tones of the old organ had a salutary and soothing effect on the men and horses.

LAWYER FERRET and the Hon^{ble} PULLMAN CARR stood by, eyeing them narrowly as they passed in rotation. Had CAVASSON been bought or not?—that was the question. The crafty solicitor, and the equally astute Hon^{ble} had sent him bouquets, bills of the play, and blank unsigned cheques to any amount, but could they be sure of him? This was rather an open way of buying a jockey, but it had answered before; and was it to be questioned now?

Once more the trumpets sounded, the bell rang, and the gong sounded.

"They are off!" "He's off!" "No, I'm on!" "They're all off!" "No, all on!"

Ha!!! They're away at last!!!

No! Not one of them stirred. Each jockey, true to his bargain with LAWYER FERRET, reined in his horse, and remained at the starting-point. LAWYER FERRET had squared the jockeys on all points, save one. This he was compelled to leave to their own choice. It was a critical moment; but all at once the Lawyer exclaimed gleefully, "That was all that was wanted! They have done it! They have squared their elbows!" And so they had.

By order of the Starter the police were ordered to pull the horses. The Judge had decided that a horse, if thus pulled, might fairly win. If the other horses would not stir a peg, no more would Moka. On the contrary, she backed in among the crowd, and was gradually working her way to the last place in the field. It was thus that her clever jockey CAVASSON was backing her to win.

The Bookmakers were frantic; they had laid their skins on CAVASSON winning on Moka. Not a chance of her stirring at present. There sat CAVASSON on Moka, calm, serene, impassible!

"Back her! Back her!" cries SIR THOMAS, excitedly. "We have backed her!" exclaimed the Bookmakers despairingly, beginning to think they had been let in for a regular snorter.

But CAVASSON has his game to play. He has not been idle for months, and the horse has been under the hands of the most adept of circus trainers.

At a signal from CAVASSON, paying no attention to the lashes from the whips of the jockeys, who are belabouring her heavily, rears on her hind legs, and paws the air, cleaving a wide space around her.

"Two for her heels!" shouted STRINGHALL, who was in the secret. And immediately the clever cob reversed the action.

Jockeys and horses fell right and left of her, as CAVASSON waved a flag, and fired a couple of pistols in the air; while WILLIAM BURTON, who was hidden behind the Starter's box, shook a sheet of iron to represent thunder, and Gussy, from her brougham, threw squibs in among the troubled mass of horses.

Further attempts to hold them back were useless. Maddened by the fireworks and the sheet iron, the horses broke away, and the jockeys, losing all control, tumbled off, and were picked up by the police. "Keep your seats, Gentlemen! keep your seats!" shouted the infuriated Starter. Then he grumbled to himself, "I've never seen such a start as this before!"

"Don't move on my account!" shrieked SIR THOMAS to CAVASSON.

The Dumb Jockey nodded to his employer, as Moka quietly backed against the starting-post, while all the other horses tore madly onward, in spite of the strenuous efforts of their jockeys—onward, onward, in a whirlwind of dust, round Tottenham Road Corner, up the hill, down the hill, and through the Middle Park, amid the execrations of the furious Bookmakers, who were on the Moka colt to their last shoestring.

The Boy in yellow won the day! Moka was last of all, still waltzing on her hind legs, a few yards in advance of the starting-post. SIR THOMAS clasped Gussy round the waist in silent gratitude. The first Derby had been lost! Thank Heaven for that!

From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—Dear Major, of course you know the names of those places better than mysc'; but isn't it Tattenham Corner, not Tottenham. Eh? Yours, Ed.

DEAR EDITOR.—You're thinking of TATTERSALL'S. Quite right of you to ask.—M. J. S.

From the Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—You will excuse me, I am sure, but was there ever a Derby like this? Isn't it going just a trifle too far?

From MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—Was there ever . . . such a dear old Niddy as you are? A Derby like this, my boy? Rather. Don't you remember Ben Bolt in Sweet Aho's year? If not, look in at Bell's Life office, and ask the Sub-Editor. He'll tell you who's right. As to "going too far"—you just come down here, and that'll be far enough for you.—Yours, J. S.

P.S.—By the way, my friend, SIR H. WALKER, will call on you. He is coming down here. So send on cheque by him. He will give you my address, and you can follow on as soon as you like. The sooner the better.—J. S.

The Editor to MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP.—(By wire).—SIR. H. called. took. cheque. says. your. address. Bogus. Park. Boshey. Herts. Is. it. near. Ware?

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP to the Editor.—(By wire).—Cheque. right. come. day. after. to. Bogus. Park. Boshy. Know. Ware? Get. out. there. to-morrow.

The Editor to the Public.—As the novel is to be finished at once, we shall certainly go down to Bogus Park, and if we can arrange with the Major to give us another at some future time, why, be it so, we will.

HOW TO REMOVE AN INCURABLE TOOTH.—Punch it out!

[There! that's the last straw that breaks Punch's back, though he is the most patient of camels. We have been at the pains to reckon up the tale of variations already received on themes from the Dentist's art, *à propos* of the unlucky and ill-advised Vicar of Hatcham. They amount to 1564! We positively refuse to entertain any further jokes on the subject.]

LINES ON LATE HOURS.

(A Carol by MR. KILLJOY.)



T home from night
till morning
every one who
will carouses,
But law paternal
limits open hours
for public-
houses,
Imposes upon Eng-
lishmen restraint
of wine and was-
sail,
The Landlord of
the *Castle's*
house is not that
landlord's castle.

All Sumptuary
Laws are things
to raise a Briton's
dander.

But, if what's con-
diment for goose
were condiment
for gander,

Soon would restriction in this pump-and-platform-ridden nation
Be also put, by statute, on domestic dissipation.

The New Year at its finish, and the Old Year at its start is
Attended with festivities entitled "evening parties,"
Where, in contempt of Reason's voice, and sanitary warning,
Green Youth and Beauty dance from ten at night till four next morning.

With coffee, tea, or lemonade but few of them thirst slaking;
Most of intoxicating drinks from time to time partaking—
Upon champagne and claret-cup, making what is called "merry,"
Not to say that "*Spécialité*" which bears the name of "Sherry."

For six long hours too many a pair—unwise young man and maiden—
Breathe atmosphere with gas-fumes and carbonic acid laden,
Combustion's products from the jets which yield illumination,
As well as action of the skin, and human respiration.

They waltz in this foul atmosphere, nor think of what comes after,
Until, when supper-time arrives, with flirting, fun, and laughter,
They sit them down to eat and drink, and, heedless of health's question,
Rise, dance again, shake up their meals; whence bile and indigestion.

Meanwhile what tongue can tell what woes their hapless seniors suffer,
The wallflower matron overblown, and corpulent old "buffer,"
In charge of marriageable girls, the daughters or the nieces
They've brought to market; or, that o'er, how happy their release is!

The elderlies, at least, would hail a measure of repression,
To be, perhaps, brought in upon a Wednesday in next Session—
A "Balls and Evening Parties Bill," which, penalties imposing,
Shall upon private Hosts enforce the rule of Early Closing.

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

OUR neighbours, the Parisians, are wont to feel affronted if a suggestion is
thrown out that they can take nothing seriously.

What was known in old RABELAIS' time, and still is called the *badaud* of
Paris, exists in every class, nay, even dominates in the Assembly, as in the
streets, and among the newspaper readers. One cannot help being struck with
this in looking over the most popular journals now issued in the French capital.

At a moment when all eyes turn towards the East, when the results of the
impending Conference may bring hope on the soft breath of Peace, or despair
through the brazen throat of War, French newspapers, the columns of which
only deserve the epithet of *Serio-comic*, teem with old *calembourgs* and
feeble jokes, more or less gross, and, in many cases, untranslatable to delicate
ears.

In some out-of-the-way corner of a page, or crushed between two long articles
on light, social subjects, or two elaborate tirades of personal invective, may be
found a short paragraph, announcing some doubtful intelligence from Constan-
tinople, coupled with mythical details of our Special Ambassador's movements;
but of serious information to guide contemporary opinion, and furnish historical
evidence for future generations, nothing whatever!

The *chroniqueurs* can tell you what such an Actress wears even in her
dressing-room, or how such a public scandal in petticoats comports herself at
supper; but for weighty fact, and instructive comment on passing events, you
might as well look through the advertising columns of the Boulevard.

Take a number at hazard of *Le Rasoir*.

Where an Englishman would naturally turn to drink
in the best weighed opinions on the leading topic of the
day, what do you find?—a sentimental article, taking up
four or five columns of the paper, on the charm of hang-
ing up stockings or shoes in the chimney, to be filled with
bonbons for the children! Then a Gentleman, who per-
haps signs himself *Chauve-Souris*, or *Clodoche*, treats *le*
public le plus spirituel du monde, with a batch of spicy
anecdotes, beginning with an indecent Malapropism of
MILLE X., and ending with a dirty story attributed to
BARON R... Between these you may, perhaps, discover,
with a little ingenuity, a few lines, headed *La Poli-
tique*, commencing with a reference to MIDYAT PASHA,
and the Conference, and terminating in a series of notes,
evidently thought more likely to interest the readers of
the paper, concerning that dignitary's harem, and the
number and characteristics of the lady's slaves therein.

Then the inexperienced reader may commence what
he takes for an article, but turns out to be a flowery
advertisement of a new *confiserie*, or sweet-meat shop,
with Oriental descriptions of the sweets therein sold,
or of a *dépôt* for corsets, with elaborate variations on
the beauties of the *Venus de' Medici* and the charms
of the *femme du monde*.

We may be a "nation of shopkeepers," but we do not
allow silly or *scabreux* shop-puffs to monopolise the best
part of our leading journals.

Fancy a number of the *Times* appearing with the
following Table of Contents "under the clock":—

SUMMARY.

Leading Article.—The origin of Mistletoe; to which
is added an Analysis of Kissing.

Echoes of London.—Two extracts from *Joe Miller*,
three jokes from back numbers of *Punch*, and an
American after-dinner story, which REYNOLDS himself
might hesitate about publishing.

Parliamentary Reports.—Personal remarks on Oppo-
sition Members, and intimate details of the family life
of a Prime Minister.

Letter from MR. RIMMEL in praise of his Perfumes.

From Windsor to Balmoral.—A short satire on the
Members of the Privy Council, made up of cracker
mottos extracted from their public speeches.

Dramatic Notices.—Including a description of MR.
CHARLES MATTHEWS's little dog, an account of an ac-
cident to MRS. BANCROFT's kitchen-chimney, and an
anecdote of a little supper at MR. TOOLE'S.

News of the Day.—How MR. JONES, the well-known
dentist, left his house this morning in the rain, and forgot
his umbrella, &c., &c., returning to obtain the desirable
property when the sun came out.

Or,—How last evening two policemen, usually on duty
at such and such a crossing, were taken off. This romiss-
ness on the part of the Superintendents at Scotland
Yard, caused a confusion which, &c., &c.

Really, there is much which is not "done better in
France;" and, amusing as all this may be in a weekly
periodical, the daily *Battle of Life* (in England, at least)
demands a more solid literary commissariat.

WAITS AND MEASURES.

WHAT a pity it is that London should be so far
behind Birmingham, where that energetic Chief of
Police, MAJOR BOND, not satisfied with insisting on all
sly drinkers "toeing the line," under pain of fine or
imprisonment, has commenced a crusade against the
Waits, in the following grimly ascetic

"CAUTION.—Numerous complaints are made of the dis-
orderly conduct of Youths who go around the suburbs of the town
during the nights of 24th and 31st December, 'begging' under
the pretence of saying 'A Merry Christmas,' and 'A Happy New
Year.'"

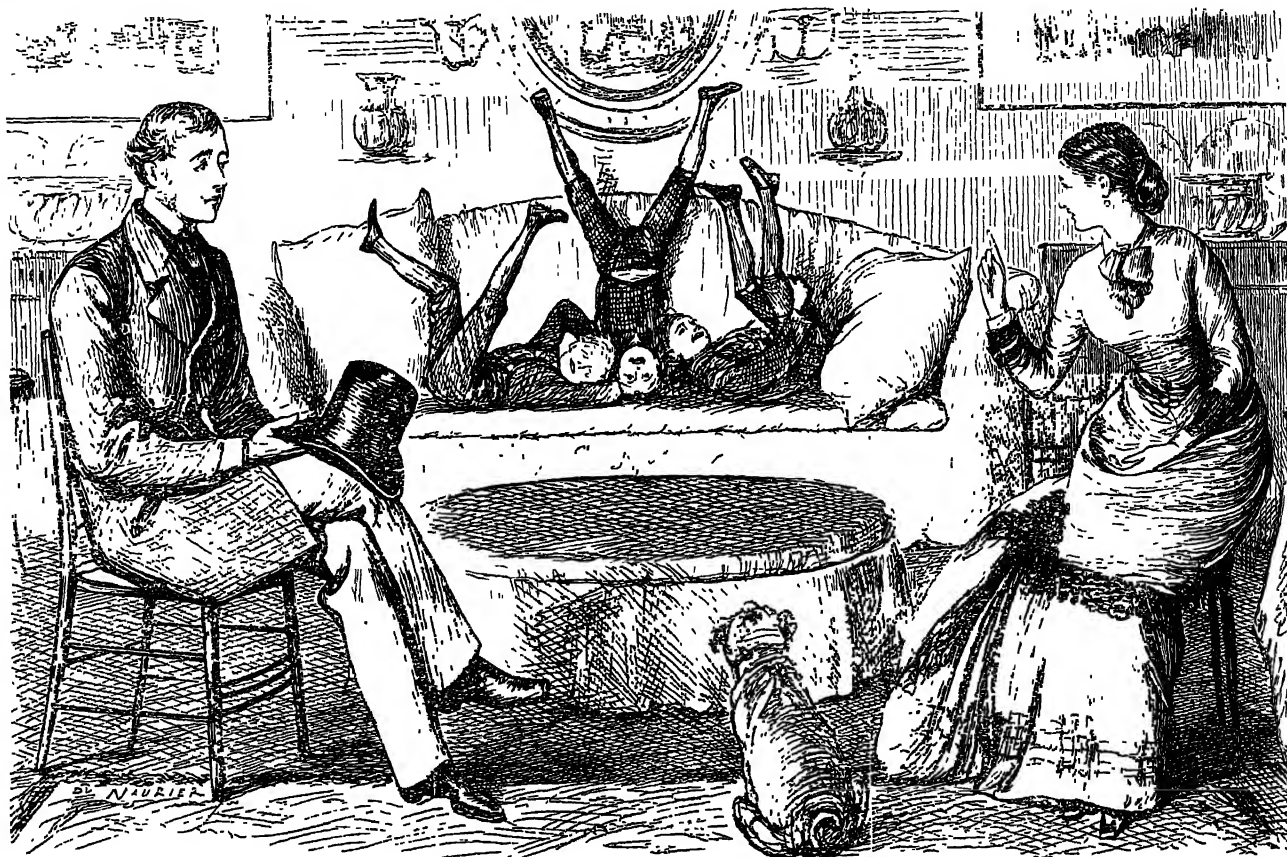
"All persons found so offending will be apprehended by the
Police, and charged with being disorderly characters.

"Police Office, "E. BOND, Major, Chief of Police.

"19th December, 1876."

There! Birmingham is blessed with its own BOND.
London is free—worse luck!

Failing police protection, might we not adopt the irate
suggestion of a misanthropic old Brute, who, for the
Waits, sends us the following recipe:—"Keep in your
bedroom a garden-engine, its reservoir filled with ice-
cold water."



A MORNING CALL (IN PANTOMIME SEASON).

Miss Lily (to Three unruly Brothers). "Now, you boys, if you behave like that, I'll turn you all out of the room!"
 Three unruly Brothers. "Ha! Ha! You can't! For Mamma sent us here to play Forfeits—you know she did!"

SNAKES AND THE SEX.

(A Protest from one who abominates both.)

"The Ladies patronise birds, why should they not patronise snakes? If snake-skin dresses once became fashionable, the extermination of snakes is inevitable. I hope shortly to see Ladies wearing snakes in their hats *à la gorgon*. This fashion would look very pretty."—MR. FRANK BUCKLAND in "*Land and Water*."

Oh, fie, MR. BUCKLAND! How could you? Oh, shame, MR. SAMBOURNE! * I'm sure She-fashions sufficiently trying for pockets and nerves to endure, The Sex can, unaided, excogitate out of its own silly head, Without your superfluous suggestion of horrors that fill one with dread.

Snakes? Eugh! Just imagine Society 'neath an Ophidian spell! Our Ladies like willing Laocoöns—crowned *à la gorgon* as well! Their boas all *boa constrictors*, their trains with huge rattlesnakes tipped! Each waist by a cobra encompassed, each wrist by an asp closely gripped!

Just fancy the wife of your bosom a python as far as her face! Your love like an undisguised Lamia seeking your shrinking embrace!

Oh, a vixen in guise of a viper were surely a Nemesis fit For men who can make such a use of their ill-employed fancy and wit!

"Why should Ladies not patronise Snakes?" MR. BUCKLAND, you surely forget That little primeval affair whose results rather bother us yet! The Serpent's first patron, no doubt, would be prompt to play patron again; But that one of *our* sex should suggest it! O BUCKLAND, you've snake on the brain!

* See "A Caution to Snakes," in last Number of *Punch*.

There's too much of the Serpent already about the she-creatures, I say.

(I could never regard *Elsie Venner* as anything out of the way.) But the Snake in the Sex, Sir, has surely sufficiently chastened our sins, Without your advising our Eves to assume with snakes' slyness their skins!

"The fashion would look very pretty"!!! Perhaps that is meant for a joke.

Snakes charm and are charmed, but *such* charming what man not a muff would invoke?

Though Beauty has patronised beetles, methinks she might there draw the line—

Not a serpentine one—and eschew the Ophidian's sinister shine.

No! Woman is *Anguis in herbā*, and ophiomorphous in soul.

But encourage Ophidian fashions in dresses? O FRANK, you're a ghoul!

That snake of Old Nile was a type,—she who died of the aspic at last,—

But *she* did not go clad in the sloughs that the serpents of Egypt had cast.

You say did snake-skins grow the rage, the whole serpentine race 't would exterminate.

I could half deem the game worth the candle, so much I the villainous vermin hate.

Oh, were they but both ophiophagous—seeing of both we've too many—

The sex and the snakes then might play the old game of the Cats of Kilkenny!

DRURY LANE PANTOMIME.—"*Voxes et praterea nihil*." (If it isn't new, it's true.)

MOTTO FOR RIVAL BATTUE-SHOOTERS.—"*Murder most foul!*"



ONE BUBBLE MORE!!

NEW LEAVES FOR THE NEW YEAR.



LORD BEACONSFIELD.—To think thrice before speaking twice. To avoid the Mansion House Banquets. To try to be more worthy of the honoured name of DISRAELI. To give up Eastern fancies for European facts.

Mr. Gladstone.—To curtail his contributions to periodical literature. To give up post-cards. To buy an edition of the Works of JOSEPH MILLER, with a view to learning the nature of a joke. To keep as a rule of life the saying, "that if speech is silver, silence is golden."

Mr. Lowe.—To give up epigrams. To be sure of his facts. To give up party for patriotism. **Major O'Gorman.**—To read English history. To keep his speeches

intended for the House of Commons, for the columns of *Punch*.

Mr. H. J. Byron.—To give up inverted conundrums. To read SCRIBE. To learn the art of construction. To find out the meaning of the words "Comedy," "Drama," "Wit," and "Repartee."

Mr. Henry Neville.—To uphold the dignity of the Drama.

Dr. Slade.—To give up his tables, pack up his clothes, and return to America.

The Middlesex Magistrates.—To discover that no material distinction exists between the sauce used for the goose and the sauce used for the gander.

Midhat Pasha.—To give up fancy pictures of impossible constitutions. To learn that the Turkish for "Yes" is not the European for "No."

The Sultan of Turkey.—To be worthy of a place in the Temple of Fame, instead of a corner in the Chamber of Horrors.

Mr. Bright.—To read ALISON'S *History of Europe*. To undergo a course of Military History at Sandhurst. To attend the Autumn Manœuvres.

Professor Fawcett.—To call a spade an agricultural instrument.

The Directors of all the Railway Companies.—To mind their stops. To shorten their servants' hours, and raise their pay. To look to brakes instead of smashes.

All Bachelors and Spinsters between the Ages of Twenty and Forty.—To marry.

All Bachelors and Spinsters over Forty.—To emigrate.

Mr. Punch.—It is unnecessary, for obvious reasons, for this gentleman to turn over any new leaf. His readers, however, may turn over the new leaves of his new volumes.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT IN A NEW PLACE.

DEAR PUNCH,

WHEN the PRINCE OF WALES was in India, I read with great interest the letters of your Special Correspondent, but towards the close of the series the pleasure which they gave me was greatly marred by the cruel suspicions which you cast on the good faith of your talented Representative by hinting that he had never gone to India at all, but had written the letters at Gravesend, with the assistance of a Hindoo crossing-sweeper!

I fear that, in your injustice, you went so far as to dismiss him. But true genius cannot long remain hidden; and my sorrow at your harshness and your "Special's" misfortune was turned into joy on reading in the *Times* of Christmas Day the account of the Vice-regal procession at Delhi. No other hand but his could have penned the following remarkable sentence:—

"Behind them came the remainder of the Body Guard and a squadron of the 10th Hussars; then the three Lieutenant-Governors, each on an elephant, and each attended by his Staff; next the Members of Council, the Secretaries to the Government, and the Chief Justices of Bengal and the North-Western Provinces; then Solah Topees, looking singularly out of place in their judicial robes."

It is many years since a Member of the House of Commons spoke of "the ferocious doolies who rushed on to the battle-fields, and carried off the wounded;" but his fame in India will now be shared, if not eclipsed, by the *Times* Correspondent, who has made the English public for the first time aware of the existence of those exalted members of the legal profession in India known as "Solah Topees." Deep must now be your regret at having, by your hastiness, allowed another journal to shine with an immortal glory that should have remained exclusively yours.

Ever yours,

RAM SING.

P.S.—If your Boy has yet returned with the Dictionary which you sent him for, would you look up the words "Solah" and "Topee"? In mine, which I have hitherto thought a good one, they are translated as "*pith*" and "*hat*." But this must be a mistake.—R. S.

LESSONS LEARNED AT A PANTOMIME.

(By an Intelligent Schoolboy.)

THAT Demons are much given to making bad puns, and have on their visiting lists the most beautiful of the Fairies.

That the attendants upon the Demons, (presumably their victims) spend much of their time in break-downs.

That the chief amusement in Fairyland is to stand upon one toe for a distressingly long time.

That the Fairies, when they speak, don't seem to have more H.'s to their tongues, than clothes to their backs.

That the Fairies have particularly fair complexions considering they dance so much in the sunlight.

That the dress of the Fairies must be inconvenient in the showers that must be required to produce the gigantic and highly-coloured fairy flora.

That the chief Fairy (to judge from her allusions to current events) must take in the daily papers.

That Harlequin is always shaking his bat, but nothing seems to come of it, and that it is hard to say why he comes on or goes off, or, in short, what he's at altogether.

That if Clown and Pantaloon want to catch Columbine, it is hard to see why they don't catch her.

That Pantaloon must have been greatly neglected by his children to be exposed to such ill-usage from Clown.

That Clown leads a reckless and abandoned life, between thefts, butter-slides, hot pokers, nursemaids, and murdered babies, and on the whole is lucky to escape hanging.

That Policemen are made to be chaffed, cuffed, chased, and knocked head-over-heels.

WESTINGHOUSE TO THE RESCUE.

A HOPE in kind *Punch's* bosom awakes—

O Companies, don't go to prove his hope rash is!—

That some day you'll give us "continuous brakes,"

Instead of, as now, continual smashes.

DIFFERENT VIEWS.—Bishops complain of a dearth of Candidates for Orders. Managers of theatres think differently.



INNOCENTS AT HOME.

"ISN'T IT NICE, MAUD, JACK'S GOT AN APPOINTMENT AT BOMBAY, AND TOM'S TO BE QUARTERED IN THE PUNJAB. SUCH A COMFORT TO THINK THEY'LL BE SO NEAR EACH OTHER!"

WEALTH FOR THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

PROGRESSIVE MR. PUNCH,

At a time when festivity coincides with dearth of incident, DR. SCHLEMMANN'S discoveries of buried treasures at Mycenæ raise a seasonable suggestion. Our minds just now naturally revert to the question of sepulchral reform whether to be accomplished by "Cremation," or some other improvement on returning "Earth to Earth." Were it not best in this matter to resume the manners and customs of the ancients altogether, and after the usage of prehistoric times, inter along with the relics of the departed, a selection of their arms, accoutrements, conveniences, ornaments, effects, goods and chattels? Those ancients intuitively believed that such things would be useful to the deceased in the lower world. There are facts which indicate, if not prove, the truth of their intention. It is strongly attested by the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. If a Medium can at one and the same time be entranced behind a curtain, and also appear before it as a materialised spirit-form, there is no reason whatever why a ring or a breastplate, whilst lying in a sarcophagus, should not nevertheless be simultaneously worn in the spheres—the classic Hades, which our better acquaintance with it, through communication with its inhabitants, has taught us more cheerily to style the Summer Land. Happy land; yet there is too much reason to apprehend that we fail in contributing to its happiness as much as we might by depositing in the tomb those articles of pleasure or utility which we must suppose to be requisite for the comfort and enjoyment of the spirit. It is the want of these necessities in the spirit-world which constitutes an indigence described truly by a phrase commonly applied to a mere scarcity of curates and scripture-readers in a populous district. Deficiency of commodities needful for spirit-life is the only real "Spiritual Destitution."

Let us, then, imitate the faith and the generosity of an heroic

CUE TIPS.

A MARKER may mark, but he must not remark.

A great gun makes many cannons if he is a good shot.

Billiard-balls are fragile. They are sometimes broken three or four times in a game.

You always take your rest standing up. As HOMER says, "Too much rest becomes a pain."

The most sober player finds it occasionally to his advantage to indulge in a good screw.

Too much addiction to the three balls sends a player to the other three.

Absent players are seldom on the spot.

He is a poor player who does not miss his tip.

If you play with a young Lady, let it be with a "judicious miss." Kissing is innocuous.

Billiard-playing Parsons ought to cut the cloth.

When your adversary gets in a hole, it is not *infra dig.* to pick his pocket for him.

Sherry and billiards are inseparable. You should always provide a butt.

At pool, for obvious reasons, old maids are allowed nine lives.

Hospitality is the prevailing characteristic of expert pyramid-players. They are constantly giving balls.

Players who are ambitious to make "jennies," do sometimes succeed in making asses—of themselves.

Smoking is only permissible when some friend is betting upon you. Then you may smoke your backer.

Always lose your temper. You are far better without it.

In a Good Cause.

WE are glad to learn that the Compton Benefit Committee receive subscriptions and donations, and have already received a handsome sum. Cheques may be sent to MR. C. W. THOMPSON, Honorary Treasurer of the Compton Fund, Guildhall.

age. We are richer than ever the Mycenians were. They could not afford such expensive interments as we can. Let our warriors and Statesmen, then, be buried with sovereigns, and half-sovereigns of gold. Bank-notes might be added, to the no small advantage of Banks. Continue to sprinkle flowers on the bier by all means; but likewise scatter small change. Bury with a General Officer his sword and boots; with an Admiral his telescope; inter with a Gentleman his watch, his walking-stick, cigar-case, and box of Vesuvians. Forget not useful little things, such as an old Gentleman's spectacles, or a young Lady's chignon and bandoline. By the bodies of old friends and boon companions lay down some bottles of wine; also a corkscrew, with a few glasses, and pewter-pots. Should all these stores for spirit-use ever be exhumed in after ages, they will, of course, excite the greatest interest; and, being deposited in a Museum, serve to instruct Posterity, continuing in the meantime to supply the wants of the happy spirits whose remains they were interred with.

Of course the proposal of sacrificing money or money's worth in funeral arrangements for the advantage of spirits will be unmercifully ridiculed by utilitarian materialists; but, Mr. Punch, would this sacrifice be nearly so ridiculous as the prevalent practice of sacrificing property, burying upholstery, wood-work, and drapery to no purpose at all, except that of enriching undertakers? This question I am commanded to ask you by my controls, SHAKESPEARE, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, GEORGE FOX, and MICHAEL FARADAY, at whose dictation I am writing, with both my eyes bandaged, and my hands on a *planchette* under the table—if you will only believe your humble Servant, and ever attentive constant Reader,

A TRANCE MEDIUM.

P.S.—I enclose name and address, with terms for *séances*.

NOT WORTH POWDER AND SHOT.—*Si Slocum.*



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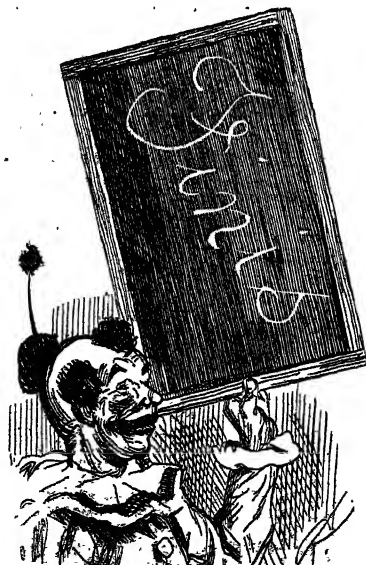
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